

HOW THE OTHER MAN LIVES



THE MINER AND THE BACKGROUND OF HIS DAILY LIFE

HOW THE OTHER MAN LIVES

*An illustrated account
of the daily lives of twenty-eight
British men and women
engaged in diverse
occupations*



ODHAMS PRESS LTD • LONG ACRE • LONDON

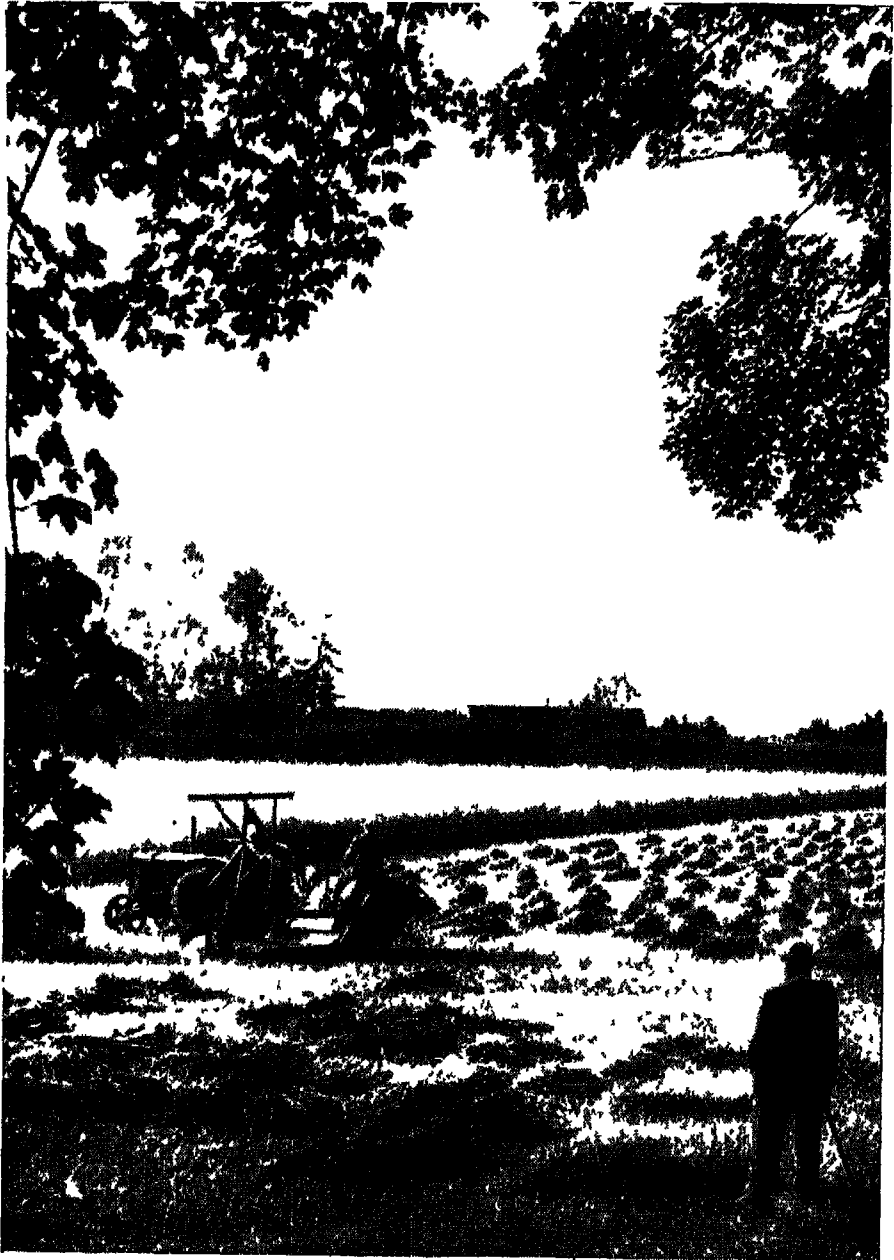
PUBLISHED 1949

*Made and printed in Great Britain by
Richard Clay & Company, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk*

S. 349. S.

CONTENTS

FARMER, <i>page</i> 6
COAL-MINER, <i>page</i> 24
COTTON SPINNER, <i>page</i> 38
DRIFTERMAN, <i>page</i> 48
MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN, <i>page</i> 62
DIVER, <i>page</i> 78
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER, <i>page</i> 92
AIRLINE PILOT, <i>page</i> 102
ENGINE-DRIVER, <i>page</i> 116
TAXI-DRIVER, <i>page</i> 124
COUNTRY POSTMAN, <i>page</i> 132
FIREMAN, <i>page</i> 140
VILLAGE CONSTABLE, <i>page</i> 150
DETECTIVE, <i>page</i> 160
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, <i>page</i> 170
BARRISTER, <i>page</i> 178
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, <i>page</i> 190
CABINET MINISTER, <i>page</i> 204
KING'S MESSENGER, <i>page</i> 214
GENERAL PHYSICIAN, <i>page</i> 220
HOSPITAL NURSE, <i>page</i> 230
COUNTRY PARSON, <i>page</i> 246
CRIME REPORTER, <i>page</i> 254
STOCKBROKER, <i>page</i> 262
INNKEEPER, <i>page</i> 270
GHILLIE, <i>page</i> 280
BOOKMAKER, <i>page</i> 294
ACTOR, <i>page</i> 304
INDEX, <i>page</i> 319



Devon harvest. The picturesque blends with the practical, and the farmer knows the value of mechanization as he watches the tractor-hauled reaper and binder at work. Former prejudices against "newfangled contraptions" have now vanished.

THE FARMER

WINNING WEALTH FROM THE LAND

A FARMER'S year begins at Michaelmas when, having gathered the fruits of his previous year's labours, the cycle of tasks must be started anew. His day begins at 5 a.m., and the first stirrings in the farmhouse come with the buzz of an alarm clock a little before the hour, which brings the farm pupil from his bed to help with the first duty of the day—the milking.

"Get your morning milking done to time," is the farmer's dictum, "and the afternoon milking can take care of itself. Besides, young man, unless you know what it is to slave for cows, you'll never know how to handle people you'll employ when you get a farm of your own."

If the dairy is a modern one it is lit by electricity, and electric power drives the milking machine (page 10). When the farm pupil arrives two dairymen are busy feeding the cows. His first job is to test the motor and milking machine and satisfy himself that everything is in order. Later, as the cows are being milked, he is responsible for recording the yield from each animal.

Meanwhile, the farmer is astir and his first visit is probably to the stables. The carter, having fed and

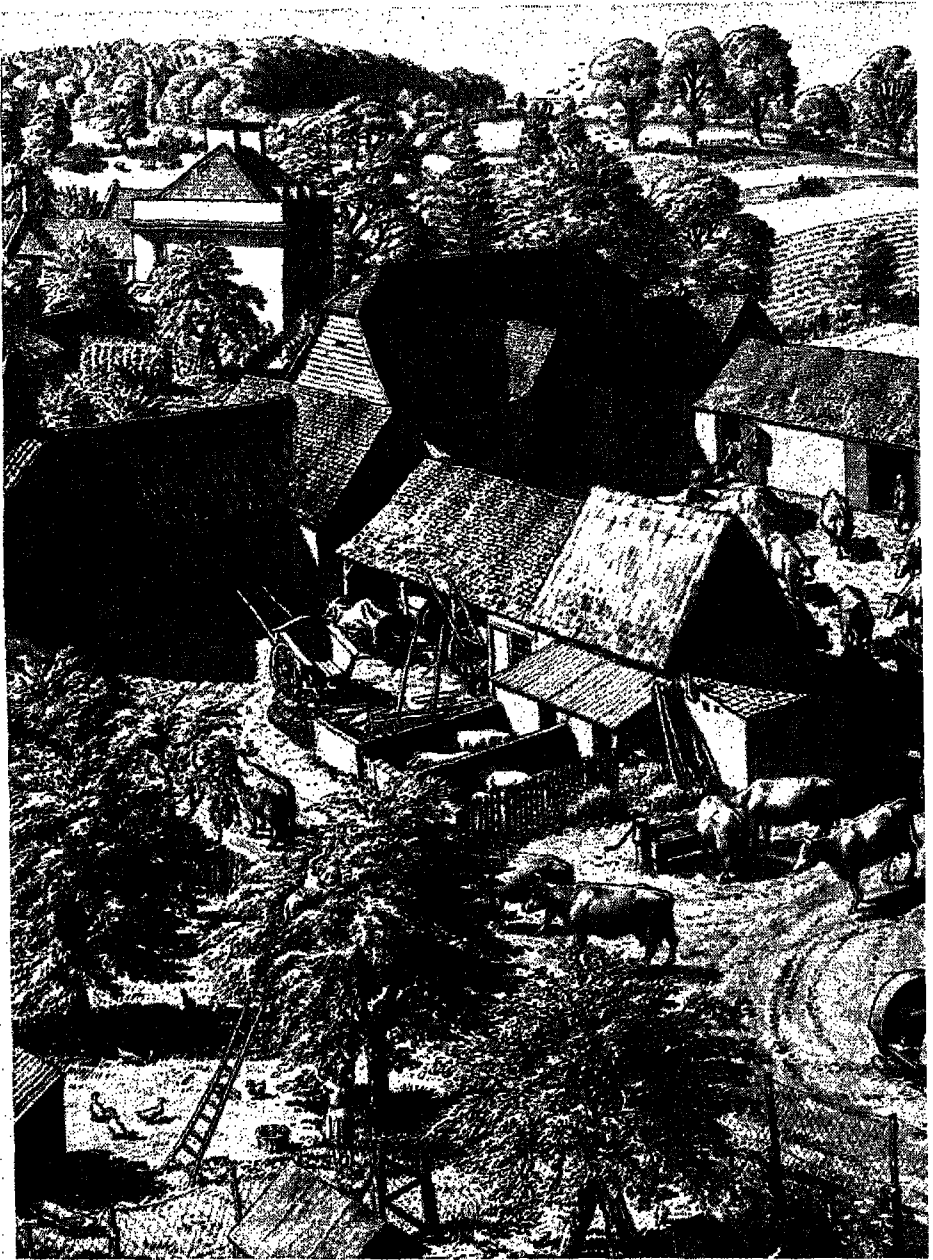
groomed the horses, listens while the farmer gives him instructions for harnessing according to the programme for the day. When tractors are not available, ploughing or harrowing means collars and chains for the horses (see page 12).

From the stable the farmer goes across to the dairy to see that all is well; and at about seven o'clock he meets his other employees at the main gate of the steading. It may be that the chief job for the day is wheat sowing, in which case seed corn must be loaded into a trailer to be hauled to the fields, with the drill, by a rubber-tyred tractor. The actual sequence for sowing is as follows: a spud-wheeled tractor goes over the land with a disk-harrow, followed by the drill; and finally, a spike-harrow drawn by a pair-horse team or a tractor brings up the rear to harrow in behind the drill and cover the seed (pages 14–15).

In another field the crawler tractor (see page 13) may be engaged in hauling a plough which turns the stubble of the last wheat crop so that the ground will be ready for barley sowing the following March.

The driving of the tractor hauling the drill is usually entrusted to a

THE FARMER



This artist's impression of a typical Somersetshire farm shows the layout of the buildings and indicates the various harvest-time activities. Top left is the farmhouse; then comes a barn, facing the milking sheds and dairy, where milk is

A TYPICAL SOMERSETSHIRE FARM



cooled and churned. Opposite the milking sheds are stables and sheds. On the right, wheat is threshed and bagged, while the straw is transported by elevator to the stack. Beyond the thresher, a thatcher is seen at work on a rick.

THE FARMER

farm lad, because young eyes are quicker to see the faint wheelmarks beside the preceding row. Often an old hand rides on the footboard of the drill to make sure no seed tube becomes choked, for such a fault would mean a nasty gap in the crop for nearly a year.

By about eight o'clock the farmer has finished helping to load up the seed corn and has watched the little cavalcade depart for the fields, so he and his pupil go in to breakfast. When the meal is over, the pupil is sent to relieve the old hand on the drill. By this time the postman has arrived and the farmer deals with his morning mail, groaning, no doubt,

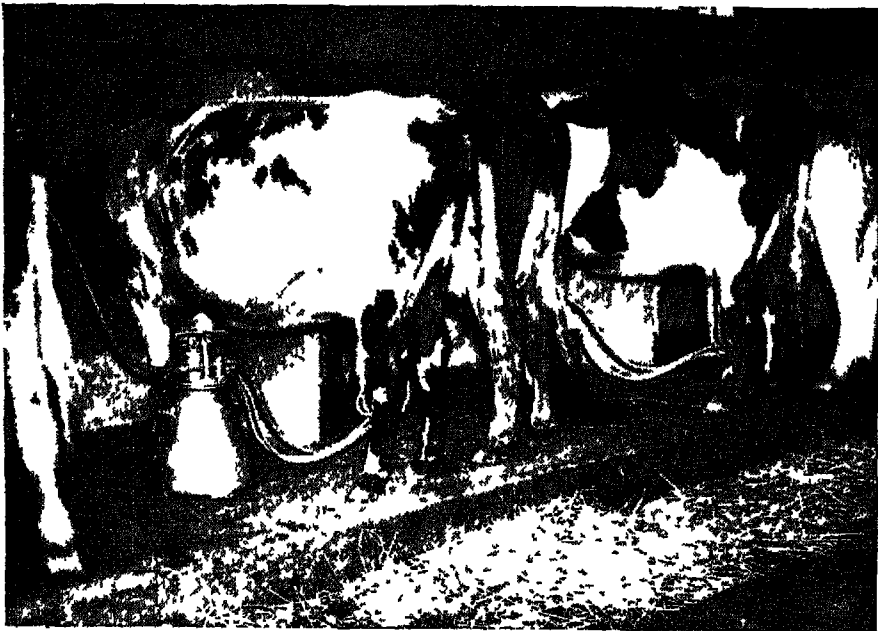
at the numerous perplexing government forms which have got to be completed.

"What with this sort of stuff, and P.A.Y.E.," he laments, "farming's come to be a desk job."

His wife sighs, for she knows that this lament is a prelude to an urgent call for her assistance.

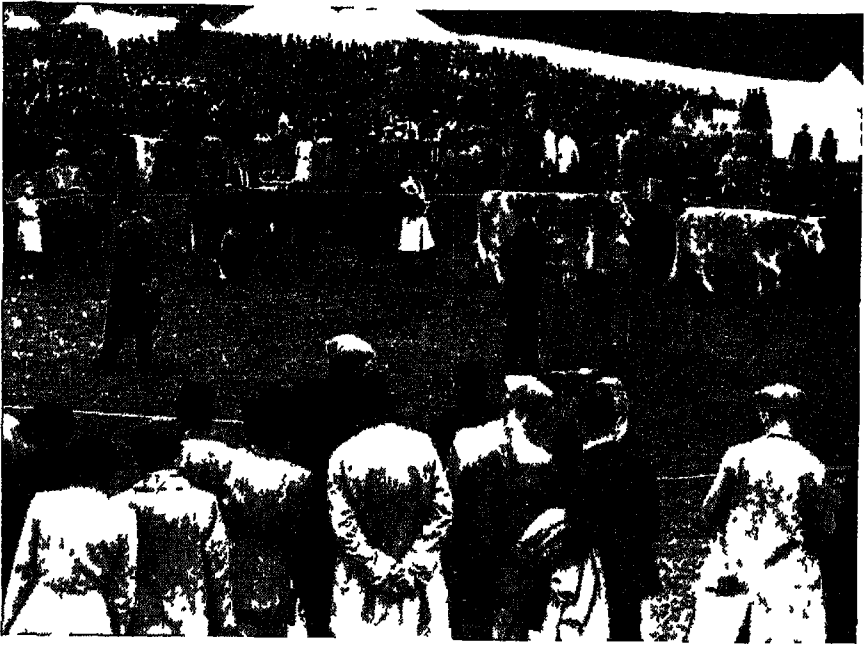
"Look, dear," he continues. "I'm jammed forty ways today. Can you help fill up some of these forms, and I'll sign 'em later?"

His wife, no doubt, agrees to do as she is asked. This frees the farmer for the routine daily drive round the farm in his car to check up on the way things are going. Formerly, such



Mechanical milking apparatus of the kind here shown simplifies the problem of hygiene for the modern farmer. The machine, sterilized before use and linked by pipeline to an electric suction motor, operates ten mechanical milkers at once,

BUYING AND SELLING STOCK



(Above) Critical farmers view cattle exhibits at the competitive agricultural show held yearly at Thame, Oxfordshire. Judging is usually divided into two categories—breeding for beef, and milk yield. Famous in the first class are Hereford and Devon breeds, while Friesians, Jerseys and Guernseys are noted dairy prize-winners. Then there are all-round types, like Shorthorns, which can be bred for both purposes and are thus much favoured on mixed farms. (Right) Two Suffolk farmers run expert eyes over livestock at their local cattle fair, where they and their colleagues gather to buy stock or sell their produce. They also gain valuable advice from one another on many an agricultural point.



THE FARMER



Classic beauty is depicted by this prize pair-horse team, drawing a single-furrow plough on a Buckinghamshire farm. Real artistry and skill are demanded to produce long, even furrows by this method, which is now being fast superseded by multi-furrow, tractor-drawn ploughs such as those shown on page 13.

tours of inspection were made on horseback, but today the whole tempo of farming is speeded up. The tour is a thorough one, but once he has satisfied himself that everything is proceeding according to plan, the farmer returns to the house to change into "market pretty" garb, and to collect various papers and his cheque-book. It is a popular notion that farmers spend too much time at market, but a weekly visit to market is essential for the efficient running of a farm. A thousand and one things have to be studied and considered in person. Perhaps he is thinking of engaging a new hand who formerly worked for a friend of

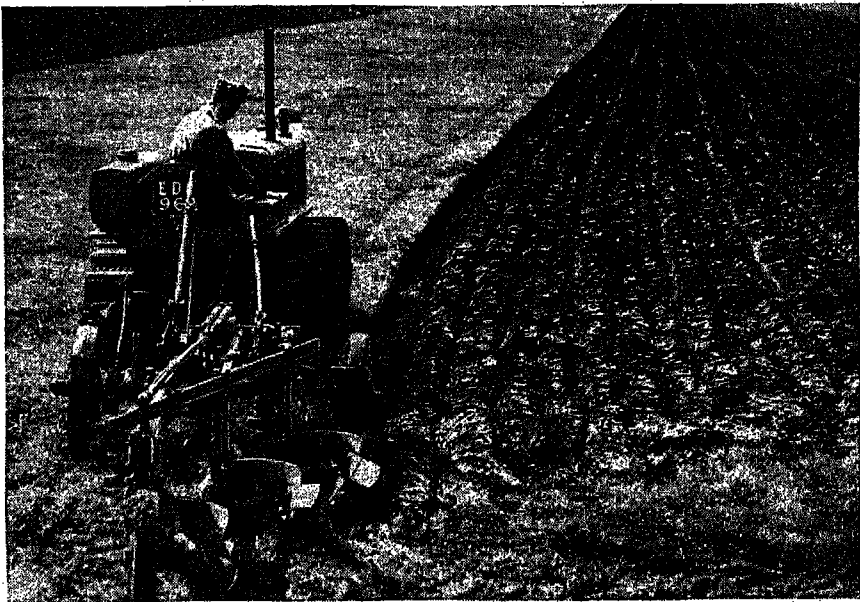
his. A direct query in market—"I say, Bill, so-and-so used to do work for you. What about him?" draws a reply worth more than a sheaf of written references.

Again, the farmer may have some barren cows that are almost fat enough to sell for beef. Carrying their size and condition in his mind's eye, he wants to compare his own beasts with those being sold fat through the government grade (see page 11) and also with those sold by auction to be better finished by other farmers. He can obtain that necessary comparison only by going to market; and past experience has shown him that it pays. Last spring,

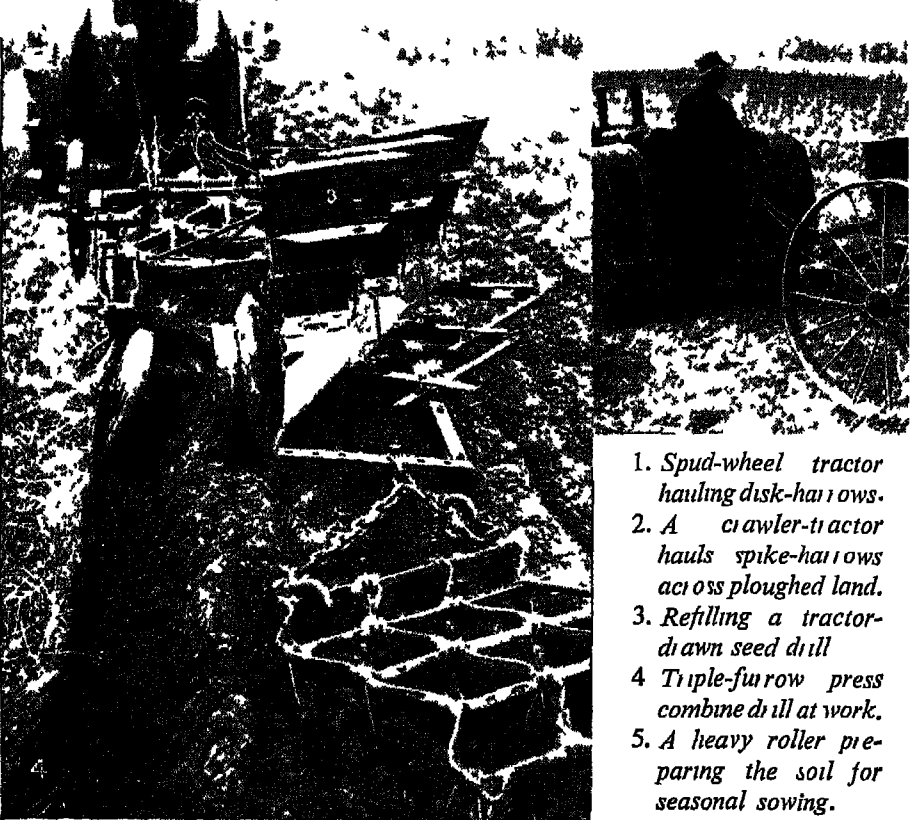
PLOUGHING THE LAND



(Above) A two-furrow plough, drawn by a rubber-tyred tractor which is largely confined to use on dry ground but is equally serviceable for haulage on roads. (Below) A three-furrow plough is drawn by a caterpillar tractor which can be used on hard dry soil but which can be operated equally effectively on wet or soft soil.



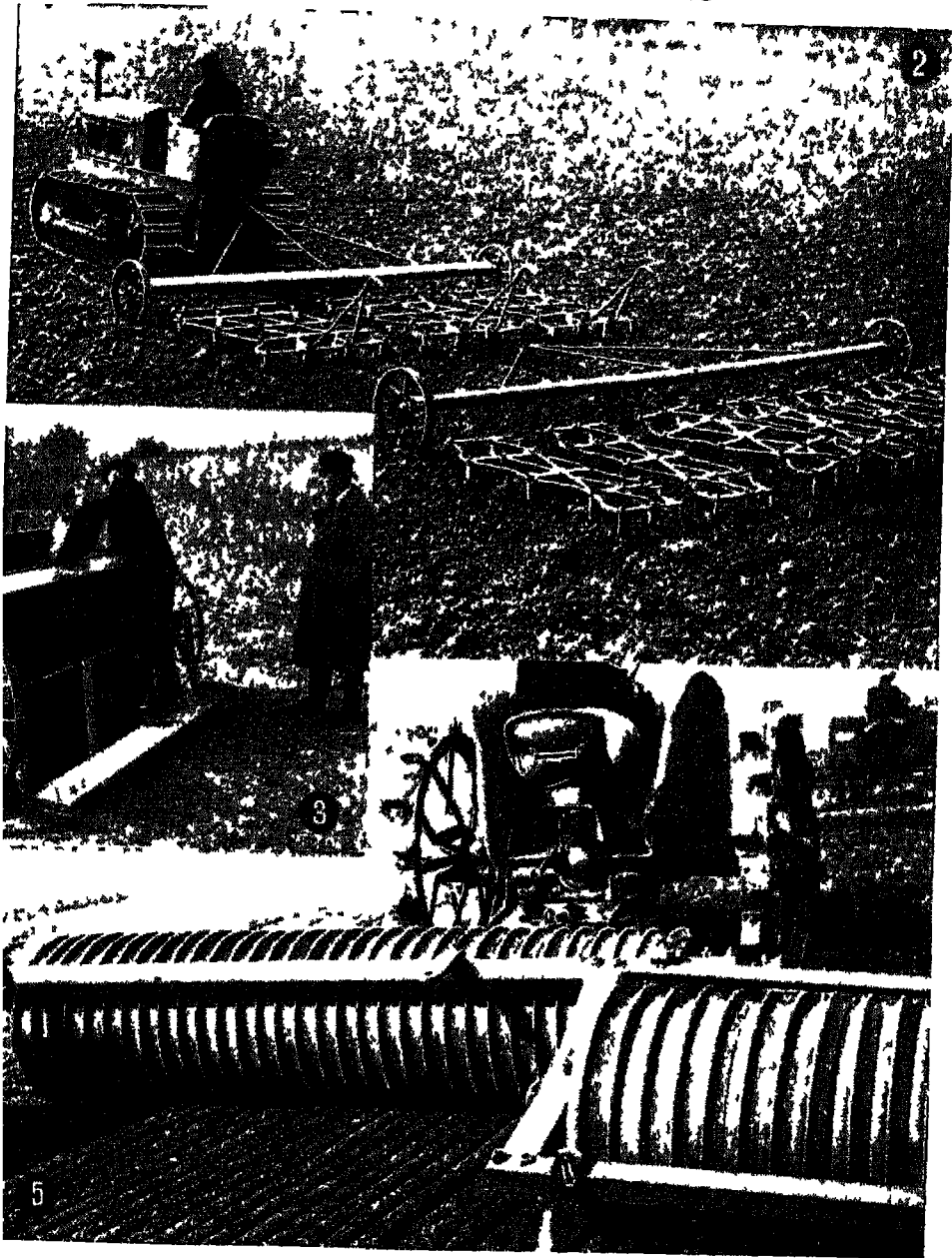
THE FARMER



1. Spud-wheel tractor hauling disk-harrows.
2. A crawler-tractor hauls spike-harrows across ploughed land.
3. Refilling a tractor-drawn seed drill
4. Triple-furrow press combine drill at work.
5. A heavy roller preparing the soil for seasonal sowing.

After the ploughing (shown on pages 12 and 13) further tilling of the soil is necessary before crops can be sown. Various methods are used, such as disk-harrowing, spike-harrowing, and sometimes rolling (1, 2 and 5). Then after these pre-

HARROWING AND SOWING



parations comes the sowing. The farmer (3) is seen superintending a tractor-drawn drill which is being loaded with wheat. Sometimes ploughing and sowing and harrowing are accomplished in one operation by combined apparatus (4).

THE FARMER

for instance, he sent six beasts to be graded in the market; and, not liking the result, refused to let them go, and put them up for auction instead. They made six pounds per head more as grazing beasts than their carcass price through the government grade. So he netted a good profit just through knowing his business and attending market.

The farmer may also be interested in breeding prize cattle, but this necessitates taking the animals to various shows (see page 11). At market, there are seeds and manures and feeding stuffs to be bought. All such deals, he knows, can be made more satisfactorily between man and

man by word of mouth. Again, he may be thinking of buying a mechanical hoe (see below) or harvester (page 21) or a pick-up baler, for one must move with the times, and in these days labour for handling crops and loose hay or straw is very expensive. Young tractor drivers may be expert with machinery, but they don't shine at hand work with the pitch-fork. So, at market the farmer hopes to meet neighbours who have had experience with such machines and who are able to enlighten him as to the relative merits or defects of different makes.

A farmer today must keep up to date or perish. Britain has the most

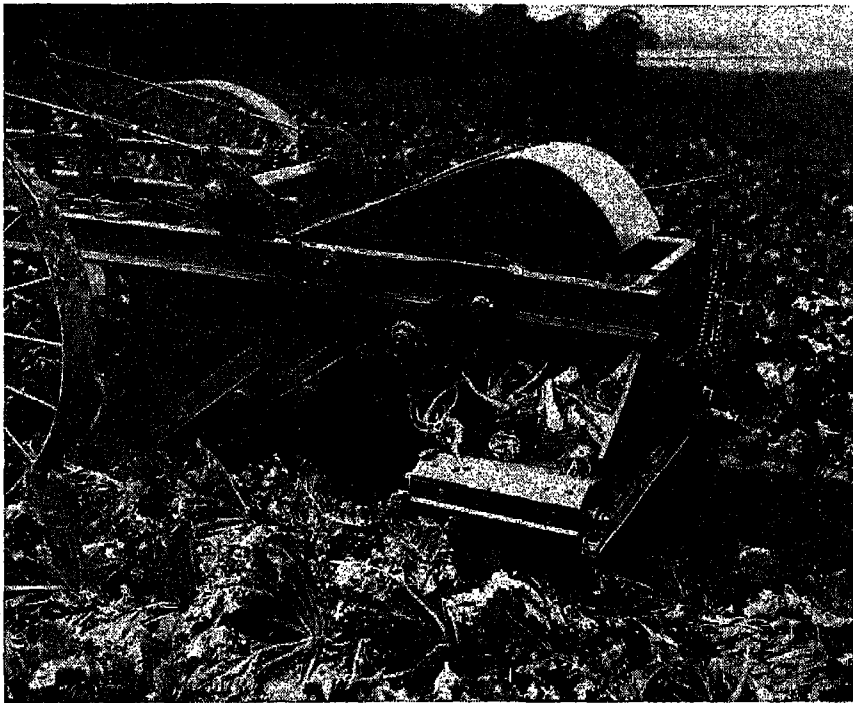


Here ingenuity of design makes possible the use of mechanical time and labour-saving devices even in fields of crops that are growing. A field of sugar beet in Fladbury, Worcestershire, is being hoed by a Bean tractor, cleverly designed to avoid damage to the plants. It can be converted to a seed drill when necessary.

CULTIVATING SUGAR BEET



Carefully using his stick to raise the leaves, a farmer (left) examines a thirteen-weeks-old crop of sugar beet in order to note the quality of singling and spacing. Cropping, on maturity, is carried out in a variety of different ways. One of the most successful is the use of the Catchpole beet Harvester (shown in the "Farmer and Stock-breeder" photograph below). This ingenious machine not only extracts the roots from the ground, but also lops off the head of each plant as it goes along.

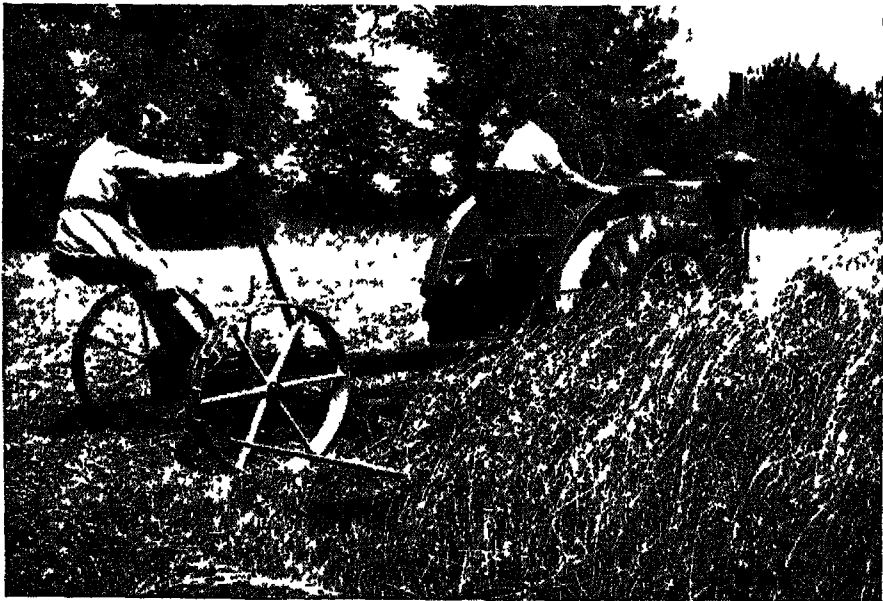


THE FARMER

highly mechanized agriculture in the world, with nearly twice as many tractors per thousand acres of farming land as America. This means formidable capital outlay. For instance, the "crawler," already mentioned, is a diesel-engined affair not unlike a miniature tank, costing about a thousand pounds new. This is a lot of money to sink in one machine, but it makes possible the ploughing of steep slopes, even when the ground is wet. A lighter, four-wheeled tractor, with the rear wheels fitted with steel spuds, is likewise useful on soft ground and costs only about one-third of the money needed for the "crawler." But

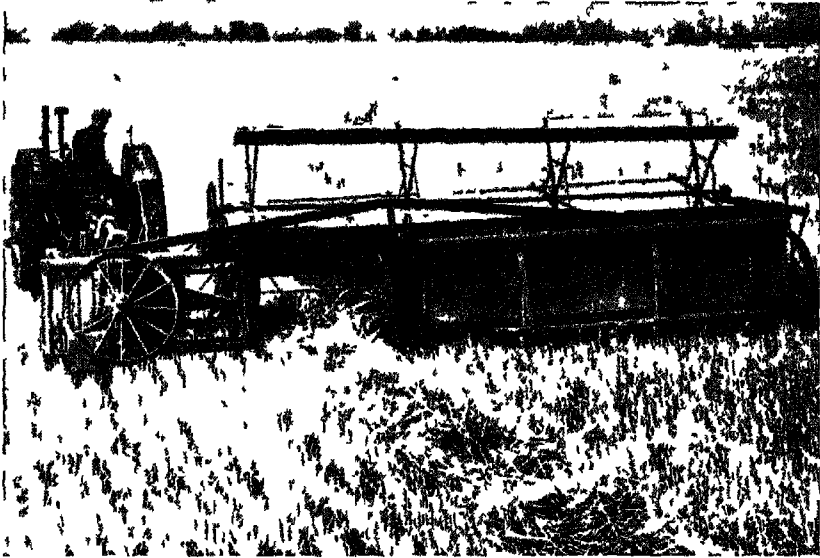
neither can be used on the public highway, so a third tractor, with pneumatic tyres (see page 13), is necessary for road work and for the necessary inter-row cultivation in roots and potato crops. This may cost anything from four to six hundred pounds, so that, all told, there is nearly two thousand pounds of the farmer's capital locked up in tractors alone.

Miscellaneous vehicles and implements, ranging from ploughs to harrows, and from seed drills to trailer wagons, may account for another thirteen hundred pounds. Then there is harvesting equipment, which is very costly, a threshing

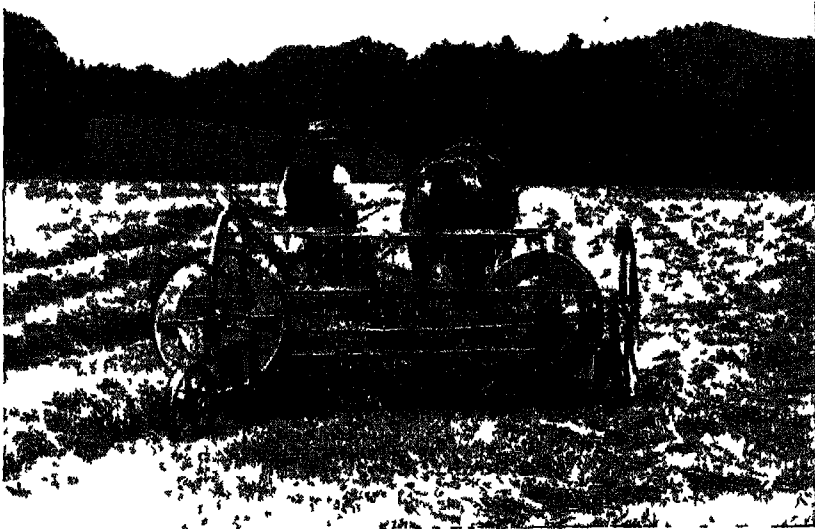


Two efficient land girls tackle hay cutting, one driving the tractor while the other operates the mower. A knife attached to the cutter bar, crops the hay and leaves it in a long continuous swath, which is thrust aside by a board as the machine progresses down the field. The scene is set in the Coulsdon-Chipstead valley, Surrey.

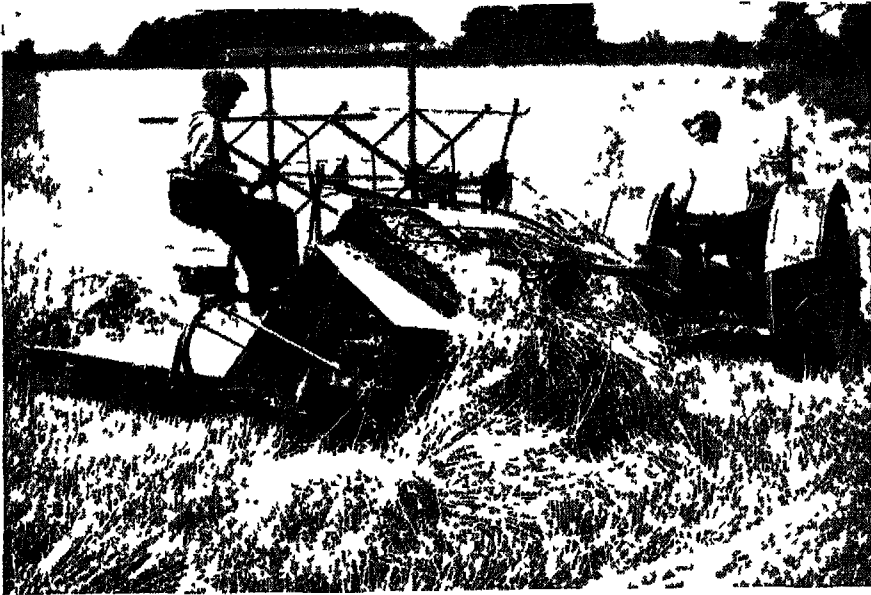
MOWING AND HAYMAKING



Combined mower and swath-turner (above) which cuts the hay and deposits it in swaths. Later the hay-tedder will distribute and turn the grass to facilitate drying and finally (below) the side-delivery rake will collect the hay into even windrows ready for the loader. Sometimes one machine can do all the operations.



THE FARMER



Harvesting an oat crop in Worcestershire by means of a tractor-drawn reaper and binder. The sheaves, deposited on the ground beside the machine, will later be stood upright in stooks to dry off in the heat of the sun before being conveyed to the threshing machine, where the grain is separated from the straw and chaff.

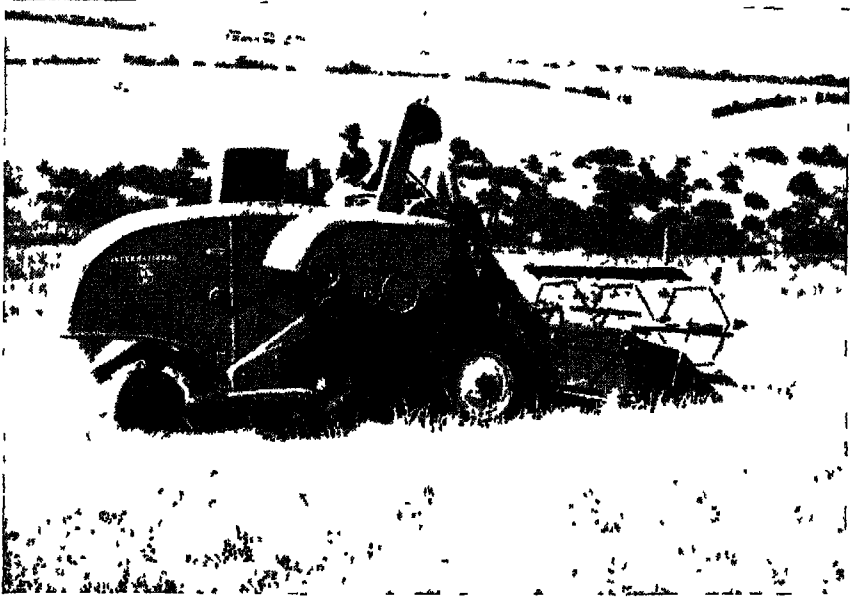
machine being priced at about six hundred pounds; but unless the farm is a large one, or the farmer intends to do contract work for neighbours, he is probably content to hire this type of equipment (see illustrations on pages 18–22) each season.

Most farmers have welcomed mechanization, but they still frown upon daylight saving, for it involves loss of time on some tasks which, they contend, cannot be adjusted to the townsman's clock. There are crops that cannot be handled until the sun has licked up the morning dew, which means that they may not be dry until after mid-day. So although the farmer and his hands

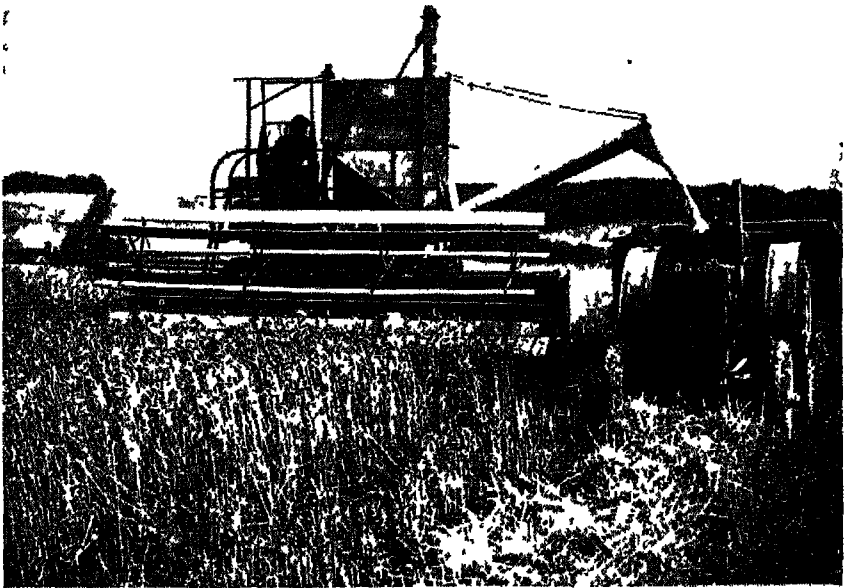
may have been at work since an early hour they are obliged to carry on with tasks like haymaking and harvesting until ten o'clock at night by the altered clock. Overtired workers do not take kindly to this inevitable overtime. They cannot start late in the morning because the milk must be got out by the nation's clock; and the farm workers' children must be got off to school.

So summer sees work on the farm alternate between a steady pace until the sun has dried the land and feverish activity once the land is dry. Another source of annoyance is the weather—particularly if it happens to be what the farmer terms

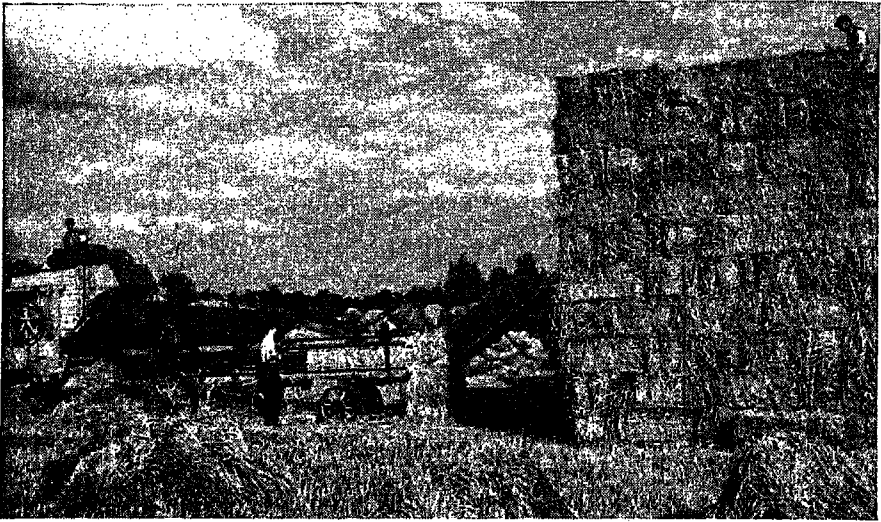
HARVESTING THE CROPS



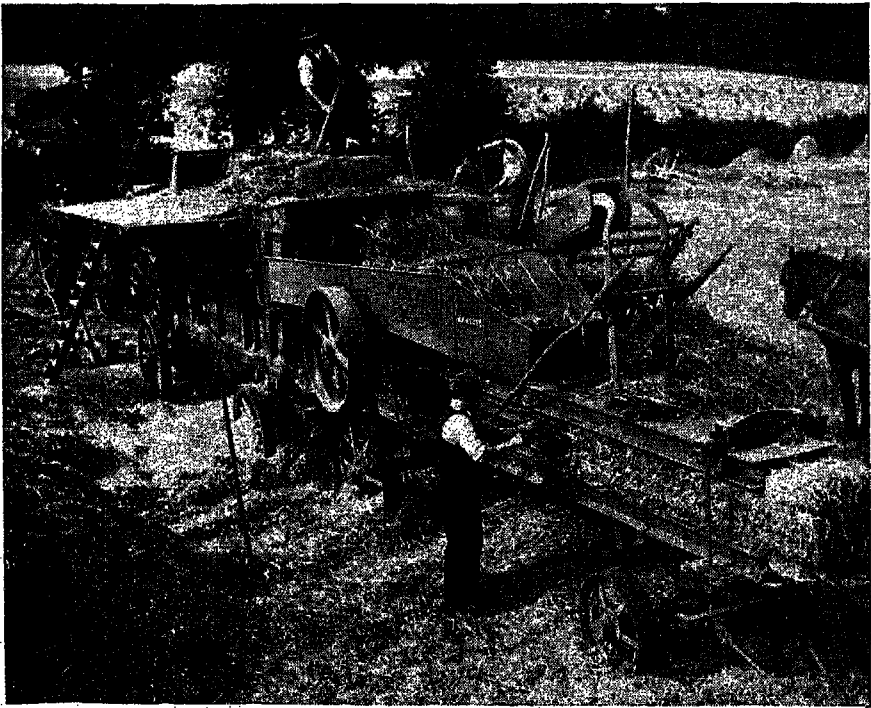
Miracle-machine for modern farmers—the latest International push-type combine harvester (above). It cuts sheaves, threshes grain and bales straw; a time-saver de-luxe! (Below) Another type of combine harvester is bringing in a wheat crop in South Oxfordshire. From it threshed grain is loaded straight into a lorry.



THE FARMER



(Below) A stationary threshing and baling machine at work at Ross-on-Wye. The grain is delivered through a hopper at the side, and the bales of straw emerge from the end of the machine, ready to be elevated to the stack, as shown above



THRESHING AND STACKING

"caddy," which signifies intermittent showers, day after day. A thoroughly wet day or a succession of them may do some damage, but it does not fret the farmer's temper, for he can plan accordingly. But rapidly alternating weather infuriates him. For instance, he spends money to turn some hay or spread out some stooks of sheaves to dry, intending to harvest it safely after tea. But a shower at tea-time means that all his labour has been wasted.

Ordinary variations of weather can be coped with, for the wise farmer runs his business on periods of at least four-year rotation. Some may even base their calculations in terms of ten-year cycles. Sunshine is essential for harvesting grain; but rain grows good grass and roots for stock to feed upon. The weather is never wholly bad for everything all the time.

The farmhouse to which the farmer returns to battle with arrears of form-filling or to cope with his accounts, usually has an atmosphere of solid comfort. Victorian furniture, handed down from generation to generation, is much in evidence, and it depends on the farmer's wife how far interior decoration has come into line with modern standards. But when it comes to utilitarian things modernity rules from scullery to attic, for mechanization of the farm has had a marked effect on the interior of the farmer's home. It usually boasts electricity and an efficient water supply, whether off

the public mains or from a private installation. Cooking arrangements depend on his wife's inclination. There is nearly always a good modern range, equipped to heat bath water. There may also be an electric cooker or, if gas is available, a gas stove. Telephone and wireless combine to banish the sense of isolation formerly such a feature of farm life.

The summer holiday must always be taken in the short gap between hay-making and harvest. Many a farmer has had to arrange his wedding day by his farm calendar! Others have been summoned back from holiday by a telegram announcing that the winter oats were fit to cut, or have had to break some social engagement to minister to a sick cow.

It is this necessary preoccupation with the task of running a big business, exposed to all sorts of weather conditions and in the face of all kinds of setbacks, that fosters the impression that a farmer is of a race apart with an attitude to life that is entirely materialistic. But let a neighbour meet calamity in any form and the farmer proves a true friend, his materialism revealing itself in practical and immediate help.

It is as well that we, too, should take a materialistic view of the farmer and his worth to the nation. If he and his fellows stopped working for six months the countryside would soon become a wilderness. In all probability, a year's idleness would spell ruin for the nation,



Miners at Silver Hill Colliery coming off duty at the end of a shift. Before they go home, they deliver their lamps to the lamp-room, leave their pit clothes to be aired in their lockers, wash and dress once again in their home-going clothes.

THE COAL-MINER

AT WORK IN THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH

REGARDLESS of the efficiency of modern aids to production, the coal-miner's job is a hard one. Moreover, it calls for great skill, endurance and a high degree of physical fitness. There is room at the coal-face only for those who are able and willing to do their fair share of the work.

The best type of coal-miner is usually one whose forebears were hewers and winners of coal. In the coal-mining districts of Great Britain, the majority of underground workers are born to the industry. Coal-mining is in the blood, and truly a grand strain it is.

In some mining districts many of the cottages of the underground workers are bunched together in "folds" or rows under the shadows of the pit-heads, or, more literally, of the pit-rucks, those miniature mountains of slag, stone and debris cast aside during the sorting, screening and cleaning of coal. In other mining districts the miners live in modern villas, some distance from the pit-heads, and many of them devote much of their leisure to cultivating their gardens.

From infancy, a miner's child absorbs with eyes, ears and brain little

else than coal and its associations. He is soon attuned to the scream of the pit-head and engine whistles, the banging, and scuffling of coals as they are shuffled and scrambled down the chutes and through the screens. He plays about the banks and rucks with other miners' children. As he grows older, he hears his parents and others speaking of that amazing life below the ground upon which he stands. He hears of wondrous tools—the iron man which hews and cuts great seams of coal, the electric picks, the conveyor railway, and of the heroes who work them. He hears of accidents, roof-falls, water-floods, fire-damp explosions, heroic exploits, superhuman toughness, fearful injuries and of death.

By the time the boy leaves school and is ready to make the first trip in the iron cage into the earth's interior he is well versed in what constitutes a miner's daily life. He starts his career with great advantages over a youth transplanted from another soil, for although he may not yet have worked in the Stygian darkness and cramped tunnels of the deep levels, he knows what to expect.

The knocker-up still goes his

THE COAL-MINER

rounds in many mining districts. This useful functionary is the human alarm clock, and is generally a retired old miner, or a disabled worker unable to follow ordinary employment. In the early morning he carries his long pole, to the end of which is affixed a bunch of wires, along the streets. He rattles his wires upon the bedroom windows of his "customers" until a light announces the miner is out of bed, making ready for the morning shift.

Soon lights are glowing behind the drawn blinds of the living-rooms of the cottages, and in scores of them the same scene is being enacted.

There is the miner's wife preparing the "jack-bit"—fairly thick slices of bread (wafers are useless as "snap" for a miner) spread with margarine, and made into as tasty a sandwich as the pantry permits. There may be jam, cheese, beef, bacon or lettuce if seasonable. As a sweet, a large slice of his favourite currant cake is put into the snap-tin.

Next, the miner's wife brews a big pot of strong tea, and sets a pint mug of the concoction upon the table for the miner's immediate consumption. The rest, with as generous as possible a supply of sugar, is poured into the tea-can.

In the meantime, the collier has been dressing and readying himself to face the raw morning air; with his muffler about his neck, and, as like as not, his cap on his head, he swills down the "stirrup-cup."

A glance at the clock upon the mantelpiece warns him of the hour. He passes his belt through the handles of snap-tin and tea-can, buckles this about his middle, the cans settling against his hip. He fills up and lights his pipe, and he is ready.

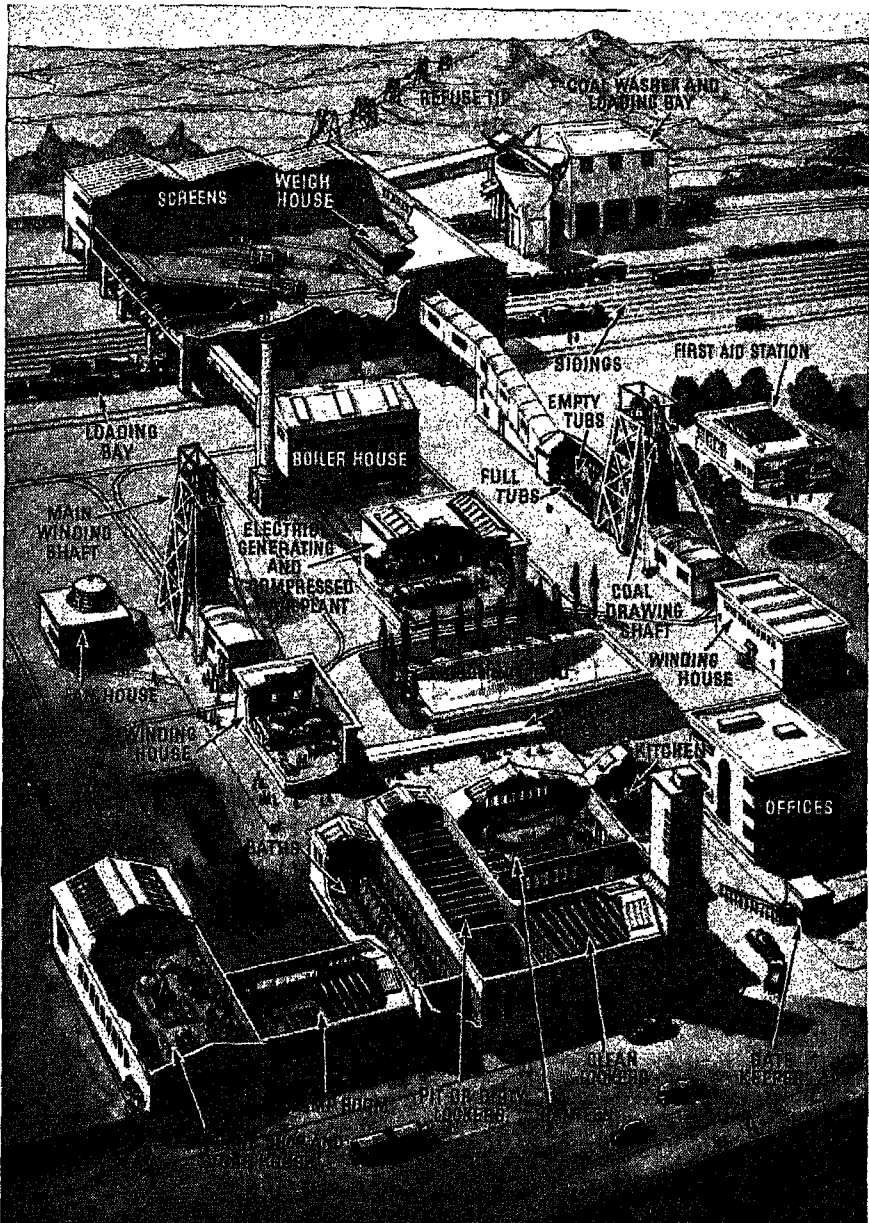
The wife opens the door, and he steps past her into the street. There is a laconic "So long, love," as he goes on his way. "Good-bye" is a phrase little used amongst miners. There is too much menace and finality in it.

All along the street, doors are opening and closing, and hob-nailed boots and clogs clatter on the pavement as black figures, hunched against the chill air, appear and vanish in the fitful yellow light of the street lamps. At vantage points work-mates meet, and string along together, discussing current news and personal affairs.

There ahead, silhouetted against the sky, loom the slag-heaps, and black and stark, towering over them, the massive pit-head gearings of the upcast shaft and the downcast shaft. Below them the cluster of buildings, including winding-house, lamp-room, workshops, stores, baths, ventilating plant, boiler-house, tipplers, screens and a score of others.

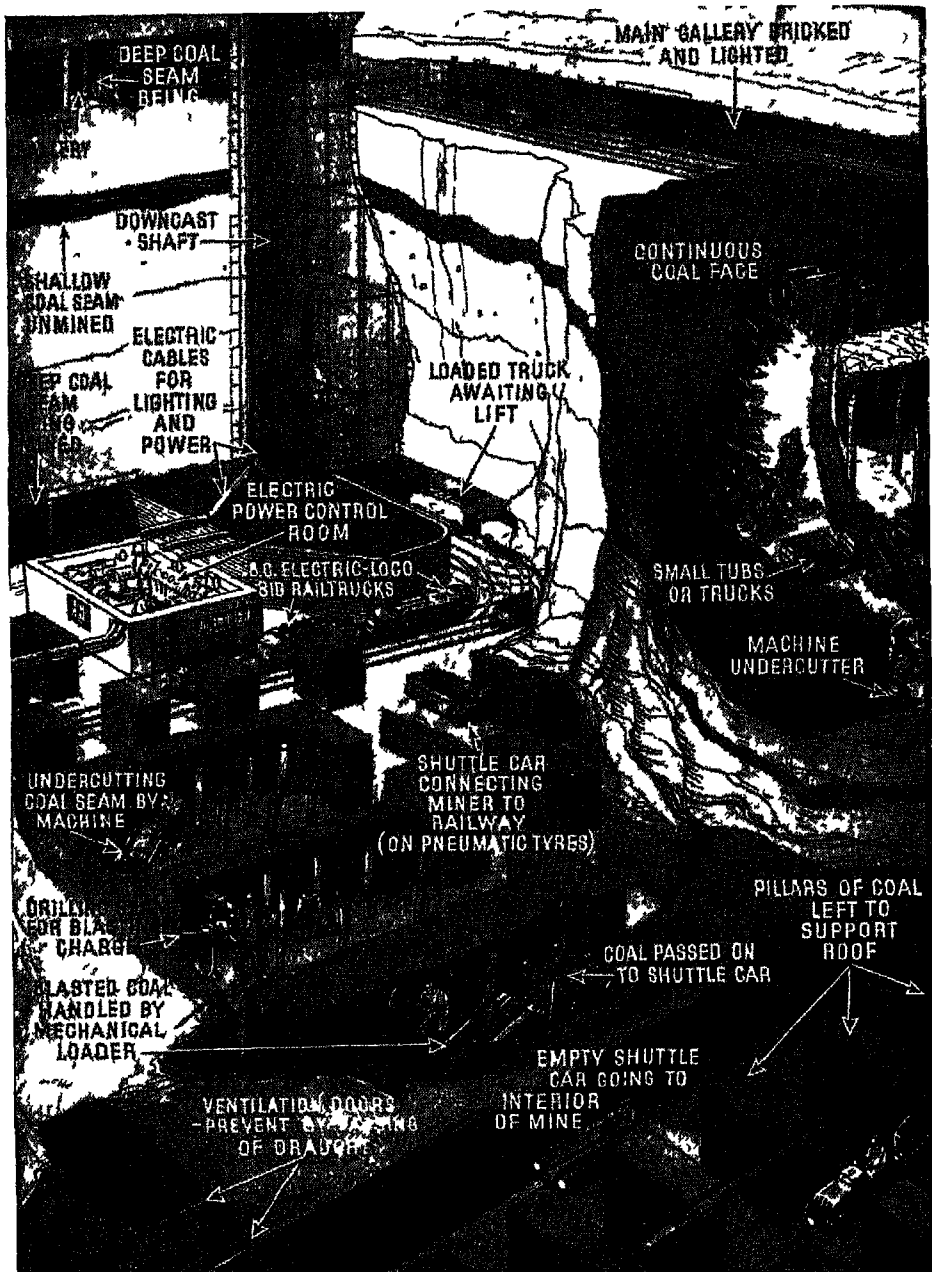
Through the gateway men and boys come from all directions. If they are on bicycles, these are housed in the sheds provided for them. All of them are making their way to the clothes changing-rooms.

THE LAYOUT OF THE PIT-HEAD



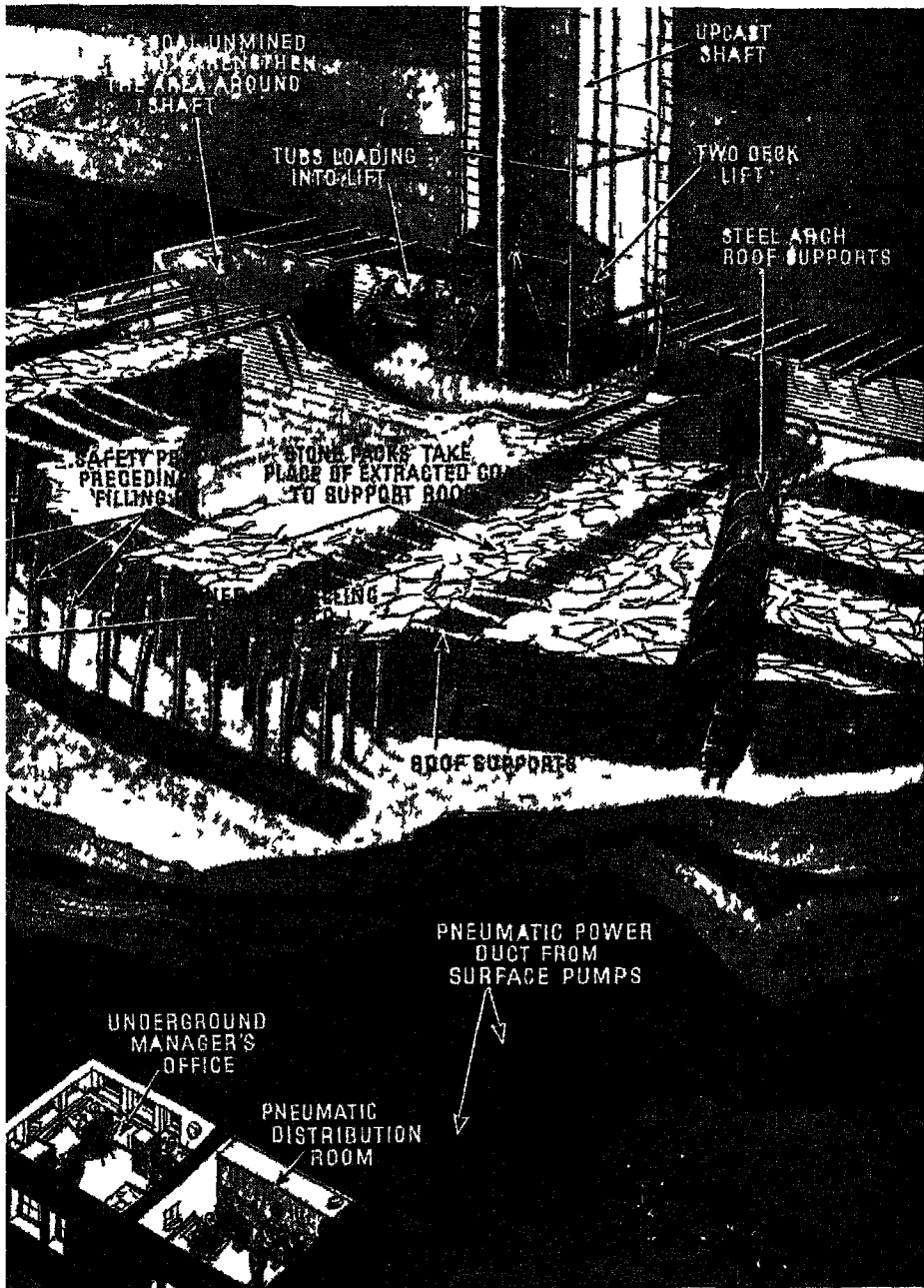
The layout of the pit-head in a modern colliery is planned to save time and labour, and to provide the miner with welfare facilities in the form of canteens, changing-rooms with lockers which enable him to leave his working clothes to be aired. Hot baths and showers are provided and cycle racks for those who pedal to work.

THE COAL-MINER



Drawing showing the interior of a modern coal-mine and the system of conveying coal in tubs from the coal-face to the cage, which transports it to the pit-head.

THE INTERIOR OF A MODERN MINE



The empty tubs are filled by loaders at the coal-face. The miner attaches his label and when the coal has been weighed and checked, his output is recorded.

THE COAL-MINER

In the warm atmosphere the men doff their "home-going" clothes, hanging them in their private lockers. With his towel about his middle, the collier goes into another room, where his pit clothes are waiting, dried and aired. The towel is left in the locker to be available when its owner finishes his shift, sheds his pit gear and takes his bath.

Trousers, coat, heavy blue or grey linsey shirt, a sweat rag, cap or helmet, and ironed clogs, constitute the miner's working outfit.

A queue forms at the tally office, where the miner picks up his bunch of tallies. These are squares of metal, each bearing the stamp of a miner's identification number.

Another queue forms at the lamp-room, where, in exchange for a tally, the collier receives a safety lamp, which has been cleaned, trimmed and lighted if it consumes oil, or fitted with fully-charged accumulator if it consumes electricity.

Just as in every phase of the miner's occupation, no risks are run. The lamp cannot be opened by anyone excepting the lamp-room charge, hand, and it is almost impossible to put out the light accidentally, in fact no ordinary fall will do it.

After greasing his boots to make them waterproof, the miner goes up the wide steps to the pit-head. All pit-head gear is built high, so that the wagons or tubs, when filled with the coal brought up by the cages, may run without mechanical power down to the hoppers and screens.

At the pit-mouth are the gates, through which entry to the cages is made. From the mouth run miniature railway tracks for the easy transport of full and empty tubs.

There are two cages at the shaft, working simultaneously, one coming up as the other descends, and there is a man in charge. He is the pilot. Three rings on his bell signals to the winding-room that men are going down. Men fill the iron cages, the safety bar is snapped down, and the signal bell rung.

The swift descent into solid blackness, which is only accentuated by the gleam from the lamps, is a weird experience. At thirty to forty miles per hour, the miner's eardrums buzz and breathing seems difficult, his stomach lifts and his perspective is altered. The sensation of rushing downwards alters to rising upwards.

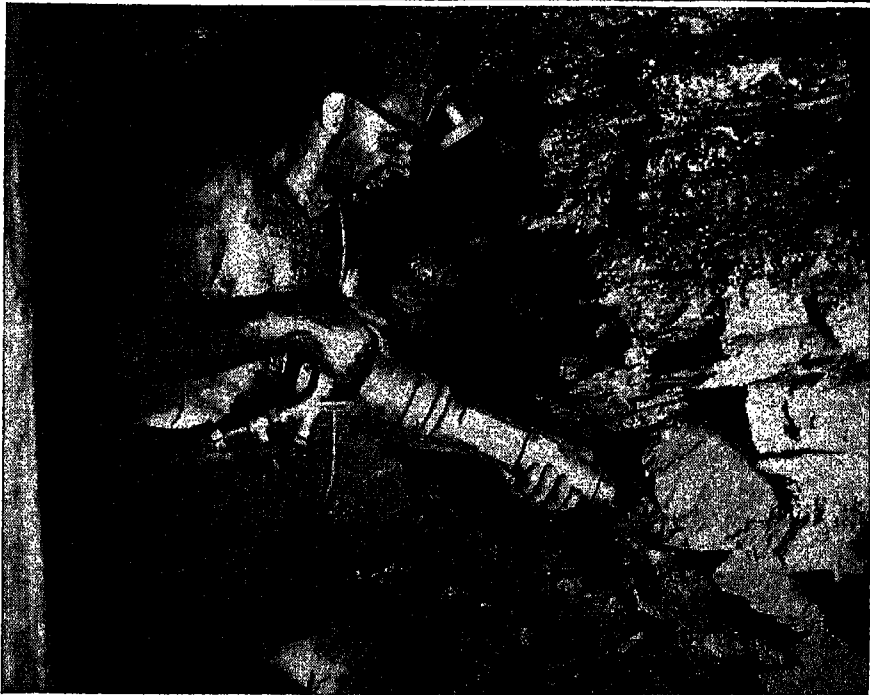
After the darkness of the shaft, the pit-eye seems to be bathed in a dazzling bluish blaze of light, for the electric-light bulbs cast strong rays from the whitened walls of the offices and rooms established at the eye, and glint brightly from the network of tub-rails merging at the cage doors.

In some mines with extensive underground workings, there is a "passenger railway," which conveys the miner some part of the way towards the coal-faces or workings.

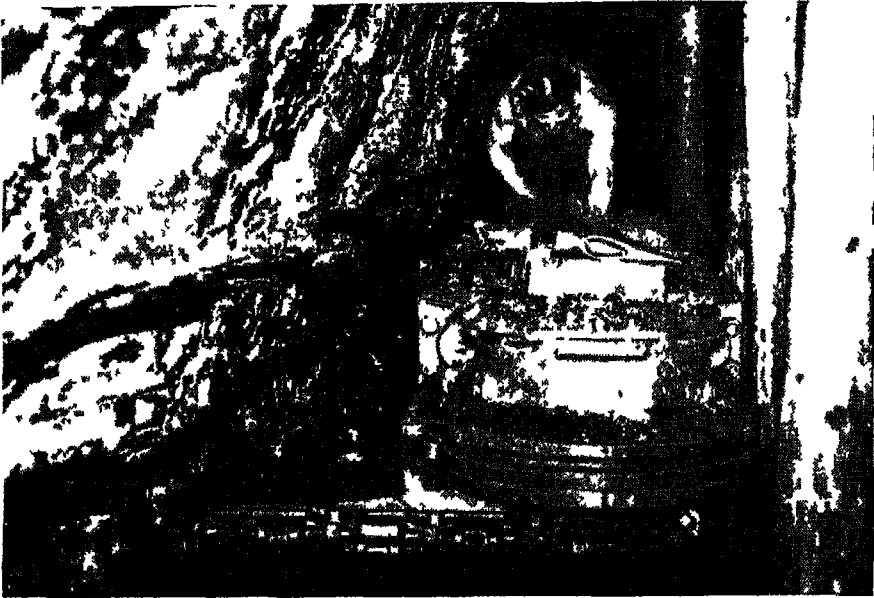
A tally is dropped into the checking box, and the miner treks along the "roads" to his own particular working point on the coal-seams.

DOWN AT THE COAL-FACE

The miner (right) who works in a confined space may have to kneel uncomfortably perhaps for hours on end as he wields his pick to hew the coal. Today picks are, however, largely being replaced by mechanical coal-cutters which are used in conjunction with the shot-firing system. (Below) A miner, stripped to the waist, is operating a pneumatic drill. Compressed air is delivered from the pit-head to the drill via the pneumatic power duct and the distribution room in the underground workings.



THE COAL-MINER



Electrically driven coal-face cutter (above) in operation. This machine cuts slots, about 4 in. wide and 4 ft. deep, in the coal-face, which is subsequently drilled (as shown below). The drilling is then packed with explosive and detonated so that the seam is broken up into large lumps of coal, ready for the shovel men.





Large lumps of coal from the coal-face are, as shown here, broken by the miners into small lumps before being loaded into the tubs which convey them to the cages. This facilitates loading and the subsequent process known as screening, a process in which the coal is mechanically sieved and sorted ready for market.

It is never easy going along the cuttings and tunnels, even where the electricians have run lights. Roofs are low, and often the girders and props holding them up bend and twist under the tremendous pressure. The miner could quite easily receive severe head injuries in these tunnels if he did not wear a helmet specially designed for his protection.

The road is uneven, sometimes dry and dusty, often wet, greasy and mushy. A breeze, cooling and refreshing, sweeps along the tunnels, driven by the ventilating fans at the shaft-heads. This air current is "life-blood" for the miner.

When the collier reaches his scene

of operations, off comes the jacket and shirt. The sweat-rag is knotted about his neck, knee-pads are adjusted, and as a precaution, the stopper or cork of the precious tea-can is tested for security so that no drop shall be lost or dust foul it.

The tools used by a miner depend upon conditions. He may use the pneumatic pick, a smaller brother of the drills used by demolition men, or a hand pick. He also uses a pointed type of shovel, hammer, steel wedges and wooden sprags.

In the more progressive mines electrically driven coal-cutters are used. These are low-built machines of great power, fitted with a chain

THE COAL-MINER

of picks, which cut slots into the coal-seam. Subsequently a miner known as a shot-firer follows in the wake of the iron man, drills holes into the coal-seam, and affixes a cartridge of a special type of explosive, which is flameless. The charge is exploded electrically, and the coal is broken up, ready for the shovel men.

It is on a low running coal-face that the miner demonstrates skill of high order. Often a squatting, kneeling or lying posture only is possible, and the pick must be wielded in short, sharp jabs. Little power is wasted, however, for each blow is directed and placed in a manner calculated to split, strip or lift, and an experienced miner can maintain the squatting position for hours.

The young fellows, "apprentices" of the coal-miner, are known as drawers. A drawer shovels the coal into the tub and then affixes a tally, so that the miner's output can be checked at the office. He pushes the tub along the lines to the main conveyor belt. There the tub is joined to the train, and away it clatters to the pit-eye, whence it will go into the cage and be brought to the surface.

Empty tubs are returned via the conveyor track, and are directed by boys and youths to where they are required. Delays are frowned upon, for a miner takes pride in his individual output, which, according to the ease and position of the coal-face, may be twenty tons a day.

The winner of coal keeps up his

cutting and hewing, the drawer his shovelling and filling, while the air grows dim with coal-dust. The fine particles penetrate into eyes, nostrils and mouths, and cling to the sweat-streaming bodies of the toilers.

There is not much talking, whistling or singing amongst miners at the coal-face. The quietude is not because colliers are melancholy hermits devoid of talent or humour. It is neither sensible nor comfortable to get one's mouth or throat choked with coal dust.

There is no glossing over the fact that the coal-miner's job is a dirty one. It cannot ever be otherwise, for where there is coal, there is coal dust also.

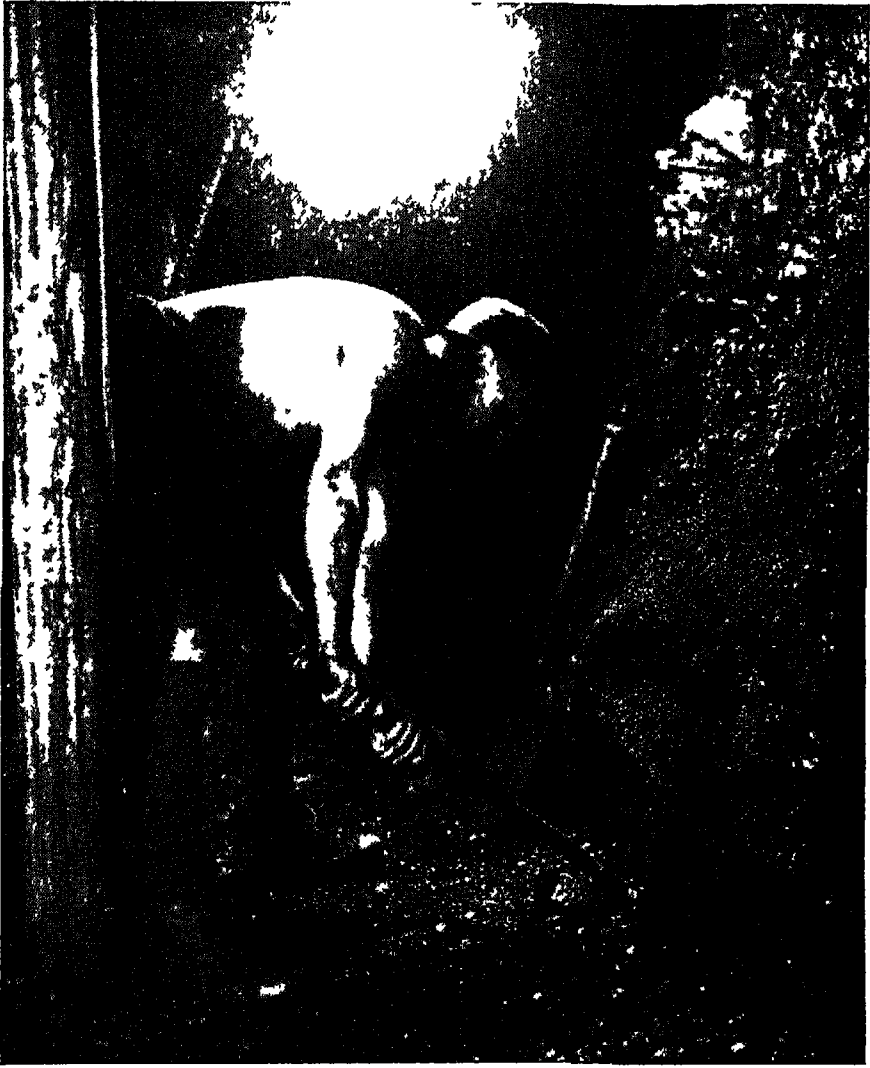
Miners of the old school, whose faces and hands are marked with the tell-tale blue spots, legacies from miscalculated shots, say that coal dust is clean dirt and harmless.

If we accept the ruling that the coal-miner is inured to the grime, the job is still one of the dirtiest trades, as well as one of the hardest, calling as it does for nerve, stamina, hardiness and sheer toughness.

There are dangers. The miner knows all of them, but seldom discusses them. Accidents happen everywhere, and those in the coal-pits are not so infrequent as some people think.

Snap-time brings a welcome release from cramped positions, dust and hard graft. As there are no can-tees in the depths, the collier

DAYLIGHT IN A MODERN PIT



At the Chislet Colliery near Herne Bay, Kent, miners need none of the head-lamps required elsewhere. This modern pit, as shown here, is lit by fluorescent lighting and the coal face is as brilliant as Piccadilly Circus tube station.

resorts to some old working, where the roof is higher, and where some degree of ease of limb is obtainable.

With jacket or shirt slung over his shoulder, the miner disposes of the

"tommy" prepared by his women-folk. He revels in the draughts of cold sweetened tea, which seems to sizzle in his parched gullet.

The palatable after-lunch cigar-

THE COAL-MINER

ette or pipe is not permitted in a pit, so instead of a smoke, the coal-miner discusses his personal interests with others, while his digestive juices function. At this time only in the pit the miner may join his pals in a song or two before the gang breaks up, to begin the picking and shovelling again.

As the day goes on there may be interruptions. An electrician may extend his lines if the miner is on a main coal-seam. A roadman may be wanted for a faulty line or some other job connected with transport. The under-manager occasionally visits the coal-face. This official is the key man. He possesses an encyclopædic knowledge of mines and mining. As he goes on his rounds, flashing lamp or torch on all sides, his keen eye inspects roofs, props, girders, floors, rails, coal-seams, rock strata, and the men at work, whether on cutters or toiling alone. His ears are tuned to detect and recognize noises.

A coal-mine seems to possess a hundred voices, and the air is filled with "things that go bump." Creaks, cracks, groans, rumbles and drips, the under-manager knows them all, and what they signify. His nose is like a hound's. It singles out any smell that hints of danger.

The under-manager pauses by first one group of men, then another, and the toiler must look fantastic in the eerie light from the lamps. Surely this figure is a demon from the nether world, whose eyeballs

and teeth gleam ghastly white against the solid blackness, whilst his ebony body glistens with sweat. With a word of encouragement he passes on into the dark catacombs of the farther workings.

When the time comes to cease work at the end of the shift, the miner dons his shirt and jacket, for to walk half-naked along the tunnels, through which blow chill draughts, would be dangerous. The cages wind speedily, and soon the miner is at the bath-house—that boon to pitmen, the value of which cannot be estimated too highly. There is hot water in plenty, and it is needed to remove pit dirt. Showers and scrubbing-brushes soon disperse the grime from hair, face and muscular body.

Pit gear goes into the locker, through which hot, drying air-currents are forced. This makes the garments wearable on the morrow, but each week they are taken away for washing and mending. Within ten minutes the miner is bathed and dressed in his home-going clothes.

In some colliery yards there are canteens, where snacks and light refreshments are supplied at very moderate prices.

As the miner makes his way home he is freed of that hateful "outcast" feeling which used to beset almost every collier before the advent of the pit-head bath. The wives, too, are grateful, for there is no more filling the dolly-tub or buckets with hot water, and having it waiting for her husband. No more worrying about

PIT-HEAD AMENITIES



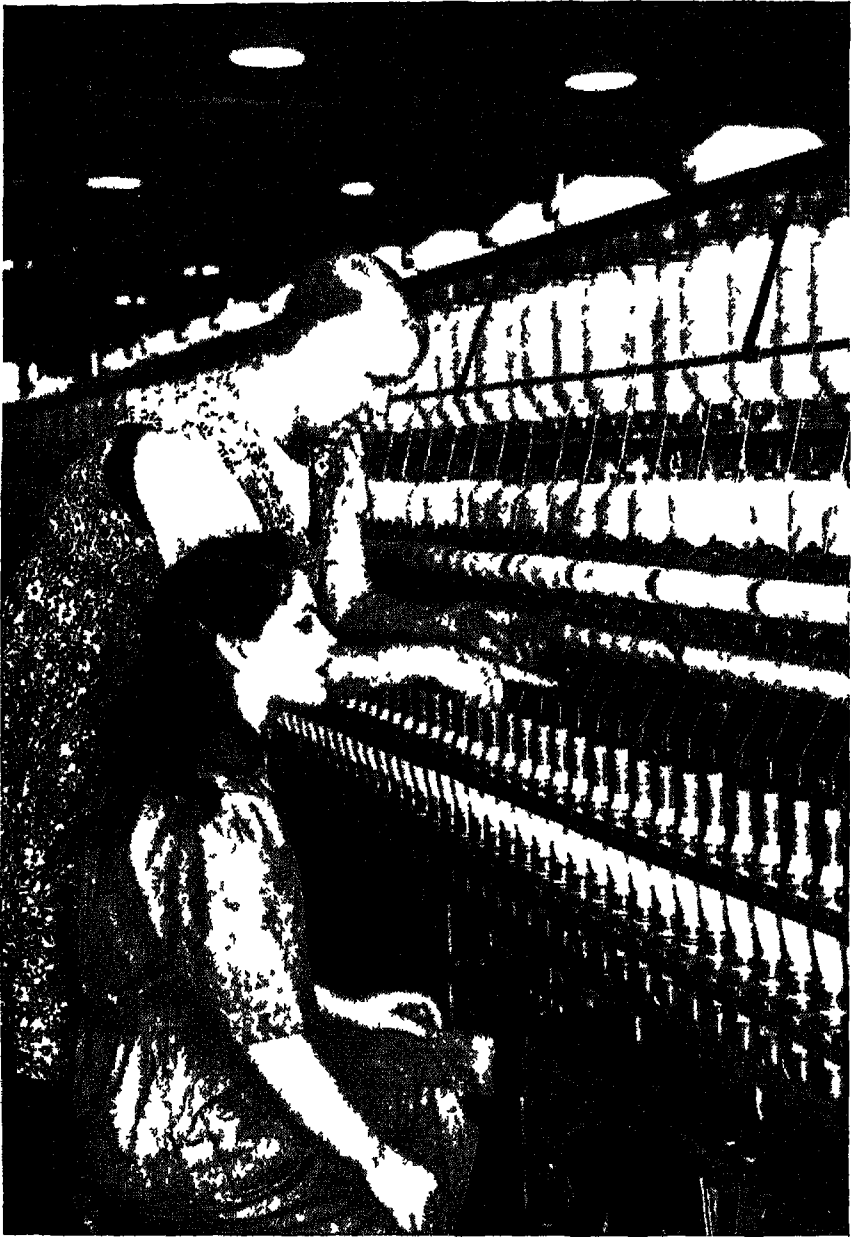
Miners, seen here in the solarium at Silver Hill Colliery, are receiving artificial sunlight. Ultra-violet rays given off by the lamps are a substitute for the beneficial rays of the sun which they miss during their long hours of arduous work underground. Sunglasses have to be worn to protect their eyes from any damage.

the messing up of her holy-stoned kitchen floor. No more anxiety about the dampness of the man's clothes, and risk of chill or worse.

Today the miner can sit down to his dinner straight away, so that he can finish it quickly and have time to take his family to the cinema or to see some friends instead of devoting half the evening to cleansing processes. Many other forms of entertainment, such as football, cricket, dog-racing and so on, interest the miner. He may also be interested in activities of the choral

society or debating club, breeding and feeding of pigeons and dogs.

Improvements in recreational facilities and welfare for the miner continue to follow on each other. There are professional medical services, rehabilitation centres for the luckless victims of accidents, recreation rooms, playing-fields and canteens. The coal-miner appreciates these things, but his work always comes first, and there are few miners who could be persuaded to change their occupation, mucky and hard as it may be, for that of any other job.



A young apprentice watches the deft fingers of her instructor, an "old hand" with thirty-five years' experience in the cotton industry. She is being taught the knack of piecing up broken threads on a ring spinning frame while it is running.

THE COTTON SPINNER

SPINNING YARN FOR WEFT AND WARP

THE key operative in the cotton industry is the spinner, who controls the machine which produces the finished yarn or thread. There are, of course, various important operatives who work on the cotton before it reaches the spinning-room, just as there are others who weave the yarn into cloth; but the spinner is of major importance.

He is a skilled craftsman and is recognized as such among workers in other departments, who do not begrudge him the higher wages that his skill commands. By the time he comes into play, the cotton has passed through many processes. In its raw state it is first ginned, that is to say, the fibres are separated from the seeds. This is done on the site where the cotton is grown. It is then shipped to Britain in compressed bales and distributed to the mills, where the cotton in the bales (see page 42) is broken up into loose tufts by a bale breaker. This is also a cleansing process, for most of the "trash" (bits of dark seed or dead leaf or sand), which has not been removed in the ginning process, is shaken free of the light cotton fibres.

Next, the cotton passes through a number of adjoining machines (see

pages 42 and 43), which beat, clean and open up the fibres still further, until it emerges from the scutcher in uniform thick sheets wound into rolls, known as laps. The laps are then taken to a carding machine—an arrangement of rollers, cylinders and bars, covered with fine wire points. The carding machine extracts the short or broken fibres, loosens any tufts into individual fibres and delivers a thin web of fibres which is gathered into a thick, loose rope, known as a sliver.

The slivers from the carding machines are collected in cans and taken to the drawing frames, where a number of slivers, usually six at a time, are drawn out into one sliver. The drawing process is repeated three times, so that the resulting sliver is composed of two hundred and sixteen of the original slivers, drawn out into a single sliver which is the same thickness as one of the original slivers. This drawing out is done by rollers. The first pair of rollers go slowly, but the next pair goes faster. The drawing out results in the fibres being laid straight and parallel to each other in the sliver.

The slivers from the drawing frames now pass to the slubbing

THE COTTON SPINNER

frames, which reduce the diameter of the slivers and, at the same time, impart a slight twist to them. This process makes the slivers strong enough to be wound on to revolving bobbins. The slubbings on the bobbins then go through a similar process which draws the thread out finer and winds it on to a smaller bobbin. Then these rovings, as they are called, are transported to the spinning-frames.

In general, there are two distinct types of machinery which the cotton spinner operates today. These are the ring frame and the self-acting mule which has developed from Samuel Crompton's invention in 1779. The objects of both types are the same—to reduce the rovings to the fineness of the yarn required, to twist them to give strength as may be required, and to wind them on to bobbins if spun on a ring frame or on to bare spindles or bare tubes if spun on the self-acting mule.

The ring-spinning operative, usually a woman, places the roving bobbins on wooden pegs which can rotate in a creel. She then passes the thread from each roving between pairs of rollers, and through a traveller (a C-shaped little piece of fine hard wire) which clips on to the flange of the ring. Subsequently, she attaches the yarn to a bobbin fixed on a revolving spindle (page 45). The rings vary in diameter, according to the type of cotton yarn that is being spun. Beside each ring is a little point which collects from the

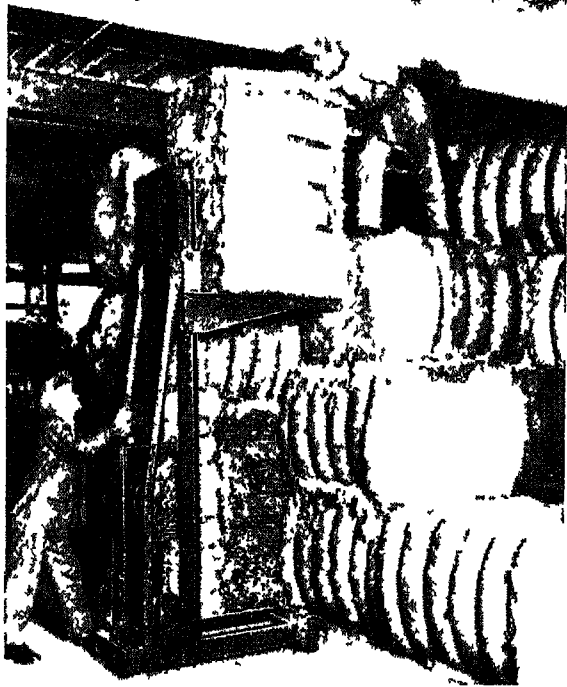
traveller, as it slides round the ring, any fluff and loose fibres that cling to the traveller. The operative knows that the removal of the fluff makes her tasks in spinning easier and helps to improve the quality and appearance of the yarn. As soon as each tube is fully wound with thread or yarn, it is removed (doffed) and replaced with a new tube.

Mule-spinning machines (see page 44) are larger than the ring frames, described above. The control and operation of the mules require skill and experience and for that reason they are usually operated by men. The man in charge is known as a mule minder and he looks after two machines. His assistants are a young man and a boy, known as the "big piecer" and the "little piecer," because their main duties and that of the mule minder are to piece together the ends of threads that break. They help to keep the mules clear of waste and to remove the "cops," when fully wound, from the spindles. The rovings are placed on wooden pegs, similar to those used in ring-frame spinning, and the minder threads each through rollers and then attaches them to the spindles or paper tubes on the spindles at the front of the machine—which is then started. The minder's duties demand a high standard of intelligence, backed by considerable technical knowledge, dexterity of hand, a keen eye and accurate judgment.

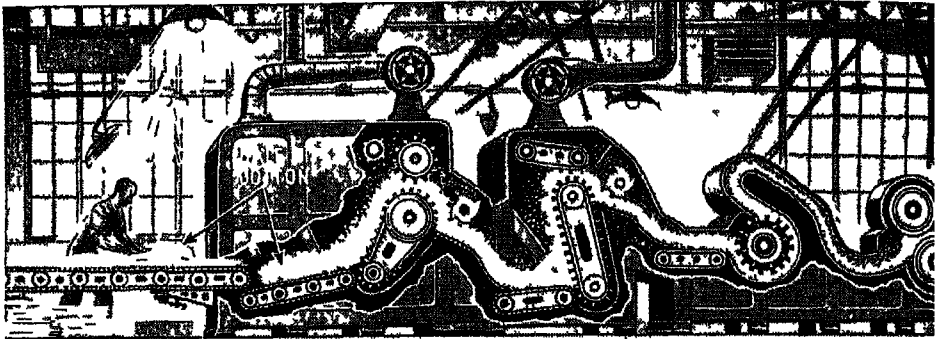
The master spinner has an expert knowledge of all types of cotton. He

PREPARATION OF RAW COTTON

In this corner of a Manchester warehouse, baled American cotton is being loaded on to a trolley for conveyance to the bale-breaking machine (pages 42 and 43). It has already been ginned—the process which separates seeds from fibre and presses the latter into compact bales. Next it will pass through several further processes until it emerges in sliver form. (Below) Eight slivers are drawn together simultaneously to be formed into a single sliver, the process is repeated three times and the final thin sliver will comprise several hundred of the original slivers.



THE COTTON SPINNER

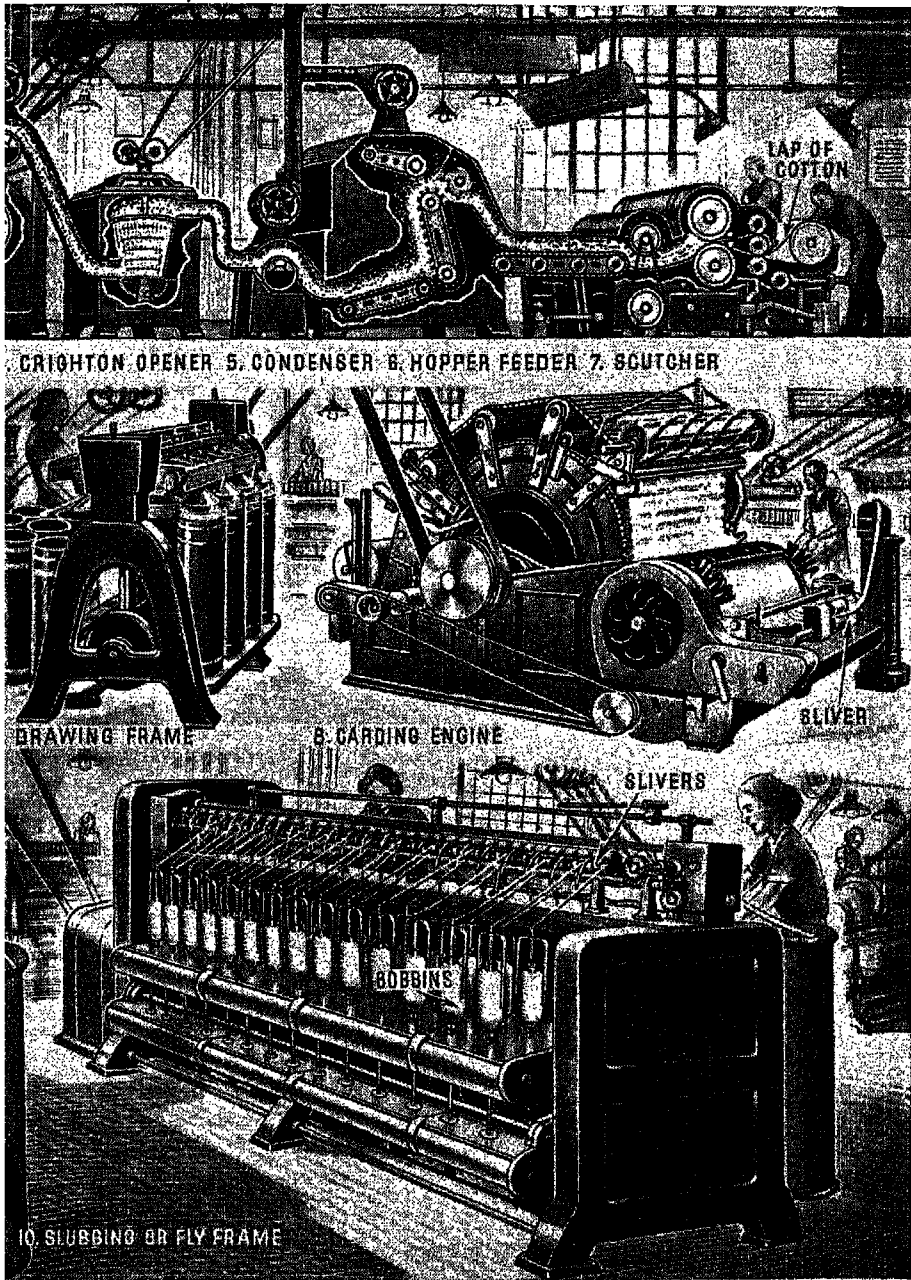


1 HOPPER BALE-BREAKER 2. HOPPER OPENER 3 PORCUPINE OPENER



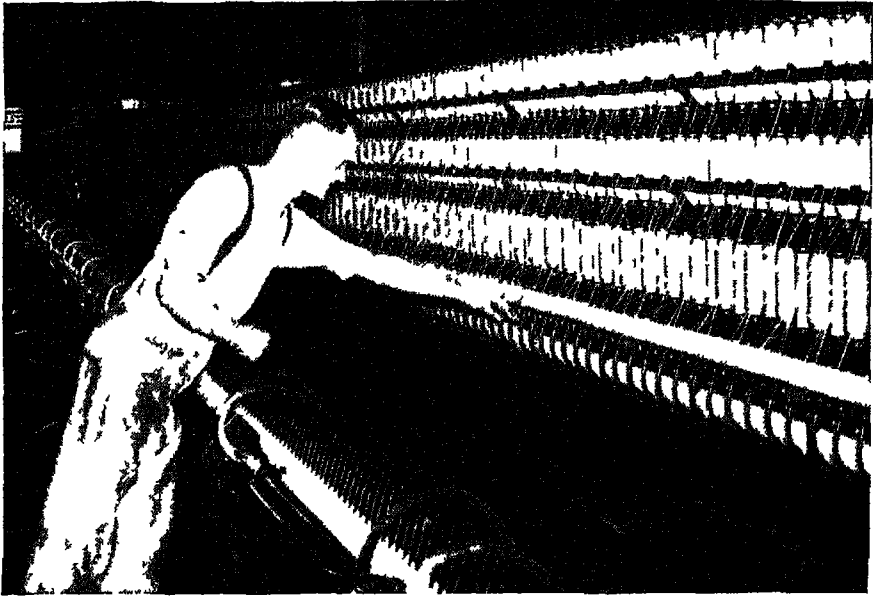
This composite drawing shows the processing of cotton before spinning. The first seven processes cleanse and prepare the laps, which are subsequently converted in-

PRE-SPINNING PROCESSES



to a sliver on the carding machine (8). Process 9 draws together a number of slivers which are made into slubbings, and finally rovings ready for spinning.

THE COTTON SPINNER



A mule-minder needs sharp eyes in tending a mule spinning frame. He is piecing up a broken "end", as the mule carriage, with spindles carrying partly formed cops, moves out to the left, drawing thread and giving it a strengthening twist.

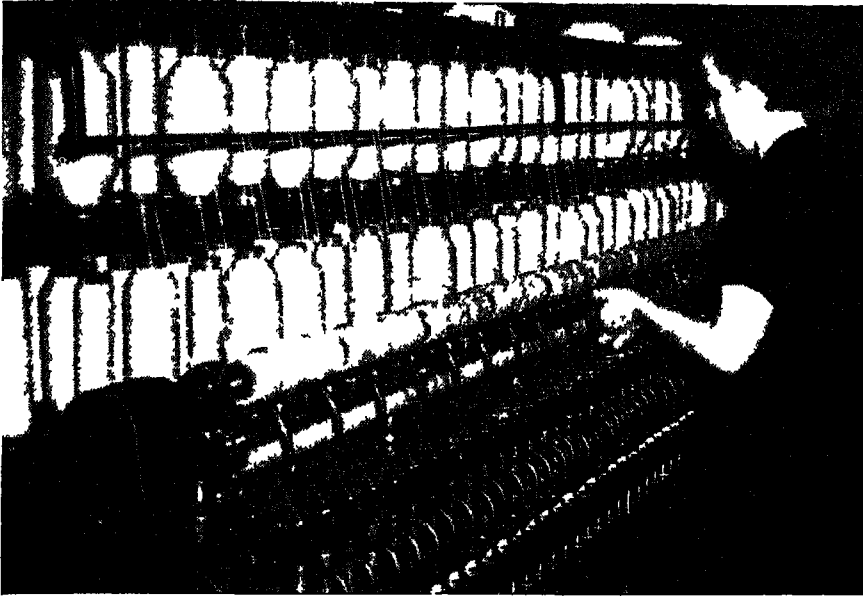
can tell its grade and source of origin from its colour, strength, and length and fineness of fibre. He may be well versed in the art of mixing and blending cottons. Two classes of yarn are produced in the mills—weft, the thread which runs from edge to edge in a piece of cloth, and warp thread which runs lengthways in the cloth. The spinner calls the warp thread "twist" as it has more twist than has the weft because warp yarn needs to be stronger. It is therefore necessary for the yarn to be labelled before it is despatched to the loom (page 47), but first it must be warped (page 46).

Cleanliness is one of the most important rules for efficient spinning, and at all times the spinner must

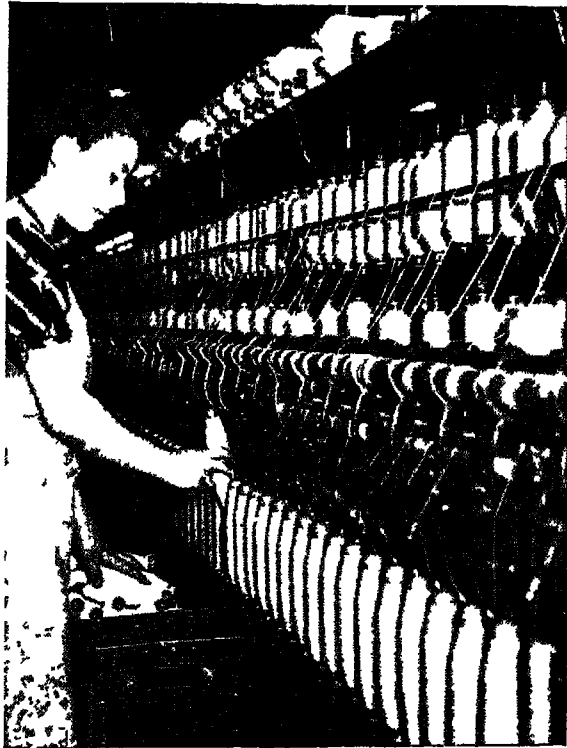
prevent fluff from accumulating on his machines. One of the first things learnt by an apprentice is to sweep up and clean down efficiently. No spinner, or "minder" as he is familiarly called, tolerates any suggestion of dirt on his machines. Other duties of the apprentice spinners are feeding bobbins of rovings to the mules; threading up cops and bobbins; removing filled up cops of yarn; putting on fresh paper tubes, oiling the spindles and assisting in machine control.

The work of the cotton spinner affects his social and family life to a very noticeable degree. One rarely meets an untidy spinner. Whether he is going to and from his work, taking

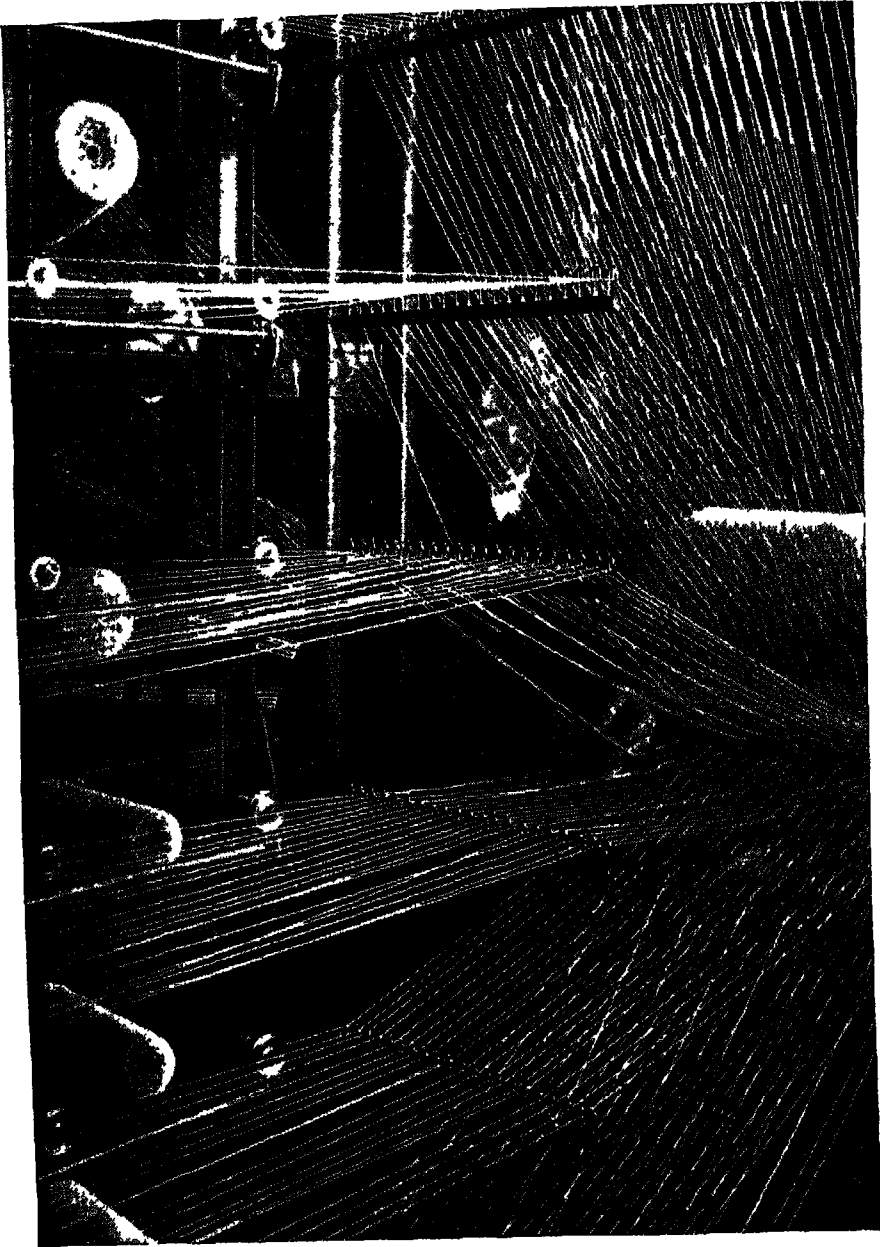
MULE AND RING SPINNING



Ring spinning frame (above) showing how the relatively coarse roving is given final attenuation and twist before being wound as thread or yarn on to small tubes. Here the operative is piecing up a broken end. (Right) A mill girl is removing full bobbins which will be replaced with new ones. Mule cops are usually delivered straight to the cloth manufacturer who undertakes all the final pre-weaving processes. Ring spinners, on the other hand, mostly find it more convenient to empty their bobbins and forward the yarn in the form of hanks, cheeses, ball and chain warps, etc., to the manufacturers.



THE COTTON SPINNER



In the midst of this intricate tracery, which is a portion of the creel of a warping machine, the minder is piecing two cotton ends. Threads from the yarn cones (left) are wound on to a beam, or crossball warp (right) which is labelled.

WORKERS' WELFARE



A mill girl is seen here labelling a crossball or cheese warp. These large balls, composed of some six-hundred threads, each measuring several miles in length, will be despatched for bleaching, dyeing or conversion into a weaver's warp.

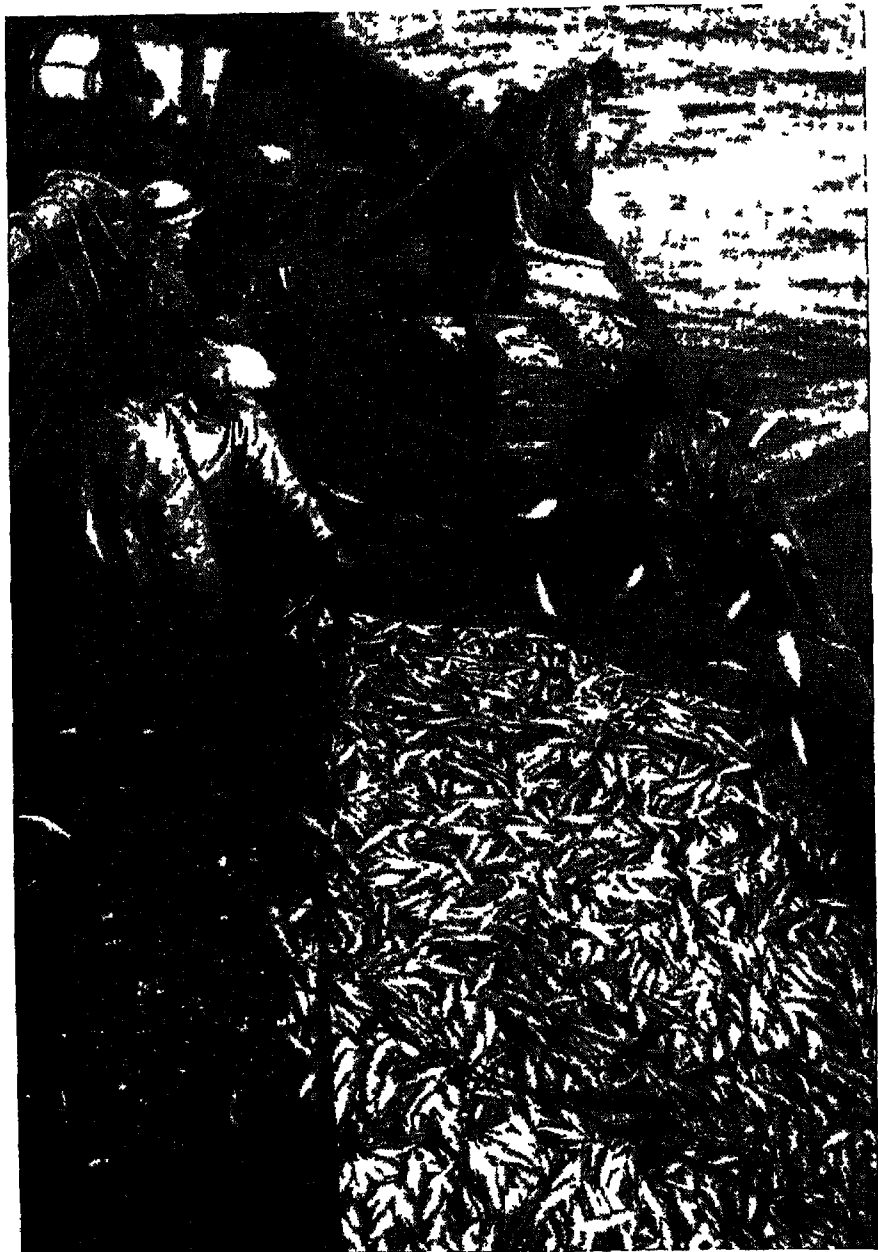
his wife for an evening stroll, or just exercising his dog, he is neatly dressed, with his clothes well brushed and his shoes well polished.

The hot atmosphere of the mill noticeably affects the operatives. The spinner often has a very pale complexion. It is far from being an unwholesome pallor, as anyone who has watched the faces of the men and women streaming through the mill gates must readily agree. But the work does put its stamp upon the operatives. Research and investigation into working conditions goes on continuously.

The older operatives may remember days when some employers gave scant heed to workers' welfare;

but their children work in buildings scientifically planned to admit a maximum of light and air, with machines screened and fitted with devices designed to ensure every measure of safety, comfort and efficiency for the operatives.

Canteens are provided in all factories employing over two hundred and fifty people, as well as proper sanitary accommodation and washing facilities near their work for both sexes and welfare supervision. Moreover, in March 1946 a joint Advisory Committee of the Cotton Industry appointed by the Ministry of Labour recommended the provision of footbaths for mule-spinners as well as shower-baths.



The silver harvest of the herrings is the sea's only reward for the long hours that the driftman spends preparing his nets ashore and shooting and hauling the nets in all weathers at sea. This bumper harvest can repay many a fruitless night.

THE DRIFTERMAN

FISHING FOR THE SEA'S SILVER HARVEST

FEW people attach much importance to a B.B.C. announcement of "Attention all shipping; here is a gale warning. . . ." In fact many of them promptly switch off their radio sets. But this seemingly impersonal message is undoubtedly of great significance to the drifterman who, aboard his ship, is responsible for the safety and welfare of his crew. He therefore takes full note of the position, direction and speed of the gale and then estimates how long it will take to reach the fishing grounds.

If he considers that the gale will reach his area within the next hour or two, the skipper of a drifter wisely gives orders to steam full-speed ahead for the nearest port, for his ship is at the mercy of the waves (see page 52). Once he has reached port, the drifterman has little time for leisure. In fact, there is as much work for him to do on land as there is for him at sea, for nearly every part of his equipment needs constant attention and repair.

First and foremost, he attends to his nets which are frequently damaged by large fish and inadvertent mishandling when hauling. He attempts to preserve them by tan-

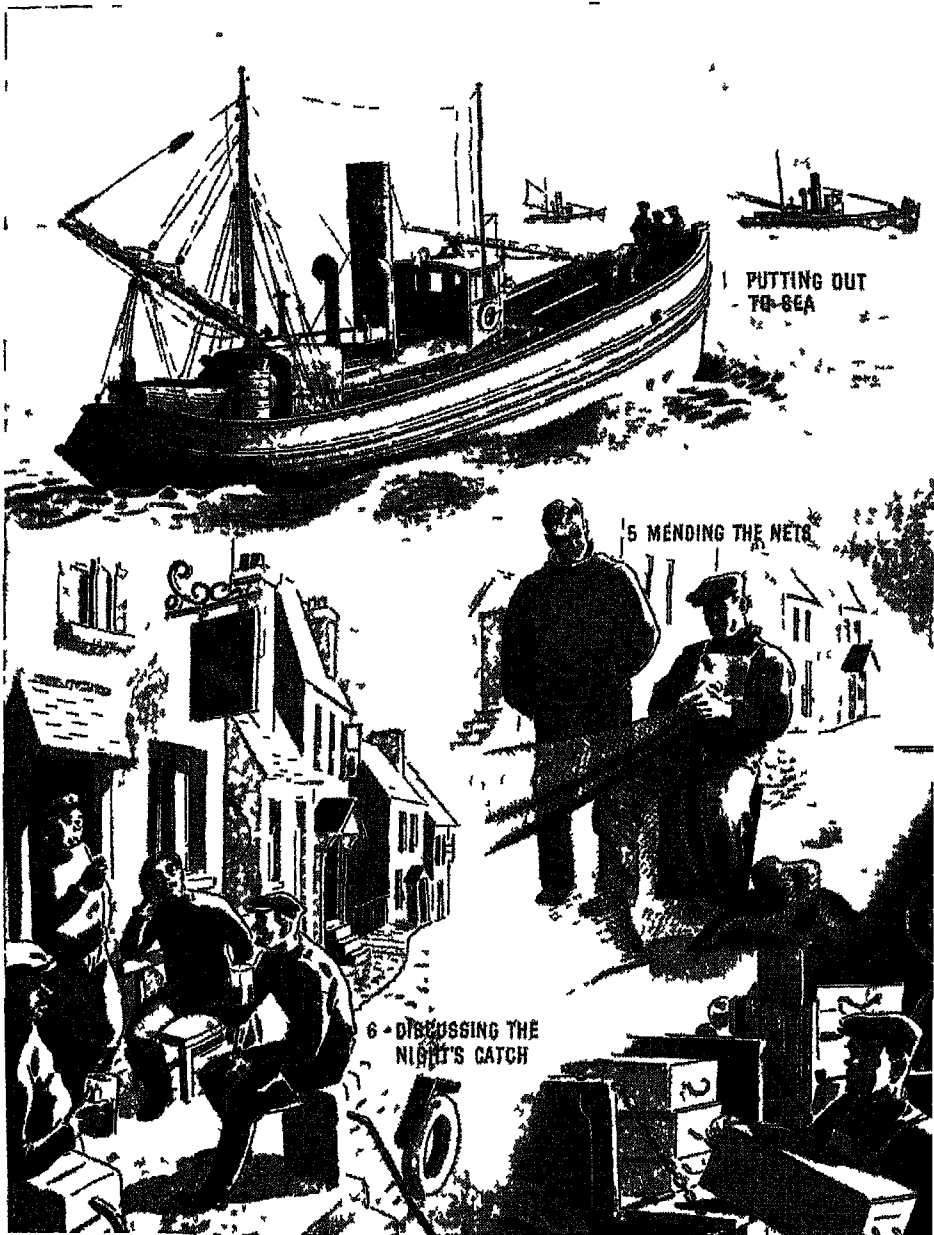
ning or barking them weekly. This process consists of immersing the nets for two or three minutes in a strong solution of tannin, or some other preservative, and boiling water. Afterwards, the nets are laid out on the beach to dry. They are of practically the same design as those used hundreds of years ago when herring fishing was carried out from open boats which held four or five men.

Drift nets are used to catch pelagic fish, such as herring and mackerel, which swim near the surface of the sea and move in shoals. When these nets are damaged, the drifterman usually mends them on the quayside as he chats to some of those inevitable old men who appear to stand all day watching the sea while they puff at their pipes.

If the drifterman fishes in the clear waters around the Scottish coast, his nets are made of fine cotton, but if he fishes off the east coast of England, his nets are made of thin twine.

Besides net making and net mending, the fisherman may consider it necessary to paint the buoys (see page 61) which anchor the nets in position; when newly painted the

THE DRIFTERMAN



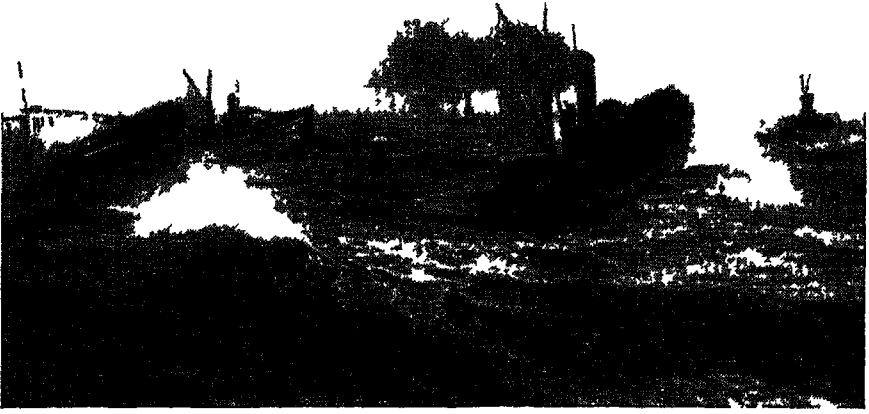
This drawing depicts a few of the activities which form the background to a drifterman's life. After putting out to sea, shooting the nets, drifting, hauling in the nets and unloading the catch into baskets to be landed at the quay, all nets

DAILY LIFE ASHORE AND AFLOAT



must be carefully examined and made good before he can relax with his fellow workers at the quayside inn. There is indeed as much work for the drifterman to do ashore during the season as there is for him during the long hours afloat.

THE DRIFTERMAN



A study in contrasts. (Above) Drifters bravely putting out to sea in the face of dirty weather and (below) the crew basking in the warm sunshine on a calm summer's evening before making for the fishing grounds, when the light changes



THEY "SHOOT" AT SUNSET



The crew of the drifter "Craigearn" vigorously haul up their nets from the hold where they have been neatly stored, before "shooting" them into the sea. Shooting is an operation calling for great skill to avoid tangling and tearing the mesh.

buoys resemble gaily coloured footballs. Perhaps the drifter itself needs painting and there is always the additional worry attached to the purchase of suitable stores and fuel for the trip.

When all preparations are completed and the weather is fair, the drifter sails out of harbour on a predestined course about an hour before the sun sets, for it is known that fish move mainly when the light changes.

The crew consists of about ten men who are sometimes related to

one another. They protect themselves from the weather by dressing in warm clothing which consists largely of jerseys and oilskins. The oilskins often irritate their wrists and sometimes cause unpleasant boils which are encouraged by continual friction, contact with salt water and the scum of the herring and which may prove slow to heal.

When the fishing grounds are reached the drifterman brings his vessel round before the wind and then gives the order to shoot the

THE DRIFTERMAN

nets, sixty to eighty in number, which are neatly stored in the hold. Shooting the nets (see page 58) is a highly skilled operation which takes many years to master. The quick and complicated movements, which have been likened to those of ballet dancers, are necessary to ensure successful shooting.

Usually five of the crew post themselves in such a way that the job is completed swiftly and smoothly (see page 53). The first is at the bank-board between the hatchway and top bulwark. His job is to prevent the nets from hitching. The second hauls the net over a roller placed at the edge of the hatchway, thus relieving any unnecessary strain. The third and fourth perform the actual shooting, one taking charge of the nets, buoys and ropes while the other takes the stoppers of the netting as they come up on deck. These ropes are passed to a fifth man who makes them fast to a warp or messenger rope.

No bait is used, for the nets extend in a single line beneath the sea, thus forming a perpendicular barrier. The upper edges of the nets are supported near the surface by floats which are usually made of cork. Buoys, attached to the corners of each net (see opposite), mark the position of the nets and help to relieve the weight of the catch. The nets extend for two or three miles and reach ten to twelve fathoms below the surface of the sea.

When the nets are in position, the

skipper brings the head of the ship round into the wind. He then gives orders to lower the foremast, and set a mizzen to keep the vessel in position. The ship is then allowed to drift with the tide behind the nets. Two white lights are placed, usually on a mast, one below the other. The vertical distance between these lights must be not less than 6 ft. nor more than 15 ft.; nor must the horizontal distance between them be less than 5 ft. nor more than 10 ft. when measured in a line with the keel. The lower light must face the direction of the nets, whereas the other serves as a recognized sign that the drifter is fishing. Both lights should be visible up to a distance of not less than three miles on a clear night.

The first part of the work is now finished, but one member of the crew remains on deck to watch the nets. The remainder go below to a small cabin shelved with matted bunks. The skipper leaves the wheelhouse and joins the men and a boy in the cabin.

The cook makes tea on the oil stove in the drifter's little galley. The tea is mixed with condensed milk and a mug of the sweet and sickly brew is given to each member of the crew.

Sometimes the men in the cabin settle down to chat, smoke and play cards. At other times, they take a short rest on their bunks. While the crew are enjoying their well-earned rest, the skipper may turn on his wireless for the weather forecast.

DIRECTION OF WIND

BUY ROPE

MESSENGER ROPE

CANVAS BUOY

BUOY ROPE

CORKS

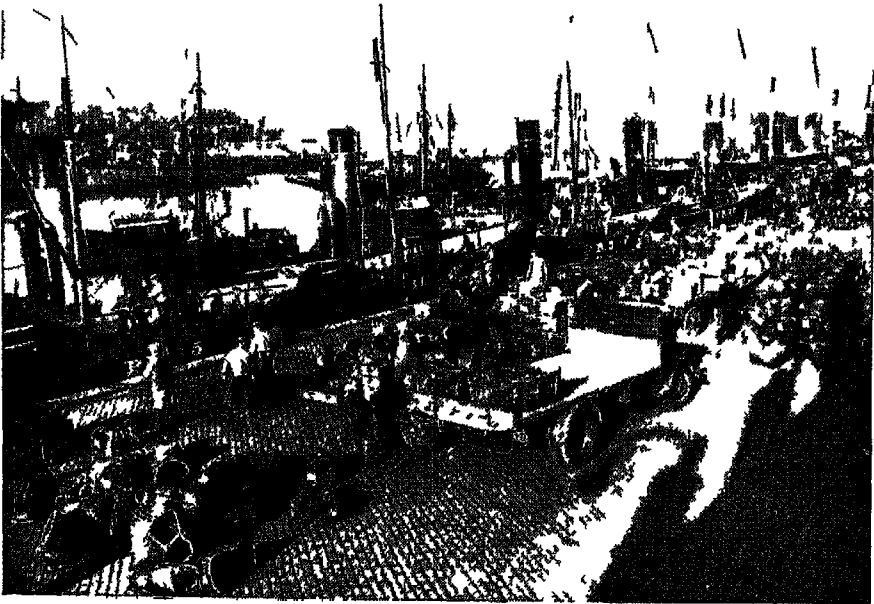
BOGELS (WEIGHTS)

TEN FATHOMS

THE DRIFTERMAN



Unloading herring on Yarmouth Quay. The fish are first shovelled into baskets or scoops, then transferred into round baskets, known as crans, which serve as a measure. When the value has been assessed the herring are despatched to market.



THE SILVER HAUL

After the ship has been drifting for two or three hours, the skipper goes on deck to examine the nets and ascertain whether the catch is sufficient to begin hauling.

Darkness has descended by the time the skipper decides the catch is sufficient. He gives orders to commence the difficult work of hauling in the nets. This operation (see illustration on page 48), which is less complicated than shooting but twice as laborious, is carried out in the bright glare of electric light.

The crew lead the warp rope to the capstan and to the forward rope room where the boy begins coiling it ready for use again. One man disconnects the nets from the warp

while a second takes charge of the seizing. A third man disconnects the buoys. The remainder of the crew stand by in the hold, to shake the fish from the nets.

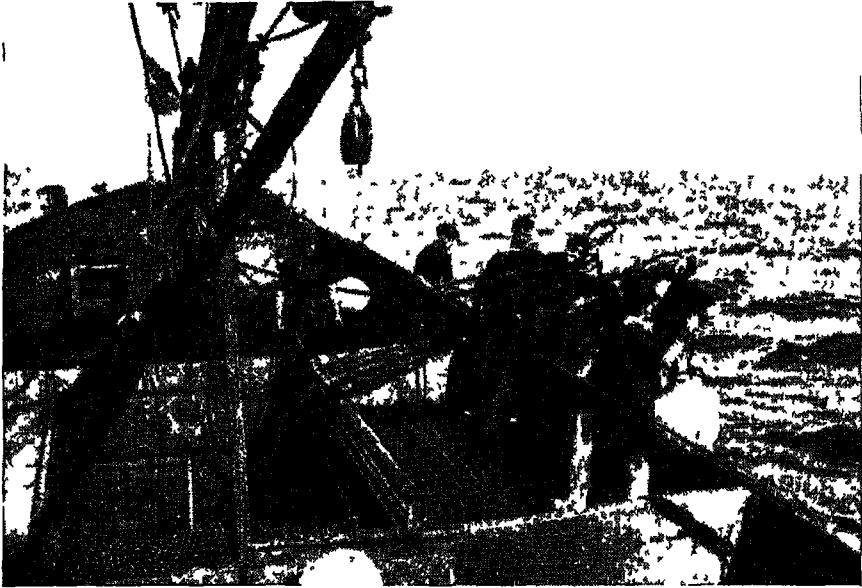
There is tension and an air of expectation as hauling begins. When the fish appear, white and silver in the bright light, the excitement increases. Men, exhausted and aching, call to those in the hold to help on deck and together they pull the valuable catch into the drifter.

The speed of the hauling prevents the men in the hold from sorting the fish, but occasionally they discover a dogfish entangled in the net. In an energetic attempt to escape, it has damaged the mesh and savagely



A busy scene at an Ayrshire port, where herrings which have been sorted, gutted and cleaned by the famous Scottish fisher lassies, are being packed in boxes. These are then ready for despatch by both road and rail to the distant markets.

THE DRIFTERMAN



There may or may not be fish, but when the skipper's judgment tells him that the circumstances are right the nets are hauled up from the hold and "shot" in the sea. The gulls also are interested in the catch and swarm round the drifters (below) when the nets are hauled in, quick to swoop on any fish that escape the net.



THE COST OF THE CATCH

attacked the catch, sometimes gnawing away the best part of some of the herrings' anatomy.

After about three hours' strenuous work, the last of the nets together with the fish are stacked neatly in the hold. The boy goes below to make some tea while the drifterman hurriedly sets a course for home, for herring and mackerel are perishable fish. As a result of this, the drifter is never away from port for longer than twenty-four hours, for the catch must be hurried to market as soon as possible.

As the drifter steams into port, groups of buyers line the quay to bargain for the catch.

The drifter is moored and the skipper soon hurries ashore with a sample of the catch for the prospective buyers (see right). The crew begins to shovel or scoop the fish from the hold and pile them in baskets. These are hoisted on to the quay where unloaders are waiting to tip the catch into special baskets (see illustrations on page 56) which are dispatched by the buyers.

Emptying a hold so full of fish as this may take the crew four or five hours, but when this task is completed, they must start to clean the ship. The decks are sprayed with water and then scrubbed in order to remove the fish scales. When their task is done, the men are free to go ashore.

A good catch means good pay for the crew that works on board an independently owned drifter. The



The men of the Hebrides are driftermen, too, and here is the morning herring auction at Castlebay on Barra island.

skipper usually deducts a proportion of the takings for the running expenses of the drifter; the remainder he divides into three; one part is shared among the crew, another for the nets and the remainder for the maintenance of the drifter. The nets may be owned by the crew; if so, the portion devoted to the nets also goes to the crew.

The running expenses of a steam drifter are considerable. Consequently, it is sometimes impossible for the fishermen to make a substantial profit in a season when the catches and prices have been persistently poor. Often, especially in recent years, the deep-sea fisherman has been compelled to draw upon his entire savings in order to meet the cost of upkeep for his drifter.

THE DRIFTERMAN



Different fish mean different nets for the fisherman, but they all require constant attention to keep them in repair. This old lifeboatman is actually mending a net of coarser mesh than the drifterman's and is using a special netting needle.

THE CARE OF EQUIPMENT



Maintenance work is important, for all apparatus must be in efficient working trim. Buoys of the kind used for supporting drift nets, as shown on page 55, need constant attention, and here a Yarmouth drifterman is giving them fresh paint.

Largely as a result of this, group ownership has come to the fore and many fishermen have become part of a great machine. This is not without its advantages, especially if a fisherman has a family to support, for he is then certain of a set weekly wage.

In many ports the local authorities have built houses to suit the requirements of the fishermen and their families. Many of the houses are near the harbour where the drifters are moored. They are usually well-equipped and have a spacious loft in which nets and other fishing tackle can be stored when not in use.

A fisherman's domestic life differs

very little from that of any other hard-working man. Perhaps the only difference is the time which the fisherman is able to devote to leisure. This is very much less than that enjoyed by most people in different occupations. The fisherman is, however, essentially a family man who is proud of bringing up his sons in the tradition of the sea, hoping that, one day, they will become useful members of the crew of his drifter and that they will join him in the all-important task of gathering fish for the breakfast-tables of Britain and for export to countries of Europe that are far from the fishing grounds and have no herring industry of their own.



Captain and second mate keep careful watch on the bridge of an oil tanker. Rough weather or fog, or both, may lie ahead and ceaseless vigil must be kept to note the smallest changes in climatic conditions that may affect the navigation.

THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN

TRANSPORTING CARGOES AND PASSENGERS

ONCE the Merchant Navy Captain steps aboard, he assumes full responsibility to the owners for the welfare of his ship and that of every member of her crew. He is, indeed, the Master. In order to gain his Master's "Ticket," the Merchant Navy Captain is usually brought up in a school where hard work and intensive study are the only means of obtaining this distinction. First, he gains a certain amount of practical experience at sea. Then he devotes several years to an exhaustive study of the mathematical intricacies of navigation and astronomy, in order to meet the stringent requirements laid down by the Board of Trade. Above all, he must understand men—men of every creed and every nationality—and be able to handle them. He must be tough; ready in emergency—such as fog, most dreaded of all sea perils—to remain on his bridge for days and nights together, keeping incessant vigil, with little sleep or food.

To be master of a small coasting vessel, plying between Thames and Tyne, may not sound much of a command, yet it can call for every one of the qualities listed above. Though his voyages are compara-

tively short, one trip succeeds another in regular succession, and most of his life is spent afloat. When his ship berths at her home port and he rings down "Finished with engines," the voyage just ended marks the beginning of the next. He may step ashore with his suitcase containing his week's washing and darning, eager to get home to his wife and family, who have had to carry on in their own little world in his absence.

The owners give him the sailing orders for his next trip. These orders specify the type of cargo that is to be taken aboard, when it is to be loaded, when the ship must sail, its destination and when it is expected. Before the cargo is loaded, however, the owners give orders for any necessary repairs to be put in hand. Some details, like the collection of ship's stores, can usually be left to his chief and second mates, who take turn-and-turn-about watches when in port as someone must always be responsible for the safety of the ship.

Most Captains like to live within reasonable distance of their home port. This enables them, if the interval between voyages is a long one, to pay several visits to their ships in

THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN

order to satisfy themselves that everything is going forward smoothly. Some, indeed, are restless until they have cleared the land and have safely avoided the ever-present risk of running aground or getting into collision in crowded waters. Such skippers are only really happy and at ease when they have reached the open sea.

If the Merchant Navy Captain is the skipper of one of the modern types of diesel-driven vessels, such as the *Supremity* (see pages 66 and 67), he has a complete suite consisting of a bedroom, dayroom, bathroom and lavatory. There are fitted wardrobes and ample locker space. There is also a dining-saloon on the

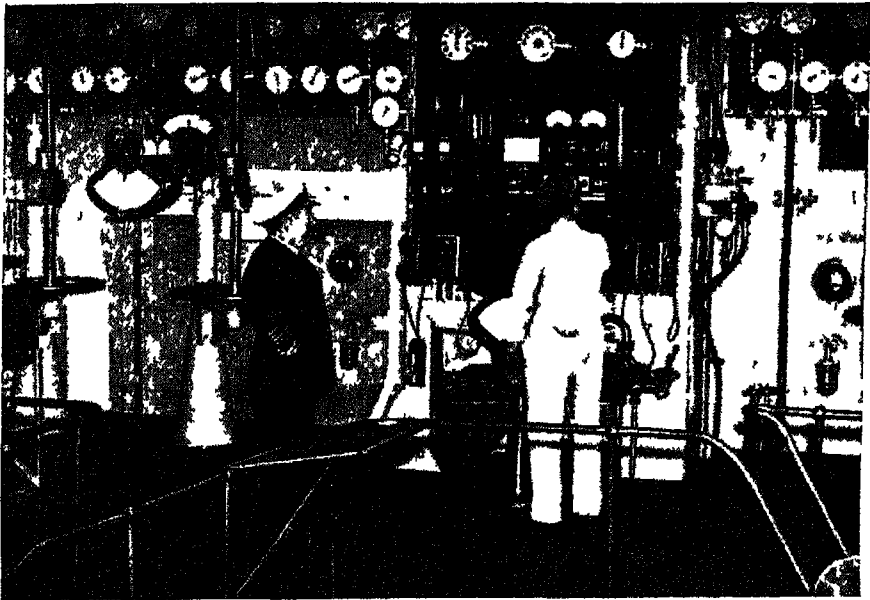
bridge-deck, where the Captain messes with his senior officers (below). For recreation in off-duty moments he can listen to the wireless, or read, or play cards or chess or draughts or darts with the officers who are not on duty.

There is always quite a lot of paper work for the Captain, with lists of crew and cargo to be kept up to date, records of pay and various inventories of stores and the like. Then there is the daily log which often has to incorporate a wealth of important detail. Indeed, so important is it, and so diverse are the legal responsibilities, that three logs are usually kept. The first is known as the scrap log and consists of a series



This spacious dining saloon is among the many amenities provided aboard the newly-commissioned cargo ship "Kingfisher," where the ship's officers are seen enjoying a meal, served by the steward and prepared in an adjacent galley.

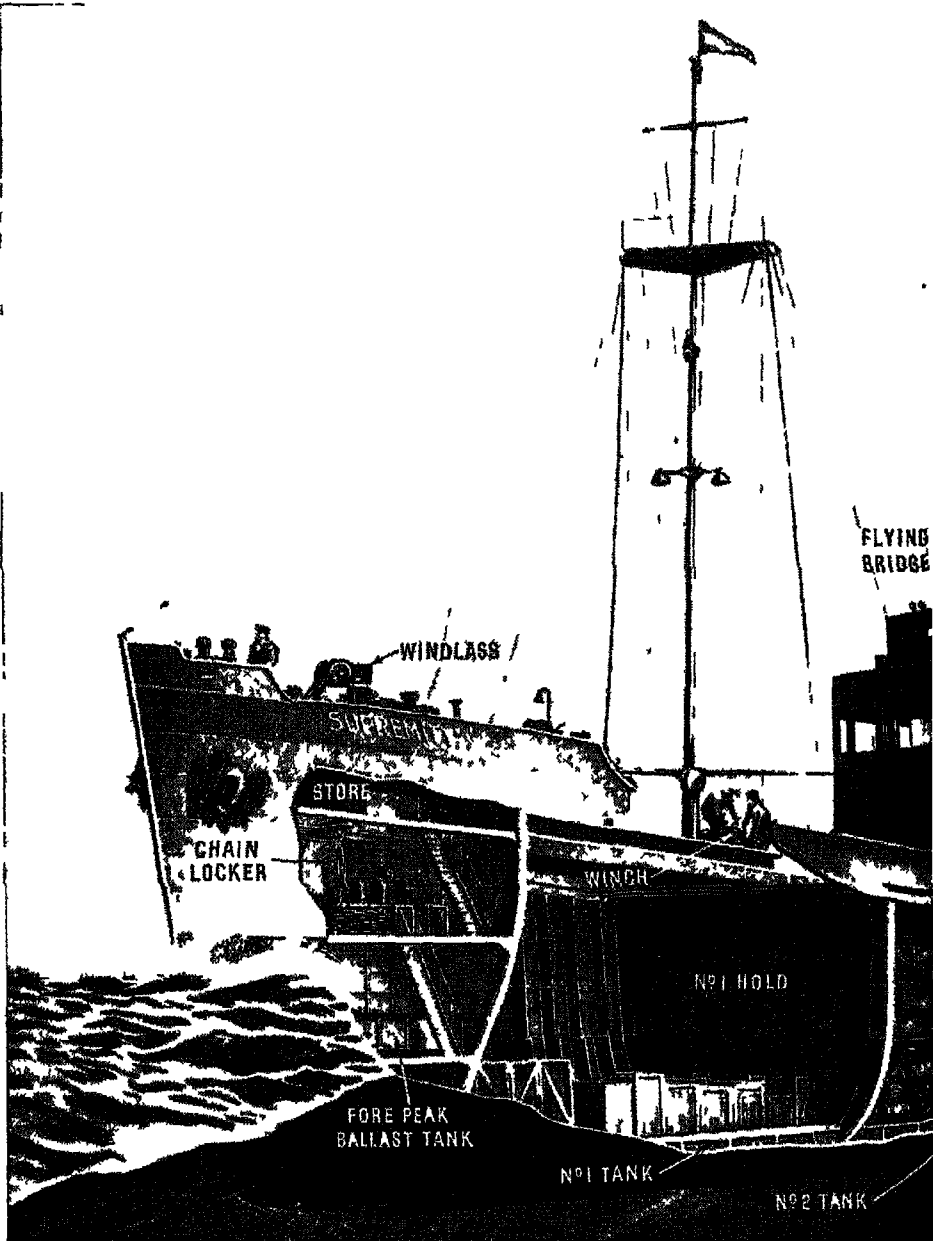
SAILING A MODERN SHIP



Surrounded by tugs, one of the world's largest liners, the "Queen Mary" (below) is seen entering Southampton docks. In a large ship, the captain's main duties are concerned with navigation. (Above) The Chief Engineer is seen making his daily routine inspection of the giant ship's engine room with its numerous gauges.

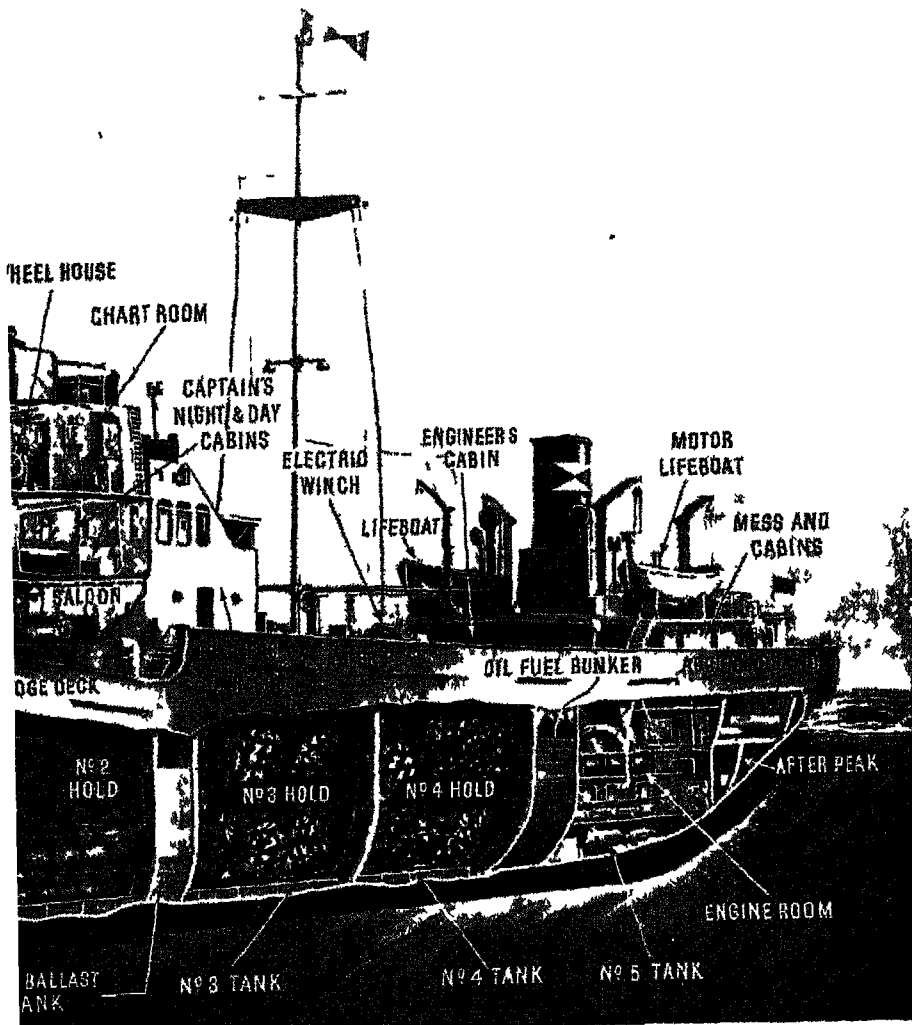


THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN



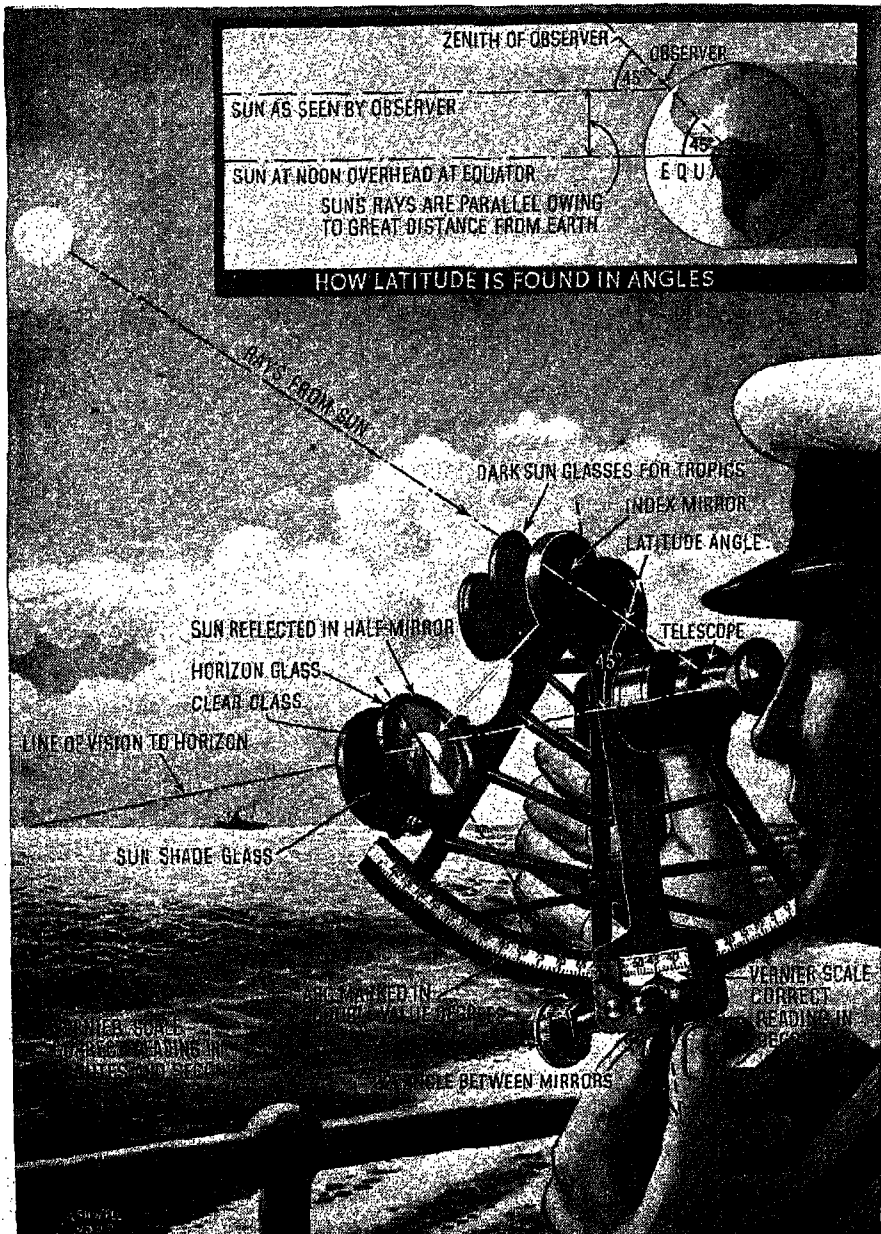
The high standard of accommodation provided in some of the latest diesel-driven vessels is a source of amazement to seafarers who have served their time in out-moded ships. The above drawing shows the main features of the motor coaster

AMENITIES OF A CARGO VESSEL



"Supremity," whose four holds are specially designed to take as much as 2,500 tons of cargo. This ship's company includes twenty-two officers and ratings—single cabins are provided for the former and three-berth cabins aft for the crew.

THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN



Detailed drawing of a sextant in use, which enables the mariner to measure the altitude of the sun. Obtaining the angle, as shown above, the mariner can then determine his latitude. Inset shows latitude of 45 deg. at noon on the equator.

AIDS TO NAVIGATION

of roughly pencilled notes about all sorts of things that may be of temporary importance but which may not necessarily find their way into the official log. There is also the ship's log which is mainly the record the owners require, and which is confined to entries relating to ship's routine, for the benefit of those at head office. Finally, there is the official log, and the Merchant Shipping Acts lay down very precise rules about what must be entered therein.

Every entry in the official log is admissible as evidence in a court of law. Nearly everyone knows the seriousness attached to being "logged," and no Captain will lightly "log" a member of the crew. In view of the legal implications, therefore, the Captain has to exercise good judgment in deciding the form in which he makes official entries.

Another formality calling for good judgment lies in signing off a member of his crew. One of many conditions in the Merchant Shipping Acts, which must be fulfilled, is as follows:

"the master shall make and sign in a form approved by the Board of Trade, a report of the conduct,



The Captain of the 6,000-ton New Zealand cargo and passenger steamer "Hinemoa" is operating the ship's radar installation, now a vital factor in navigation. Dangers can be avoided even in heavy fog.

character and qualification of the seaman discharged, or may state in the said form that he declines to give any opinion upon such particulars, or upon any one of them, and the superintendent before whom such discharge is made shall, if the seaman desires, give to him, or endorse on his certificate of discharge, a copy of such a report."

All this seems precise and straightforward, but the Captain has to be wary about this as in all other documents to which he places his signa-

THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN



Radio-telephony enables the captain to compare notes with colleagues in other ships—an invaluable asset when visibility is bad or there is patchy fog.

ture. There is no legal privilege attached to a Captain's report any more than there is in a reference given by a mistress to her servant. Thus, with the possibility of an action for defamation of character, the Captain usually confines his remarks to "V.G." and "G." Any seaman who has discharged his

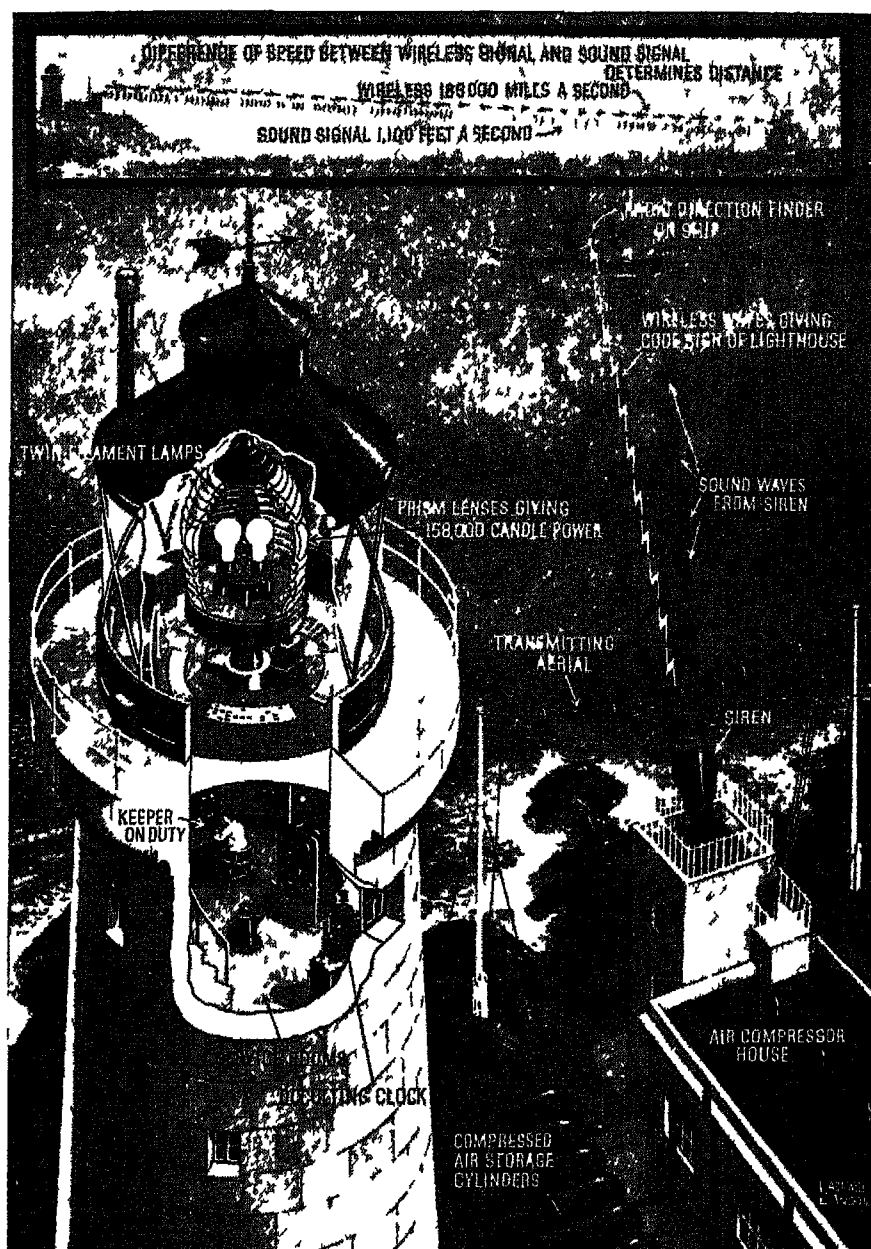
duties adequately can depend upon being classed as "Very Good." The "G," signifying a bare "Good," is equivalent to being damned with faint praise. So a glance at the discharge book tells the next Captain what sort of man he is signing on.

The Merchant Shipping Acts are particularly careful to safeguard the crew on discharge, and the Captain, or his deputy, has to make up an account of the wages, showing an exact record of the full amount and deductions made by prior agreement with the man concerned for advances, allotments to near relatives or amounts credited to a savings-bank account. In the United Kingdom the Captain has to go with his crew to the Mercantile Marine Office and have all documents properly attested; but if the discharge takes place in an overseas port then the formalities are concluded at the British Consulate.

Records must also be kept and reports made of any member of the crew who has deserted, and, of course, cases of injury or death have to be most meticulously reported. In the latter event the report must include an inventory of clothing and effects with a statement of how any of them have been disposed of, with the amounts derived from their sale.

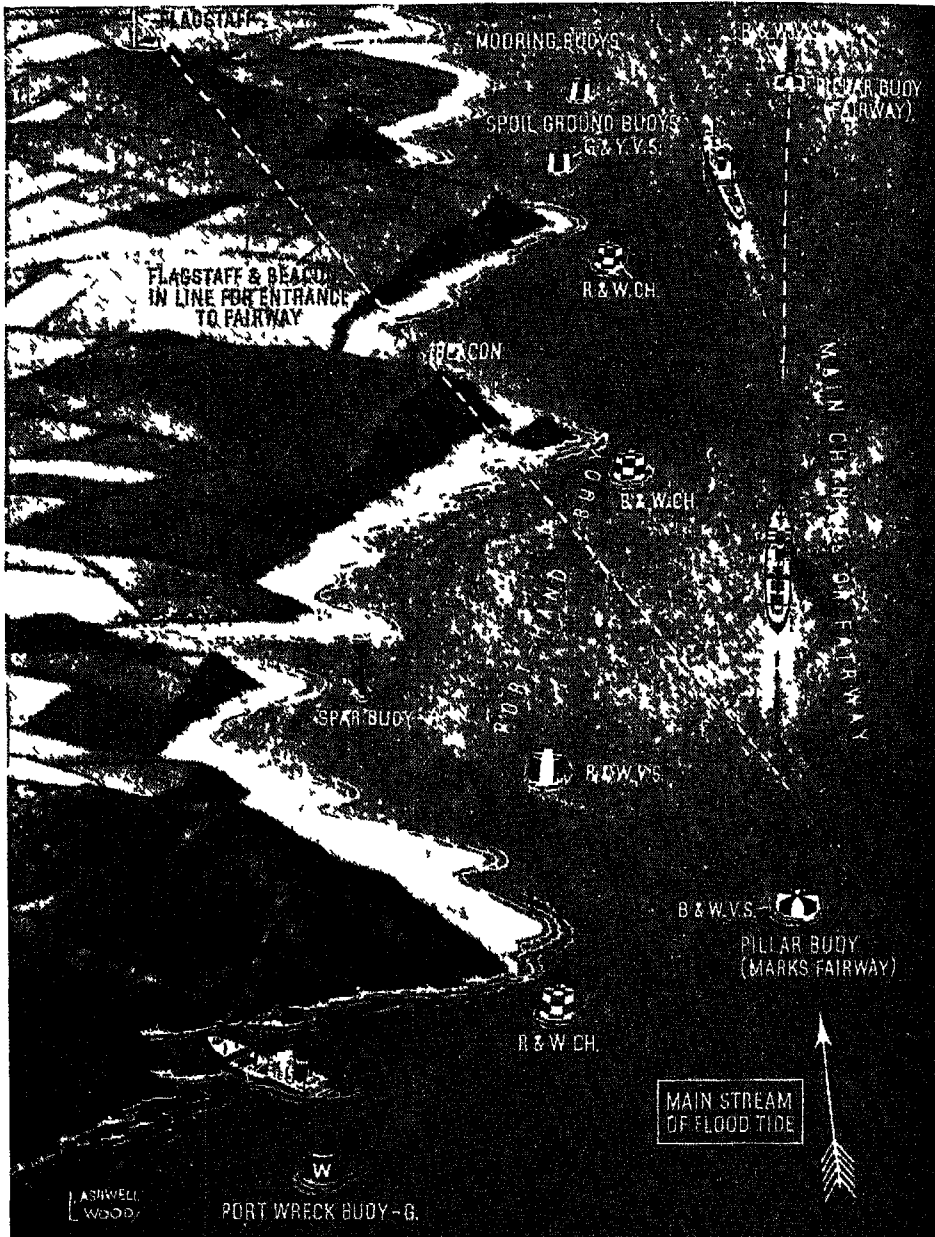
Except on the big ships, the Captain is responsible for paying the crew's wages, either after each voyage or weekly or monthly according to the custom of the particular company concerned. Sometimes he

GUARDING SHIP AND CREW



Lighthouses and shore stations warn ships in fog by broadcasting their code sign from an automatic recorder every seventy seconds. Three blasts are given on the fog siren and the difference in speed between them determines the distance.

THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN



Buoys, as shown above, are placed near channels, sandbanks, wrecks, mooring grounds, to assist navigators. Their colours are indicated (inset, right) by letters which correspond with those on Admiralty charts. Starboard-hand buoys,

TYPES OF BUOYS



always painted one colour, are conical, and port-hand buoys, painted in two colours, are can-shaped. Middle-ground buoys have horizontal stripes and are spherical; whilst the spar buoys mark special places, such as submerged wrecks.

THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN

is approached for an advance just prior to sailing, which is when his knowledge of individual psychology comes into play. Such a request may be prompted by a desire for a final fling ashore, with the possibility of trouble and consequent delays in sailing. So the Captain has to weigh his knowledge of each man very shrewdly. He must know exactly how far each is to be trusted. For instance, he may have a stoker who always works best when slightly intoxicated but who is useless and quarrelsome when drunk. Knowing the man's capacity for liquor he limits the amount of his advance accordingly.

In a larger ship, of course, payment of crew becomes one of the duties covered by the purser. Then there is a staff captain to relieve the master actually commanding the vessel of innumerable routine duties, such as daily stem-to-stern inspection and the testing of all mechanical and navigational devices. In a mammoth liner, the staff captain's principal responsibilities lie in supervising what may be termed the "hotel" side of the ship, and maintaining the smooth working and efficiency of every department.

Today, largely because of the scientific devices at his disposal, the Captain is able to maintain an exact running schedule and, barring accidents, can determine, almost to the hour, his time of arrival.

His primary concern in navigation is to keep his ship on her course,

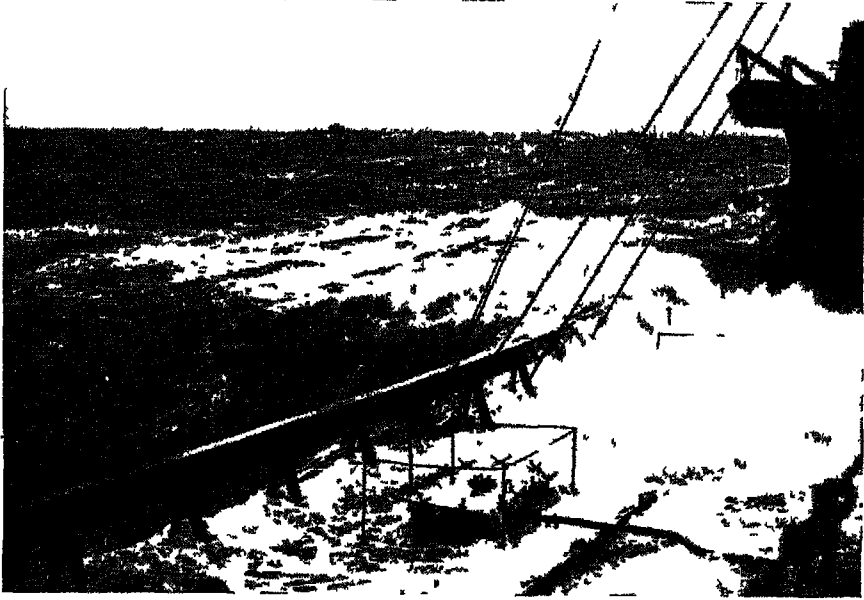
which necessitates taking bearings at least three times a day—at dawn, noon and dusk. When out of sight of land, he finds longitude and latitude and determines the position of his vessel from the intersection of these lines. Time was when a Captain had to rely entirely upon his compass and his observation of the stars; but the modern navigator is aided by sextant and chronometer.

The sextant, so called because its arc is one-sixth of a circle, is a trusty instrument that can be relied upon at times when the ship's receiver is damaged, or wireless direction bearings are for some reason impossible. The sextant measures the angles of sun, moon and stars on vertical or horizontal planes, and by this means, usually at 8 a.m., the Captain determines latitude (page 68).

The chronometer, an intricate clock which tells Greenwich Mean Time in any part of the world, is used, usually at noon, to determine longitude. The difference between a ship's time in mid-Atlantic, for example, and the chronometer's time, is longitude. Time in hours, minutes and seconds is convertible into degrees, minutes and seconds of arc, on the equation that one hour of sun travel is equal to 15 degrees of longitude. Thus, when it is noon at Greenwich, it is only 11 a.m. at 15 degrees west longitude.

There are, however, many aspects of navigation other than keeping a ship on her course, and the Captain has many other devices to aid him.

NAVIGATING THE HIGH SEAS



With her well-deck awash, this oil tanker battles her way to port with her precious cargo in rough weather under angry skies. Because of the extra hazards and restrictions involved in carrying oil, tanker crews receive additional comforts.

Foremost among these is the magnetic compass, which has developed from the principle of the old-fashioned mariner's compass. This is mounted on gimbals and remains steady even in bad weather; and when the ship is under way, it indicates to the Captain the bearing on which he is sailing as well as the bearings of headlands, buoys, lights, sun, moon and stars.

There is also an echo-sounding device which measures the depth of the water while the ship is proceeding at speed. Nor must the log-line be forgotten. Most liner passengers have seen this rotating, propeller-like contrivance trailing from the stern rail and registering the ship's

progress on a special dial. By taking regular readings the Captain can record the length of a day's run.

In spite of the latest innovations, which include the use of radar in navigation (page 69), the Captain still finds a chart indispensable. It provides him with the fruits of centuries of maritime research and experience and gives him such data as sea depths, positions of capes, headlands, islands, reefs and sandbanks. Even in familiar waters, and especially when he is sailing coastwise, a chart is essential for the slightest miscalculation could spell disaster when difficult currents and deceptive coastlines have to be negotiated.

There are lighthouses, of course,

THE MERCHANT NAVY CAPTAIN



Sugar in sacks, one of the most difficult cargoes to handle from the docke's point of view, being transferred to lighter. A cargo-boat captain is responsible for seeing his freight safely landed and his crew provide power for pumps and winches.

DISCHARGING THE CARGO

and numerous shore stations from which wireless warnings of ice prevalence, derelicts, approaching fog or weather conditions generally can be obtained. Wireless is frequently employed, too, as a means of taking a ship's bearing when comparatively near land (see page 71). Two methods are possible: the ship's wireless operator can either pick up signals from two distant shore stations; or he can transmit a signal for them to pick up, leaving them to work out his position for him and then radio it back.

It is generally easier for the shore stations to work out the bearings because they have better facilities for gauging the accuracy of the signals, which tend to vary in precision by day and by night. On nearing port, the Captain consults his tide-table, for it is always preferable to dock at high tide as there is no great loss of water when it is run down to tide level in the dock.

When port is reached, the Captain orders the ensign and the house flag to be hoisted, and the pilot is taken aboard. The pilot, who assumes command (though responsibility still rests with the Captain), steers the ship clear of dangerous waters, through the lines of buoys (pages 72-3), until she is safely berthed. Often, he may be a retired sea captain himself, having "settled" as a pilot in his home port, which he knows, of necessity, like the palm of his own right hand.

The discharge of cargo does not

directly concern the Captain or his crew so far as the actual work is concerned, for that is performed by stevedores and dockers. The Captain is expected, though, to see that the ship's engine-room can provide the steam necessary to work the winches and the electrical power needed to keep sanitary, ballast and bilge pumps in operation.

How quickly cargo can be discharged depends upon the port facilities. These may range from small mobile derricks to elaborate systems of grabs or batteries of giant hydraulic cranes. The Captain's one concern is that, where shore appliances are in use, they do not in any way damage his ship. Once the cargo has been discharged (opposite) he orders the holds to be cleaned in readiness for the next trip.

Some owners, especially on established liner routes, arrange for special shore gangs to take over the ship as soon as she is docked. They are then made responsible for seeing that the unloading is completed satisfactorily, leaving the Captain and his crew free to go ashore for a well-earned rest.

But no shipmaster is ever really at rest away from his ship. His responsibilities, as has been shown, are heavy and numerous, but shouldering them has become a habit, and he is happiest when, all port formalities concluded, he again takes his place upon his bridge and heads his vessel once more for the open sea.



Diver being assisted into his helmet, which is screwed to the corselet of the rubber dress, making the entire suit watertight. The helmet, fitted with inlet and outlet valves, enables him to breathe under water a steady supply of clean fresh air.

THE DIVER

WORKING ON THE SEA BED

FOR centuries, divers have figured in hair-breadth escapes from death beneath the waters of the world's oceans and seas. Some have had unfortunate encounters with giant squids, others have made thrilling attempts to raise gold and other treasure from sunken ships. News of all these things has tended to present the diver as an adventurer to whom thrills are as the breath of life. Moreover, strength is given to this conception because the diver rarely becomes "news" except when he figures in some perilous mishap which may have endangered his life.

Today, however, there are few divers whose work is confined to searching for and retrieving sunken treasure. Diving is, in fact, a trade which employs hundreds of men in our ports or round our coasts. The work includes such useful jobs as the construction of harbour works, piers and dockyards.

Good physique and sound health are essential qualifications for the successful diver. In addition he must possess considerable powers of endurance, a capacity for swift, level-headed thinking and still swifter action; initiative and imagination of

the right kind *but not over-imaginativeness*. A mishap which occurred when a tunnel was being prepared beneath a sunken American submarine may be cited as illustrating these ideal qualities in application. The practice in such cases is to force a tunnel-way through the silt and ooze of the sea bed by means of powerful hoses operated by the divers. On this occasion, one of the divers, a man named Francis Smith, signalled to the salvage vessel that he was in trouble. The officer in charge immediately telephoned back asking if he should turn off the water. Smith's reply was a dramatic: "No! For God's sake keep it going. The tunnel has caved in."

Had that diver panicked, all would have been lost. But he kept a clear head and realized that his one chance lay in using his hose scientifically. By dint of great effort he contrived to work the nozzle round his legs and finally washed himself clear. Then, master of the situation, he did not ask to be brought to the surface, but re-entered the tunnel and completed his spell of duty. That is the kind of stuff of which the deep-sea diver is made!

The gear that a diver needs for his

THE DIVER

work depends upon the depth at which he is operating and the nature of the task in hand. Before getting into his suit, he puts on warm under-clothing with long stockings and a woollen cap. His hands and the inside of his tight-fitting cuffs are greased with soap. The diving suit, which is made of solid sheet rubber and bark-tanned twill, is then fitted,

but a device, called a cuff-expander, may be necessary to help him to force his hands through the cuffs. His belt and knife are then put on, and the boots (each weighing about 18 lb.) follow. The shoulder pad is then slipped over his head and adjusted on his shoulder. The corselet comes next. This is made of tinned copper, with studs projecting

from a metal band round its outer edge. The outer collar of the dress is drawn over the corselet so that the holes fit snugly over the studs. "Straps" are then placed over the collar. These are actually strips of metal which, clamped down with thumb-screws, hold the corselet snugly to the dress so that there is a perfect joint. Next, the diver puts on a pair of wrist-rings which, worn over the cuffs, form a water-tight joint.

Then comes the helmet, also made of tinned copper, but with strong glass windows at the front and sides and sometimes at the top. The front window is removable and at this stage is left out (see page 78). The helmet is not as heavy as it appears, for it derives its strength from its spherical shape rather than from



This steel jointed "shell" suit, into which a diver is lowering himself, enables him to work at greater depths than is possible in a flexible rubber dress.

PREPARING TO DIVE



Helped by his attendants, a diver goes down to investigate a sunken ship, whose masts appear above water on the left. A telephone attached to his helmet and connected to a battery box (left) keeps him in touch with those on the surface.

THE DIVER



This graphic underwater photograph shows a U.S. navy diver exploring at a depth of 160 ft., after the Atom bomb experiment at Bikini. The "mist" arising around his feet is caused by coral dust which is disturbed as he moves cautiously along the bed of the lagoon.

the materials used in its construction. The air-pipe, which comes round from the back of the helmet under the diver's left arm, is constructed from canvas, rubber and coiled steel wire. The breast-rope, or life line, is brought up under the diver's right arm and contains the telephone line by which he can keep in touch with the attendant on the surface.

Thus dressed, he stands poised on the ladder (see page 81), ready for descent, and at the last moment 40-lb. weights are secured to chest and back and the pump is started. The front window of his helmet is adjusted, the attendant having kept the breast-rope and air-pipe in hand in case the diver slips off the ladder. The attendant taps the helmet to signify that all is ready, and the diver goes down. He usually reaches his job by sliding down a "shot-rope" which has been secured at the bottom by a weight. Up above, his attendant pays out air-pipe and breast-rope, being very careful not to allow too much slack, at the same time avoiding too much tautness which would jerk the diver's head back from his work. Should there be no telephone, a system of code signals is arranged so that messages can be transmitted by jerks on air-pipe or breast-rope to indicate, for instance, when he is ready to return to the surface or in any difficulties.

Thus the attendant's job is also skilled. He must follow in imagination the various moves of the diver and be able to discern immediately

DESCENDING INTO THE DEEP

if the latter is in difficulties. When a diver is working in any position among rocks or on the deck of a sunken ship where falls are possible, the attendant must be especially alert. For when a diver falls he not only runs the risk of injuring himself or cutting his dress open, but he is immediately subjected to an increase of pressure through the greater weight of water upon him. For example, if he should fall from just beneath the surface to a depth of 33 ft., the pressure on him would be suddenly doubled. As the pump could not cope with that sudden extra pressure the diver would suffer what is technically called a "squeeze," which is a euphemistic way of saying he would be crushed as if a heavy block of concrete had dropped upon him! Many an attendant has saved a diver's life by swift action in arresting a fall, just as a mountaineer, roped to a colleague whose foot has slipped, has averted a fatality by standing firm and taking the strain.

A depth of over 300 ft. can be reached by a diver in the flexible dress but, for practical purposes, diving is normally restricted to lesser depths than this. For work in shallow waters, or for jobs like the disengaging of ropes which have fouled a ship's propeller, a self-contained diving suit is most practicable. The diver then carries a cylinder on his back containing compressed oxygen or a mixture of compressed oxygen and nitrogen

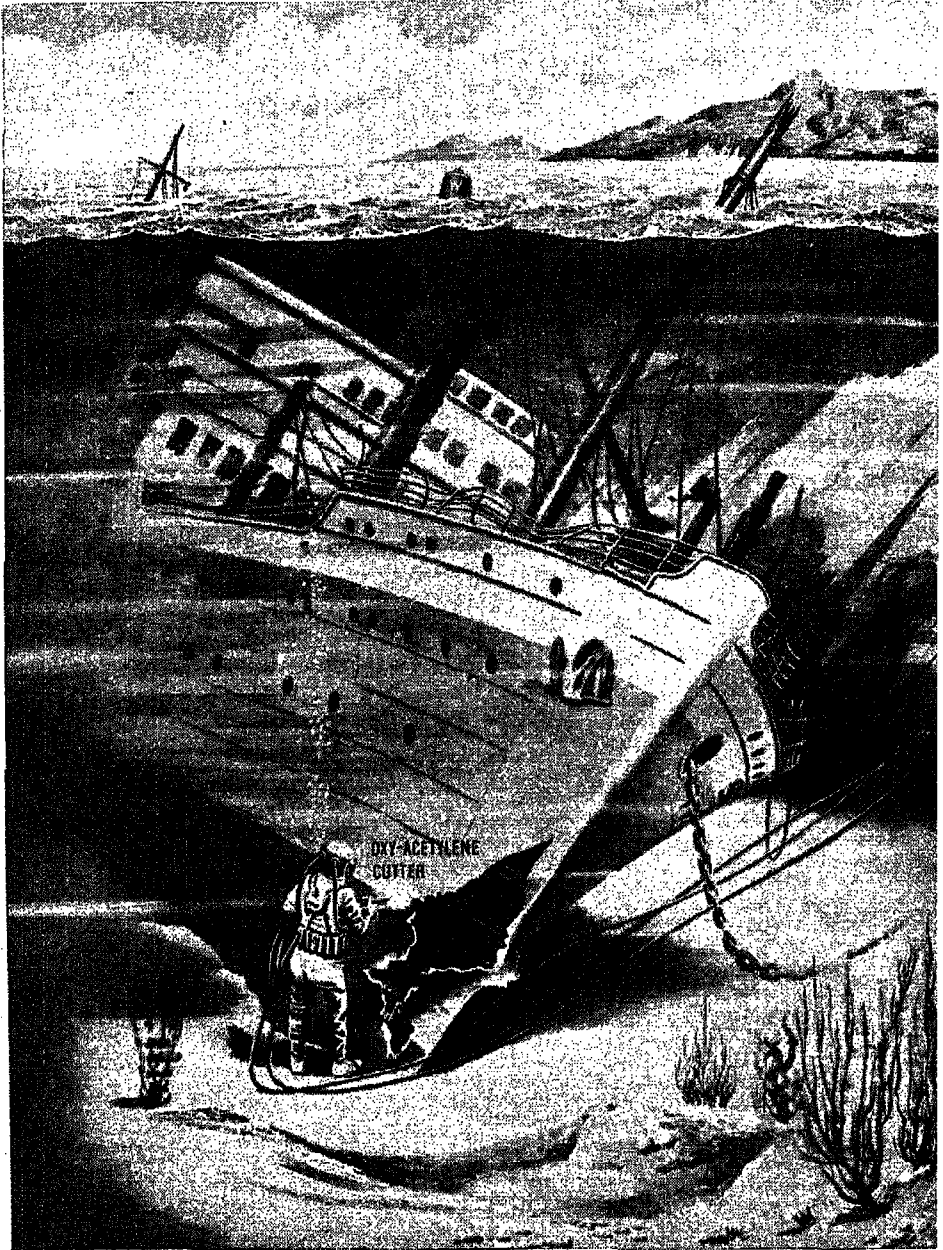


Photograph showing a diver descending into the sea with underwater cutting torch. Its flame is protected from the water by a sphere of metallic vapour.

and a chamber of caustic potash for the absorption of the carbonic acid gas of the expired breath.

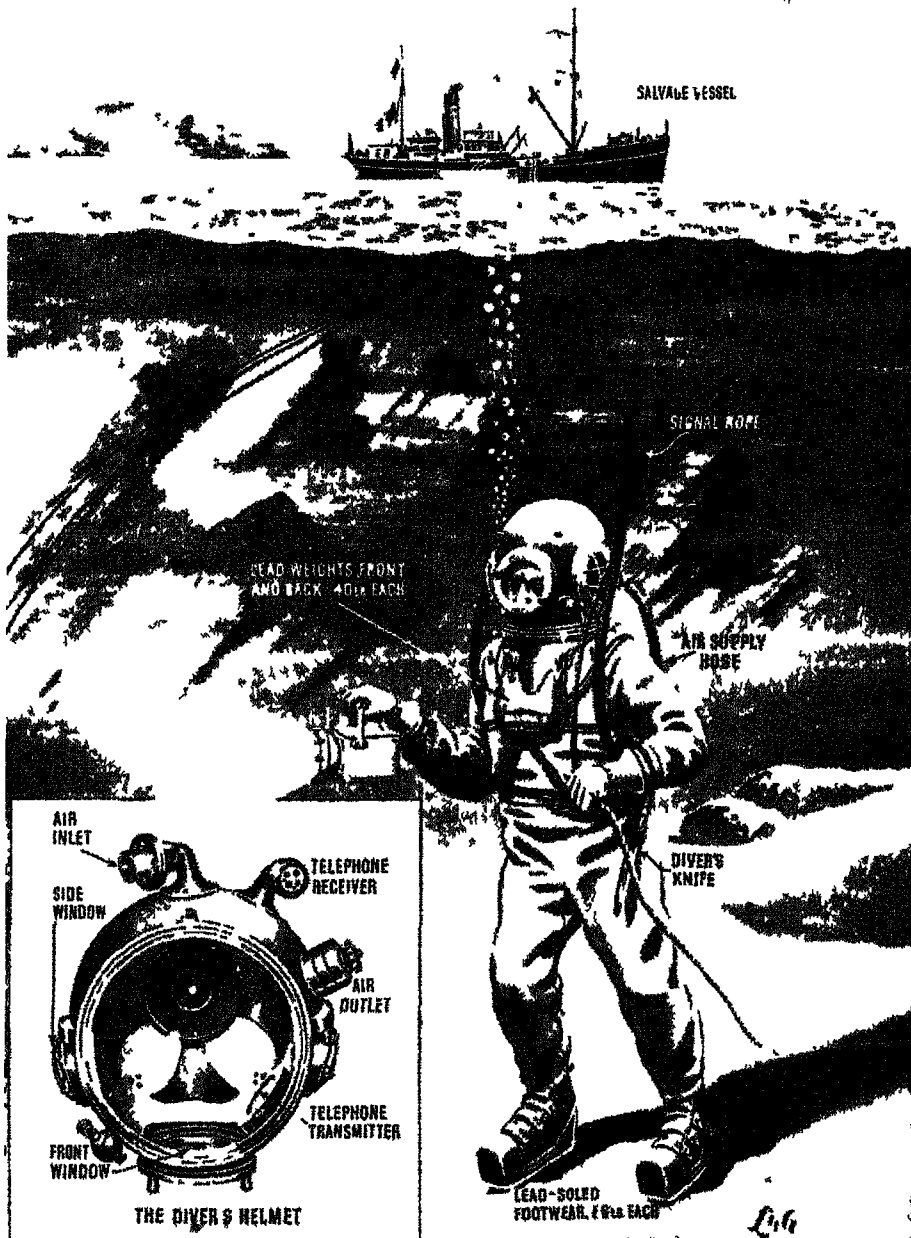
There are also various types of "shell" suit, the "shell" being a steel cylinder with observation windows. The limit of its descent is governed only by the strength of its walls. In it a man breathes air at normal surface pressure and he can go down or come up at speed. There are types of jointed shell suits (see page 80) in which a diver can move about and

THE DIVER



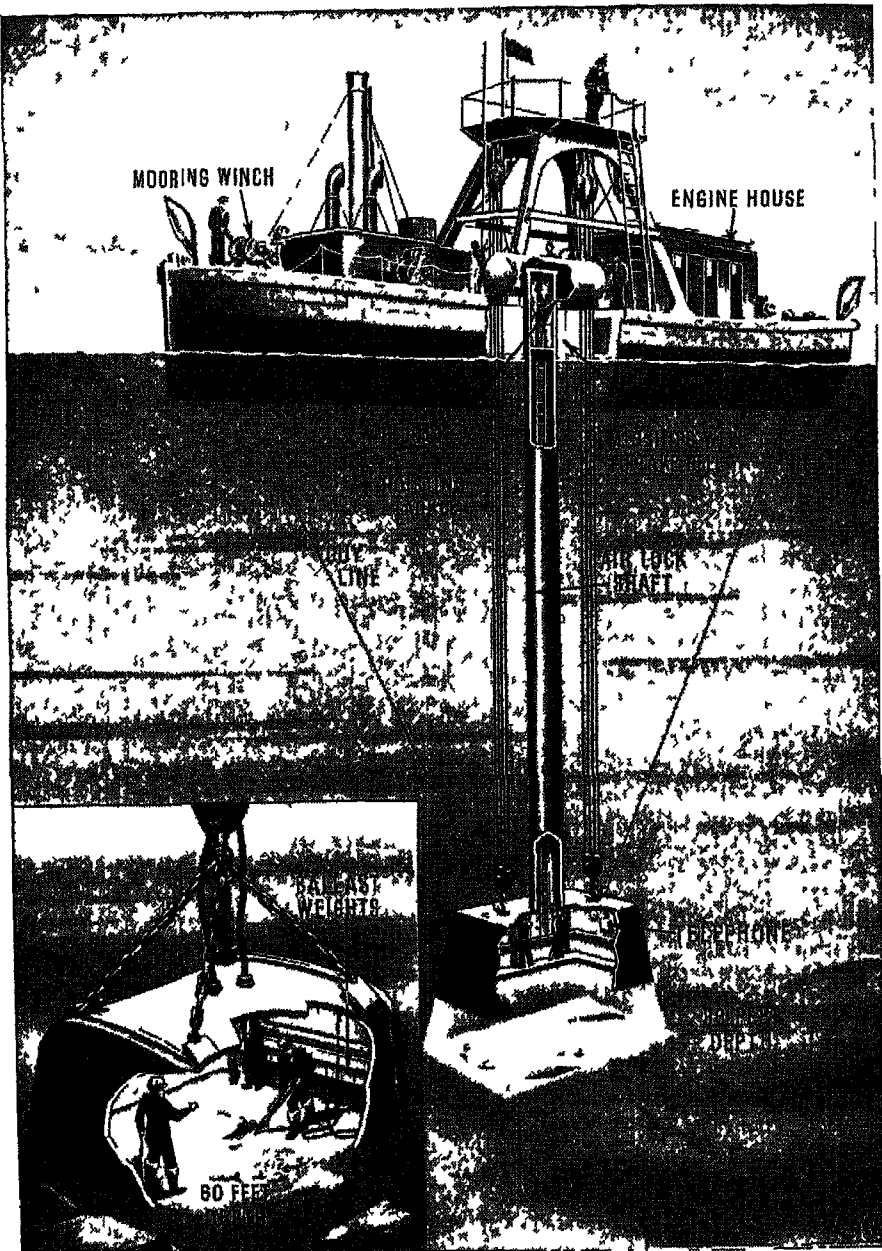
This composite drawing shows a diver working on the bows of a sunken ship with an underwater flame cutter, while a companion approaches the scene with a special hand-lamp. Details of the diver's kit are shown, including the heavy

SALVAGING A SUNKEN SHIP



lead-soled boots and the leaden breast and back weights. Inset is a diagram showing details of a diver's helmet with its various vital attachments, including inlet and outlet valve for air and for telephonic communication with the surface.

THE DIVER



Modern diving bell with airlock and connecting shaft (right) leading to a specially-designed craft. This is fitted with mooring winches, hoisting engines and air compressors to supply the bell with a suitable atmosphere, and work pneumatic tools.

WORK IN A DIVING BELL

make limited use of his hands, but in many instances it has been found most practicable to use the shell purely as an observation chamber for watching and directing the work of a grab. When treasure or other valuable cargo has to be raised from a sunken ship at a depth too great to permit her complete salvage, the usual method is to break her up plate by plate with massive steel grabs. In this way the famous liner *Egypt* was ripped open and her treasure of over half a million pounds retrieved.

Diving bells of various types and sizes are used for specific tasks such as preparing the sea bed for the reception of concrete blocks in harbour or pier construction; but it is the rubber-suited divers who subsequently place the blocks in position. The bells are open at the bottom (see opposite), water being kept out by compressed air. Men can dig or move rock in them without wearing any special dress, but in certain types they must enter or leave through an air-lock. Working in compressed air renders them liable to "bends" or "caisson disease," so return to normal air has to be made in stages through a decompression chamber.

The ordinary diver is likewise subject to "bends," also called "diver's palsy," for air forced down to him by pumps has to counteract the pressure of water around him besides enabling him to breathe. This means that he inhales with every

breath a greater quantity of air than the body needs. At a depth of 135 ft. he takes in five times as much air as he does in normal conditions—that is, five times as much oxygen and nitrogen. It is the excess nitrogen that causes trouble. Above the surface it is breathed out of the system, but the diver, under pressure, is unable to get rid of all of it, so that a certain proportion dissolves in his body. While he is working it remains in solution and he is unaware of it; but when he begins to rise the nitrogen in the blood seeks outlet and if the rise is rapid and uncontrolled it forms bubbles in the blood and tissues. Should those bubbles reach the heart death would follow in a few minutes. When they get into the joints they cause severe pains—or "bends," so called from the contortions of the sufferers.

As soon as the cause of "bends" was discovered, the remedy was logical—to make the rise to the surface slowly. An elaborate scale of ascent speeds, with timed stops at specific stages, was worked out. Thus, if a diver has been working for one hour and thirty-five minutes at a depth of 204 ft. his ascent must not take less than three hours twenty-three minutes in order to allow the nitrogen to escape slowly from the body. When a diver is working at any considerable depth he is usually brought to the surface by means of a grating on which he can stand. He can then occupy himself during waiting periods with physical exer-

THE DIVER

cises which hasten the expulsion of the nitrogen.

Where circumstances permit, the diver can be further assisted in this irksome business of returning to the upper air by the use of a special kind of decompression chamber (see opposite). This is a steel cylinder, with doors at top and bottom and supplied with compressed air from the salvage ship. With an attendant inside, it is lowered to a certain depth where the diver enters by the lower door which is then closed. His helmet, weights, boots, etc., are removed and he carries out his exercises and decompresses in comparative warmth and comfort. The chamber is hoisted to the deck of the salvage vessel as soon as he is inside.

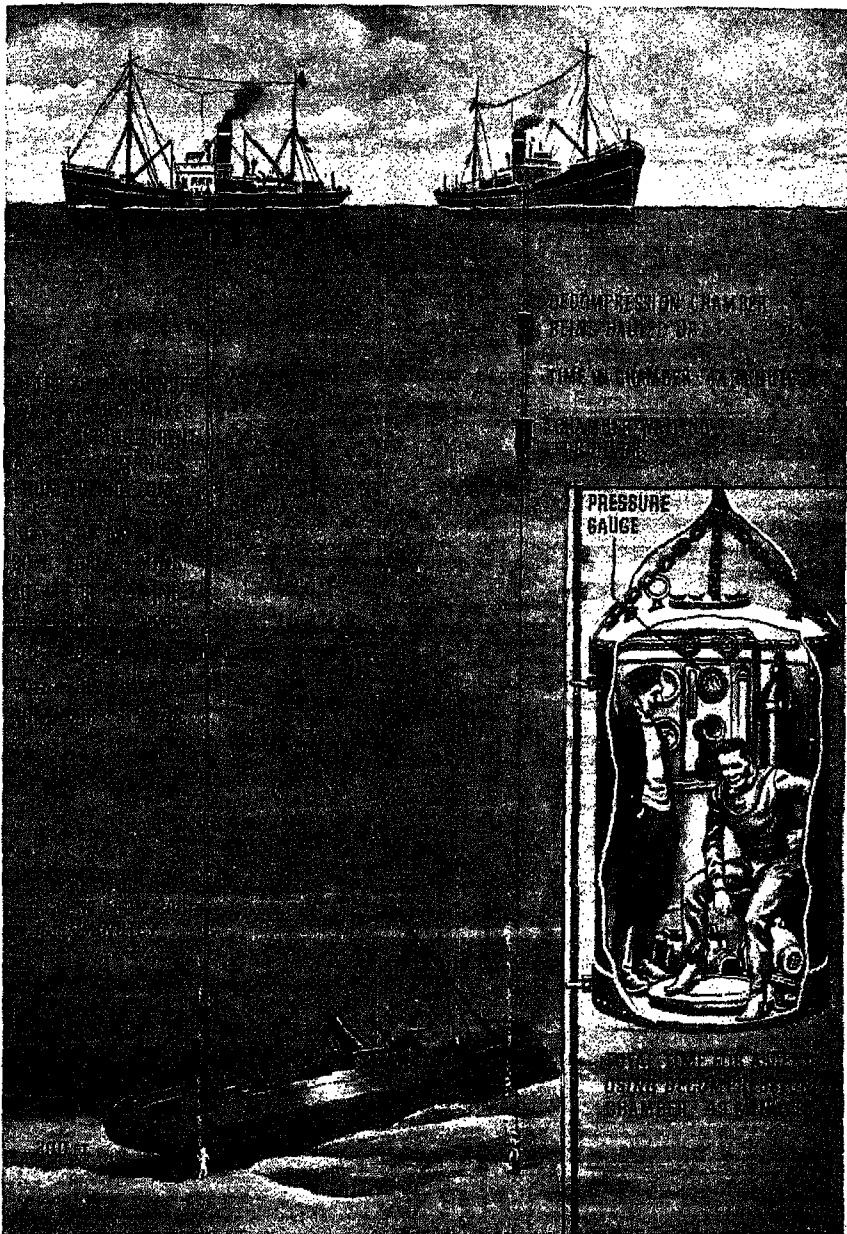
Another experience which may befall the driver is that of being "blown up." This often happens to the inexperienced through lack of skill in handling the exhaust valve on the helmet, the opening and closing of which regulates the amount of air inside the suit. Too much air means too much buoyancy and the diver rises to the surface. Accidents have happened, though, through the valve sticking when fouled by grains of sand. Then the suit rapidly fills with air and forces the diver's arms out at right angles so that he cannot reach the valve to remedy the defect. So air continues to pour in until the diver is forced to the surface, perhaps being shot out of the sea to a height of some feet. If he is fit and well he can resume

work immediately and no harm is done; but should he have been injured he is placed in a "recompression chamber" (see page 90) so that air can be pumped in until it reaches a pressure equal to that of the depth of water in which he had been working. Should the pain of "bends" have already started, relief is the immediate result. Then the process is reversed, the air being gradually released from the chamber to reproduce the conditions of the slow orthodox ascent.

The world in which a diver works can be strange and eerie. The inside of a sunken ship presents a very different picture from anything one could imagine. The water, rushing through her as she sinks, bursts open cabin doors, smashes woodwork and carries away all kinds of buoyant material. Rugs, curtains, bedding, clothes and miscellaneous baggage rise until stopped by the deckheads, so a diver may have to force his way through belts of pulpy obstructions. When a ship goes down abruptly by stem or stern much heavy gear, including the engines, may drop right through her, bursting bulkheads at considerable peril. Should it be necessary to locate the ship's strong-room for bullion or valuable documents he would have to resort to the use of an underwater cutting torch or even explosives.

When damage is less extensive and there is a prospect of re-floating the vessel, divers who are also skilled welders are employed. The first task

ASCENDING TO THE SURFACE



This drawing shows how a diver can surface gradually by the use of a decompression chamber. An accurate scale of ascent speeds has been worked out in relation to the depth at which he has been working and the time under water.

THE DIVER

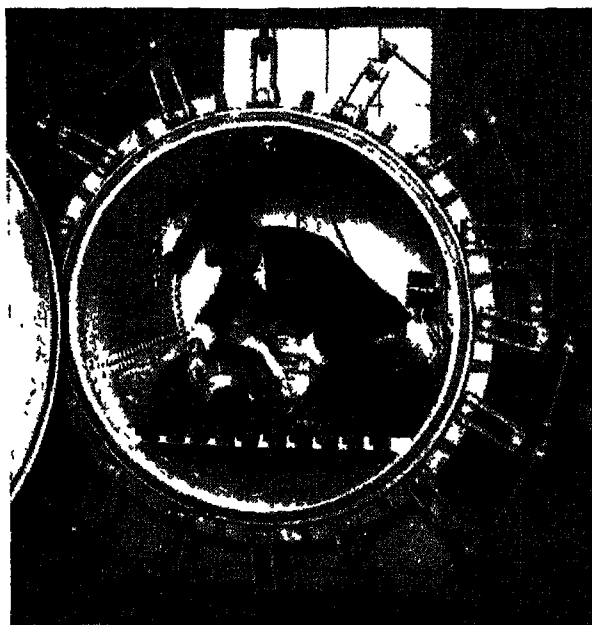
is to make the ship airtight, so any holes which may have been torn in the plating have to be welded. Under-water welding is achieved by means of current supplied from a generator on the salvage vessel, and a sphere of metallic vapour, created as soon as the arc is struck, keeps the crater of the arc from contact with the surrounding water. In the same way, plates and steel cables can be cut by means of an under-water cutting torch (see page 83). Once repairs are effected, compressed air is pumped into the sunken ship to bring it to the surface.

The more normal tasks which fall to the diver include the laying of foundations for harbour works and embankments, cleaning ships' keels, sinking wells or the recovery of

anchors which have been lost on the sea bed.

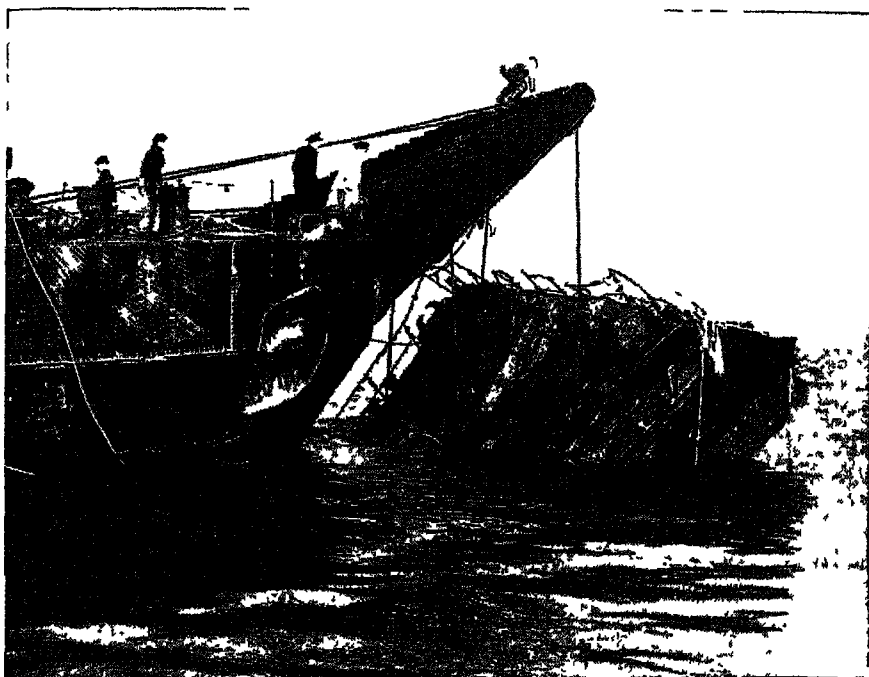
The satisfactory completion of the Severn railway tunnel was due largely to the efforts of two men—Mr. Fleuss, designer of the first successful self-contained diving suit, and Alexander Lambert, one of Britain's most famous divers. The unfinished workings were suddenly flooded by an inrush of water and it was necessary to close an iron door over 1,000 ft. from the down shaft. The passage leading to this door was obstructed by a railway track, barrows and masses of contractors' gear, but the two men succeeded in reaching their objective.

A diver's rates of payment vary very considerably. He may be paid by the hour, by the shift or by the



For the diver physical pain is accompanied by the joy of achievement. On the left a diver is seen being made comfortable before the door of a recompression chamber is closed and the atmospheric pressure raised to relieve him of the "bends" contracted during too swift an ascent to the surface. Opposite is a view of the completion of one diver's job. He has successfully attached cables to a 50-ton section from the upper works of a wreck and it has been raised to the surface of the sea to be towed inshore,

RISKS AND REMUNERATION



week, with extra money per hour while actually under water. When engaged in salvage operations he may sometimes have a percentage of any cargo or treasure he sends up. One free-lance diver, working on a wreck, came upon some old barrels containing coins, apparently remains of cargo from some other vessels sunk long ago. Keeping his knowledge to himself, he returned to the spot later to conduct a one-man treasure hunt. He was able to retire on the proceeds.

Special work, entailing exceptional difficulties or dangers, earns the diver a bonus of an extra 2s. or 2s. 6d. an hour. The entry of submerged wrecks for sealing purposes or work in the interior of a wrecked sub-

marine might be included in this category. Real hazard attends such duties, for the diver has to drag his air-pipe and breast-rope behind him, which means he is unable to keep in close contact with his attendant on the surface. The narrow quarters inside a submarine with projecting gauges and metal fittings are obviously difficult for the diver to explore, and any wreck may be a mass of jagged projections, twisted plates or torn girders, any of which can easily foul his gear.

But, whatever his job, the diver has to be 100 per cent efficient, and the value of his service in our modern world is hardly to be computed in terms of cash. He is a master craftsman who takes peril in his stride,



A daily check of lamp filaments is only one of the many skilled tasks which have to be performed by members of a lighthouse crew during their turn of duty, although these 4½-kilowatt globes are reliable and normally last several months,

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

WARNING THE MARINER OF TREACHEROUS ROCKS

MOST of Britain's lighthouses are administered by Trinity House, and the standard demanded for the keepers is the highest in the world. Men are recruited into the service between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight. They have to be unmarried and are not permitted to marry while they are supernumerary keepers of under four years' service or until they have been appointed assistant keepers. They go through a preliminary period of training during which they are paid about £190 per annum inclusive of allowances. On passing out successfully they receive about £270 per annum inclusive. A principal keeper at a shore station receives about £350 per annum inclusive and at a rock station about £370 per annum.

A searching medical examination, in which the psychological aspects of the job are especially considered, ensures that only those truly suited to this unique calling are accepted. The fact that many of the candidates fail to measure up to the requisite standard shows what exacting care is given to selection. Even so, some disabilities may escape notice and not reveal themselves until later.

Claustrophobia—a dread of being shut up in a confined space—is quite likely to develop gradually in certain characters, which is one reason why no man is ever left to operate an isolated lighthouse alone—a crew of three being the general complement.

Monotony is an ever-present enemy for the lighthouse keeper. The sea that fascinates the holiday-maker is for him a desolate waste, wearying to the eye. For every hour that it sparkles in the friendly sun, there are ten—in northern latitudes, at least—in which it presents a grey, sullen monotone.

So the first essential qualification for the lighthouse keeper is that he must be a man of a type which is not adversely affected by surroundings.

He must be phlegmatic, not easily shaken; a man with strong nerves and sufficient resource of mind to be able to fill his leisure hours with simple pastimes. But even with such qualifications, the lack of elbow room can hardly fail to become a worry. Many lighthouses have no more than a few feet of rock at their bases on which the keepers can step out in good weather to stretch their legs. Other lighthouses, such as that

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

shown on page 99, rise sheer from clusters of seaweed-covered rocks, too treacherous to be trusted as an exercise ground. One theory put forward to explain the unsolved mystery of the Flannen Light, near the Hebrides, in which an entire crew disappeared completely, is that one man had been swept off the slippery rocks by a wave and that his companions had perished in trying to save him.

The routine in a lighthouse may vary according to the site and the number of the crew, but the work is usually divided into watches. A time-table, or a prearranged code of visibility decides when the lantern shall be lit and when extinguished. Duties allotted to the day watch include the checking of the lamp filaments (page 92), cleaning of the reflectors (page 96) and mechanism and the tidying of crew's quarters. But although the daily round may be very much the same in two lighthouses, the nature of the site and prevailing weather conditions may impose a greater strain upon one crew than on another.

There are spots round the British coastline where the sea is never calm. Even when the wind is moderate, waves surge violently round the base of the lighthouse, and when a gale is blowing conditions may become truly awe-inspiring. Spray sometimes reaches even as high as the lantern, and mountainous breakers, hurling hundreds of tons of water against the lighthouse, make it

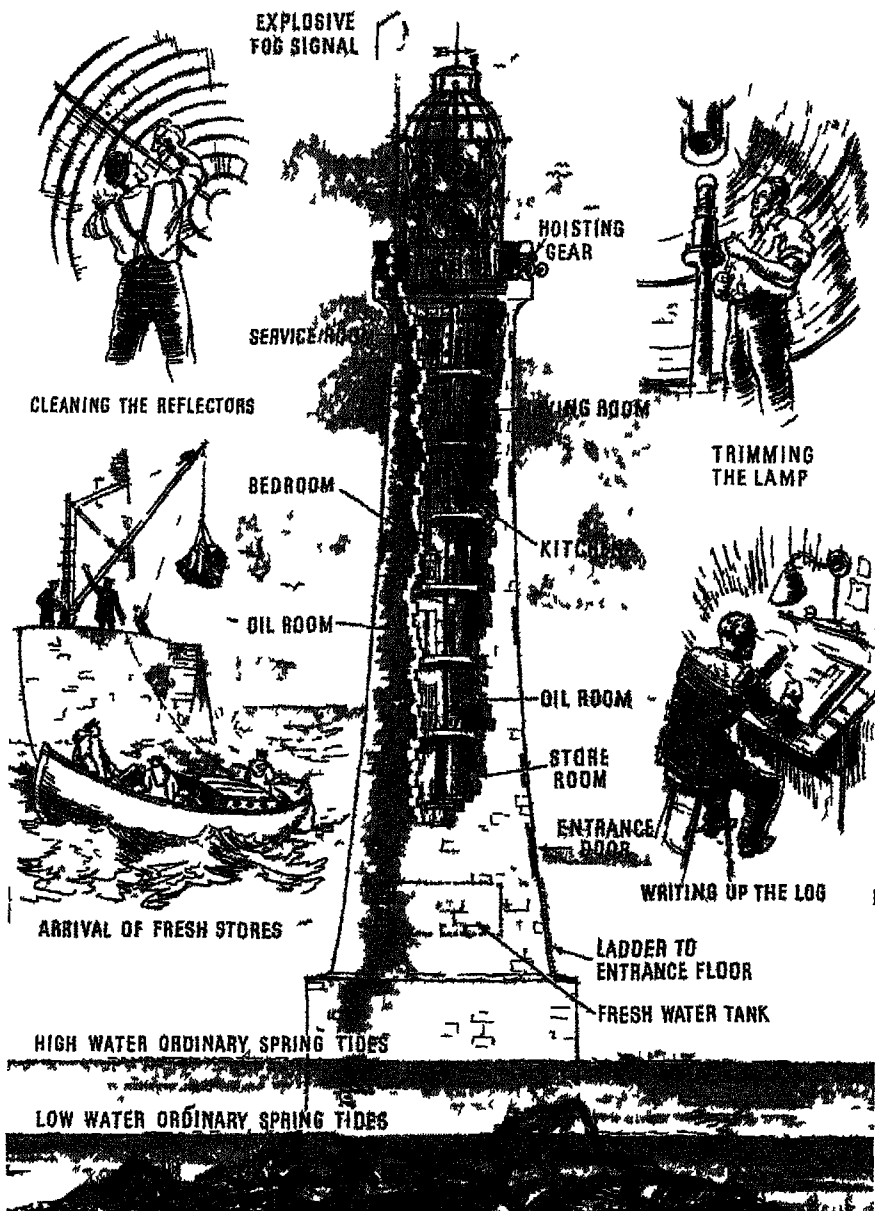
quiver repeatedly. Such a scene of wildness, with the ceaseless thunder of the sea blended with the shrieking gale, can gradually prey upon the nerves of the most stout-hearted men. Even men of long service, accustomed to all the rigours of the life, admit that it is difficult to rid themselves of an illusion that their structure will be swept away.

Although every attempt is made to keep spells of duty as short as possible, raging storms sometimes prevent the relief tender from reaching the lighthouse on time. In these circumstances, the luckless crew must resign themselves to an extra term of duty.

When a lighthouse keeper looks out day after day and sees nothing but the foaming cauldron of water encircling his home, which is quivering constantly from the battering of gigantic seas, there is no question of letting his imagination run away with him. He knows the mighty power of those seas. He recalls some of the freakish fury they have wrought in the past. On one occasion, for instance, a fog bell weighing 550 lb. was wrenched from its mounting on the gallery of the Bishop Rock lighthouse, 120 ft. above sea-level. At Fastnet, off Cape Clear, a wave dashed a three-ton rock against the tower, while on another occasion a tank holding sixty gallons of water was washed from the gallery, 133 ft. above normal sea-level!

Fog is another menace that gives

LIFE ON A ROCK STATION



These drawings give a sectional view of the interior of a lighthouse and also indicate a few of the routine tasks which fall to the keepers on duty. These include tending the lamp, cleaning the reflectors and taking on fresh stores.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

the lighthouse keeper plenty to think about. When a certain density is apparent he brings the foghorn or some other warning device into use. Foghorns are mechanically operated and must be kept going constantly while the fog lasts. Even heard from a distance a foghorn can be nerve-racking in its intensity; to the lighthouse keeper, isolated in an impenetrable shroud, its deafening raspings can prove a serious strain on the nerves and can become well-nigh unendurable.

A further duty which falls to the lighthouse keeper is the maintenance of a log of meteorological observations. Rainfall during each twenty-four-hour period has to be recorded

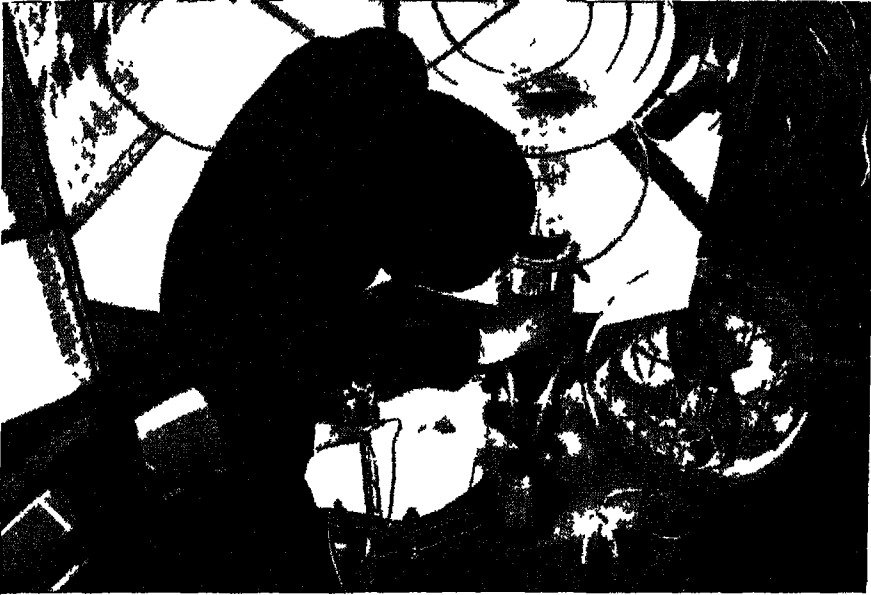
with other items such as the velocity of the wind, general visibility and, of course, thermometer and barometer readings. Some of this information, apart from being preserved for permanent record, is relayed by telephone or telegraph from certain stations to the Meteorological Office to facilitate the compilation of daily weather forecasts and so on. In cases of shipwreck or other disasters at sea, these permanent records often yield invaluable evidence on which the subsequent courts of inquiry can base their decisions as to responsibility.

In many lighthouses small but well-equipped workshops are provided, where the keeper can effect



One of the tasks which keeps members of a lighthouse crew busy is the polishing of the giant lenses. These must be kept crystal-clear at all times. The great lens system, which may weigh several tons, revolves on a mercury-bath bearing.

DAILY ROUTINE



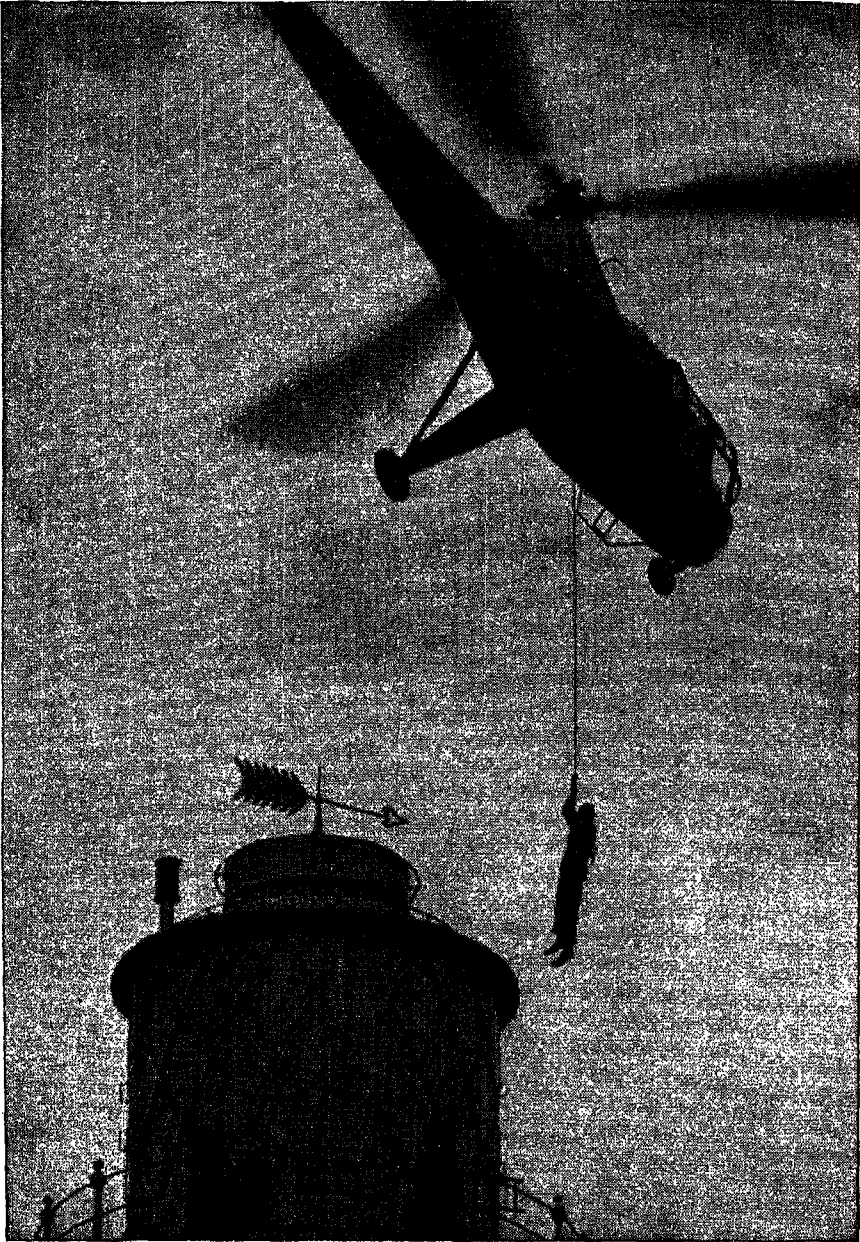
Fitting a new lamp into its holder at the top of a lighthouse. Though these lamps are mounted in pairs, only one is actually in use, the other replacing it automatically in the event of filament failure. Plenty of spares are always kept.

minor running repairs to mechanism when needed. Or he can employ his leisure hours in general carpentry or model-making if so inclined. He is seldom at a loss for a pastime, though, for experience has taught him that to keep the fingers busily employed is a sure antidote for the "blues" which monotony and close confinement so readily engender. Thus his hobbies usually include knitting, rug-making, embroidery, wood-carving, painting and fishing. In the days when leather was readily obtainable many a lighthouse keeper mastered the craft of shoemaking. Others have discovered correspondence schools to be a perfect boon, and it is on record that at least two

of their number have qualified in law by means of postal study, finally abandoning their lonely calling to become practising solicitors.

In spite of the existence of lighthouses at dangerous points, ships have been wrecked almost at their base, and on several occasions keepers have performed heroic rescues. When the liner *Anglo-Saxon* went ashore near Cape Race, the keepers, undaunted by the lashing fury of wind and sea, lowered themselves in the darkness by ropes and succeeding in rescuing over one hundred people who were huddled together on the narrow strip of shore. As the survivors had to be carried one at a time to the top of the cliff

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER



First man to be lowered on to a lighthouse at Dungeness by helicopter was Mr. Norman Hill, an engineer, who proved the feasibility of using helicopters for relief work. Stores have since been sent to a marooned crew on Wolf Rock.

ARRIVAL OF RELIEF



With the waves pounding the base of the rock on which their lighthouse stands, the crew of Wolf Rock welcome the relief boat from Penzance, which has been delayed by bad weather for ten days. Not everyone is fitted for this calling.

and into the lighthouse, the feat ranks as an epic of human persistence and endurance.

Every lighthouse keeper can tell stories of strange experiences. The crew of an Australian lighthouse at Sugar Loaf Point looked out one morning to see a stag-hound wandering on the beach below the light. When they went down to it they

found it to be half-starved and it greeted them with delight. Later it was found to be a survivor from a ship that had gone ashore some days previously. The owner was eventually traced and the dog restored to him, though it showed some reluctance to part from its rescuers. Pangs of parting were mutual, for most lighthouse men are animal lovers,

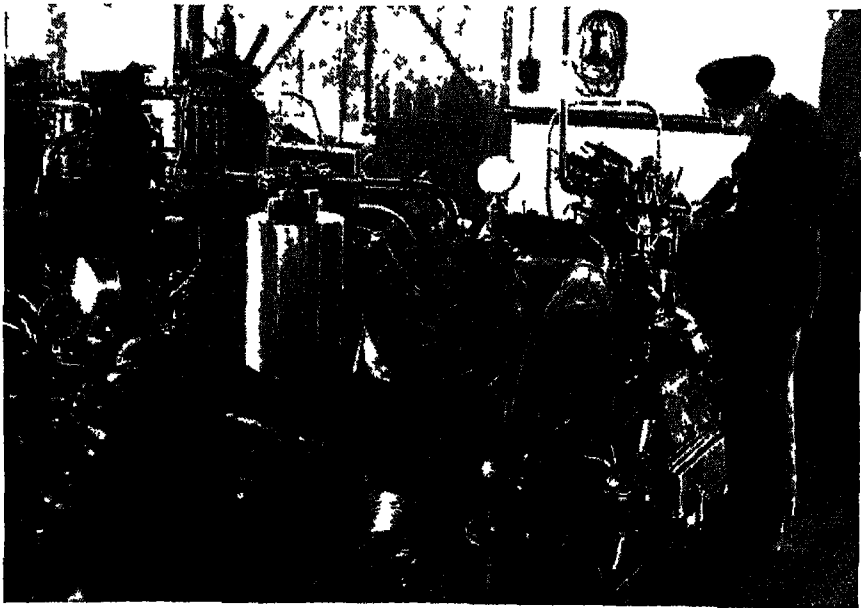
THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

although pets, other than small birds, cannot be kept in a lighthouse.

There is one thing in particular that has an upsetting effect on the lighthouse keeper in certain seas. During migratory periods thousands of birds have been killed at night, the galleries of lighthouses and surrounding rocks being strewn with their bodies. For years the toll among flights of birds coming from Africa was very heavy; but now thousands of them are saved because special perches have been provided above and around the lanterns so that the birds can settle and rest on their long journey to England. This kindly idea was first mooted by an English society of bird-lovers, and

it has undoubtedly had a marked influence in preserving bird life.

In time of war the lighthouse keeper has to face the possibility of enemy attack, an historic example of especial interest being the seizure of the Eddystone crew by a French privateer in the reign of Louis XV. But the French king ordered their immediate return, declaring that their work was not of importance to England alone but to all mankind. In the First and Second World Wars, the crews of a few British lighthouses were withdrawn when it was found that the lights aided the enemy who had neither the clemency nor humanity of the French king and who actually regarded lighthouses and



In the engine room of the Pendeen lighthouse, north of St. Just, Keeper H. Horsley is seen oiling one of the generators. In the foreground is an engine which works a compressed-air machine used for operating the automatic foghorn.

RECREATIONAL FACILITIES



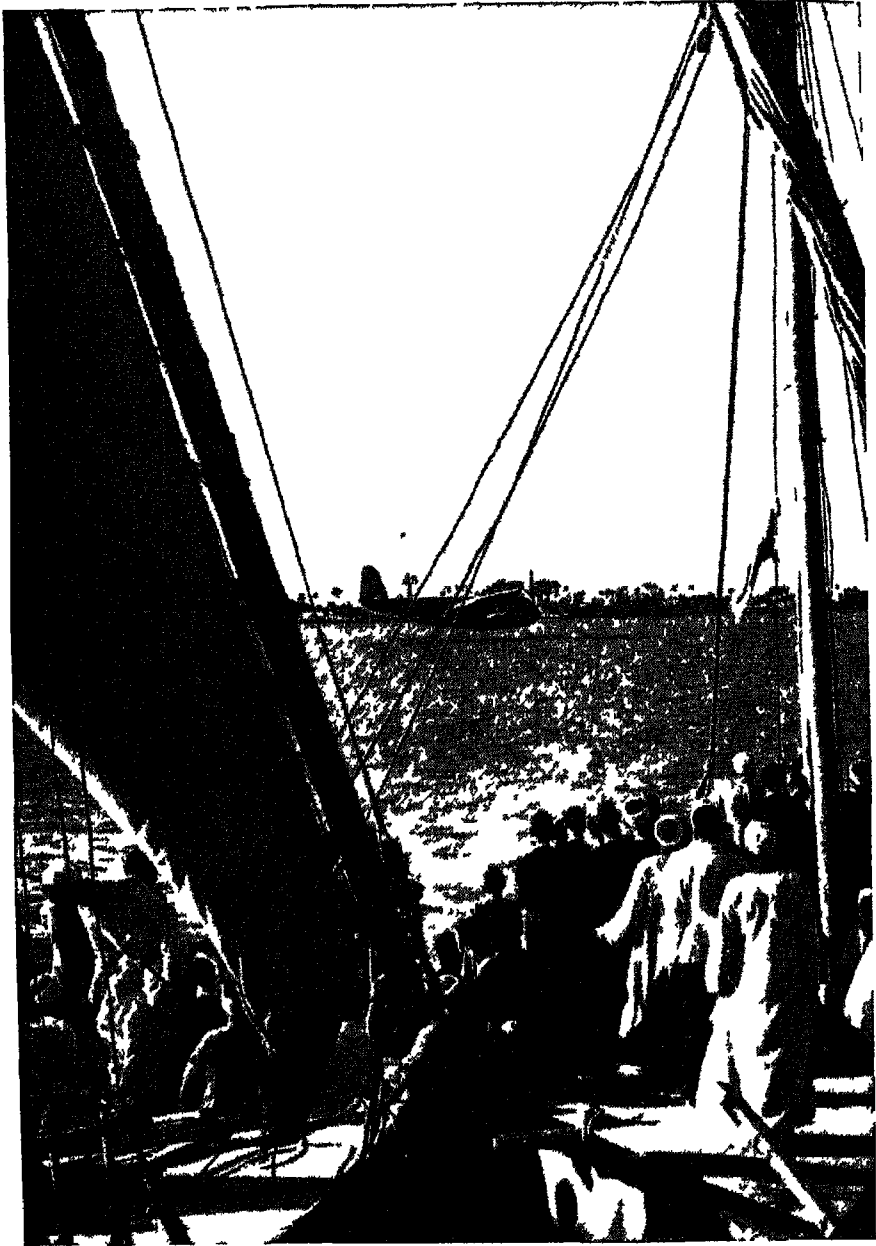
No Christmas relief for these lighthouse men, but they are making the best of their enforced isolation. They have decorated their quarters with paper chains, and their smiles as they pull their crackers show them to be in the best of spirits.

lightships as desirable targets for aerial attack. The majority of the crews, however, remained at their posts and either dimmed their lights or showed them at stated times in accordance with Admiralty instructions.

A great many lighthouses are built upon the mainland, and conditions for those who man them are much less rigorous. In such cases the lighthouse keeper usually enjoys the possession of a cottage adjoining his post. This means that members of crews can enjoy a measure of family life, tend their gardens and live a much more normal existence. Even where the lighthouse and crew's cottages form a comparatively lonely

settlement, without any near neighbours for company, the men can cycle to a near-by town or village for shopping or recreation. Summer, too, may bring a regular stream of holiday visitors to liven things up.

Whether the keeper of an isolated lighthouse, far out to sea, envies his shore-based brother is doubtful, but being essentially a patient, adaptable man, he has long since learned to make the most of his restrictive environment. That is why many an old lighthouse keeper, his long service ended, slides down the rope into the relief tender with mingled feelings, and may be seen to look back just a little wistfully upon the seagirt "home" he leaves for the last time.



This Air Ministry photograph shows a flying-boat touching down on the Nile, a source of wonderment to the natives on their picturesque feluccas. Passengers on board the aircraft are doubtless equally fascinated by this romantic setting.

THE AIRLINE PILOT

CIRCLING THE WORLD WITH PASSENGERS

HE flies farther in a week than most people travel in a year; within the space of a few days he sees more of the world than most people see in a lifetime. Moreover, his log-book shows that he has more than 5,500 flying hours to his credit, which means that he has covered over 800,000 miles—the equivalent of at least thirty-five times round the world.

In appearance, the Captain of a modern airliner looks like a naval officer in his smart blue uniform, with gold bars on his cuff to denote his rank; and the illusion is heightened by the confident manner in which he goes about his job. He does not take his responsibilities lightly; long training and the high pitch of efficiency he has attained are reflected in his calm, assured way of tackling his duties.

Preparations begin three days before he is scheduled to depart on his next flight, when he reports at the airport with his crew to act as reserve for the aircraft immediately preceding him over the particular route on which he happens to be working. Whilst thus playing understudy he utilizes the time in carrying out routine test flights in his own

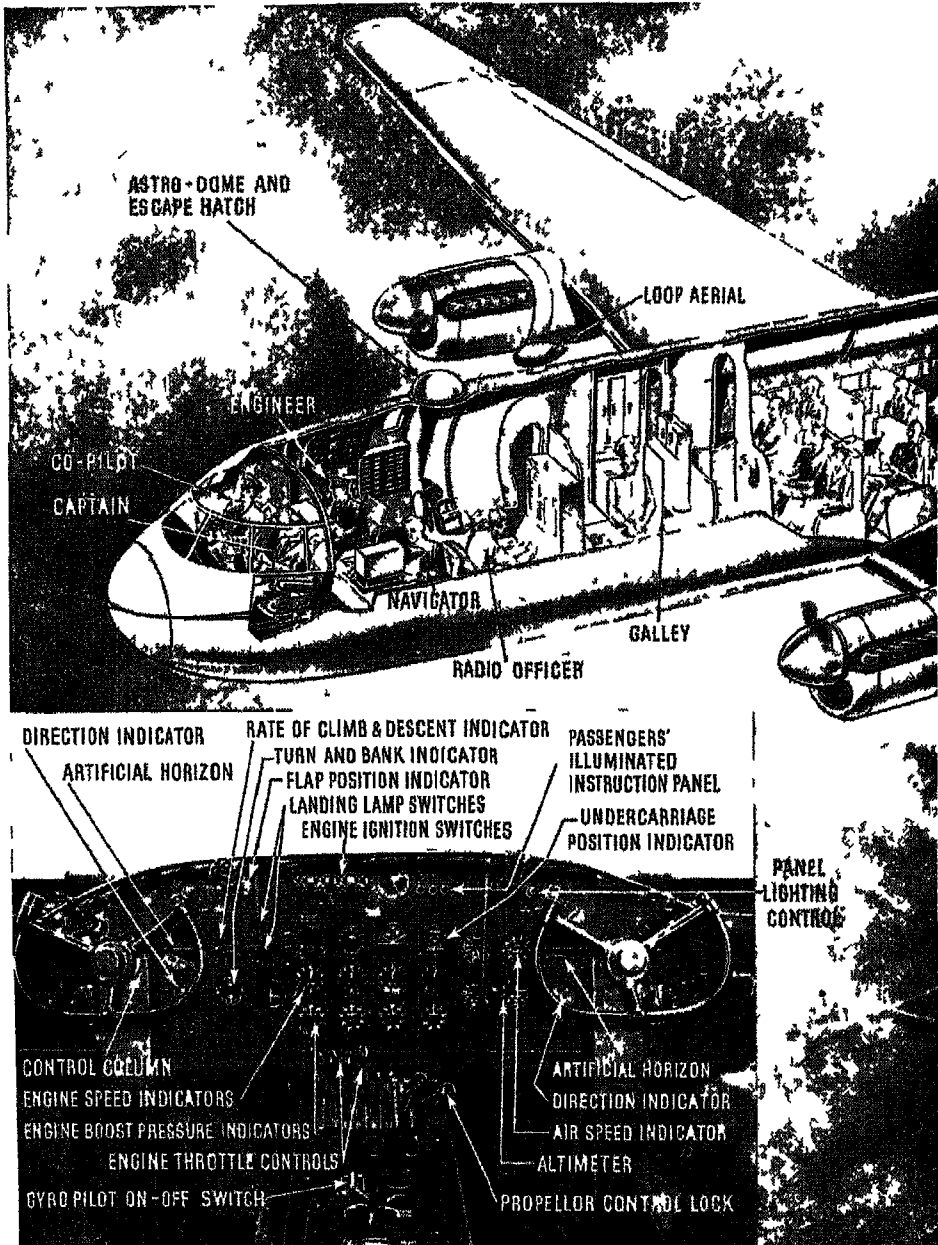
machine. Engines, radio apparatus and navigational gear are all subjected to exacting trial in flights which may vary from three-quarters of an hour to three hours in duration. Tests are completed a clear day before the next passenger flight.

Naturally, conditions vary with different lines and with different routes, but certain routine formalities are followed at most airports. It is usual, for instance, for a Captain to assemble his crew about two hours before the actual take-off and to begin by visiting the meteorological section for briefing as to the kind of weather they may expect to encounter on the route they intend to follow. He receives a comprehensive folder of forecasts for the airports where stops are to be made.

If the Captain decides to fly and the aircraft is serviceable, his decision is telephoned to the airways terminal and passengers then can be permitted to board the 'plane. Meanwhile, crew and flight supervisor report for briefing on navigational and radio facilities (page 106), not only at their scheduled ports of call but at diversionary airfields which might be used in emergency.

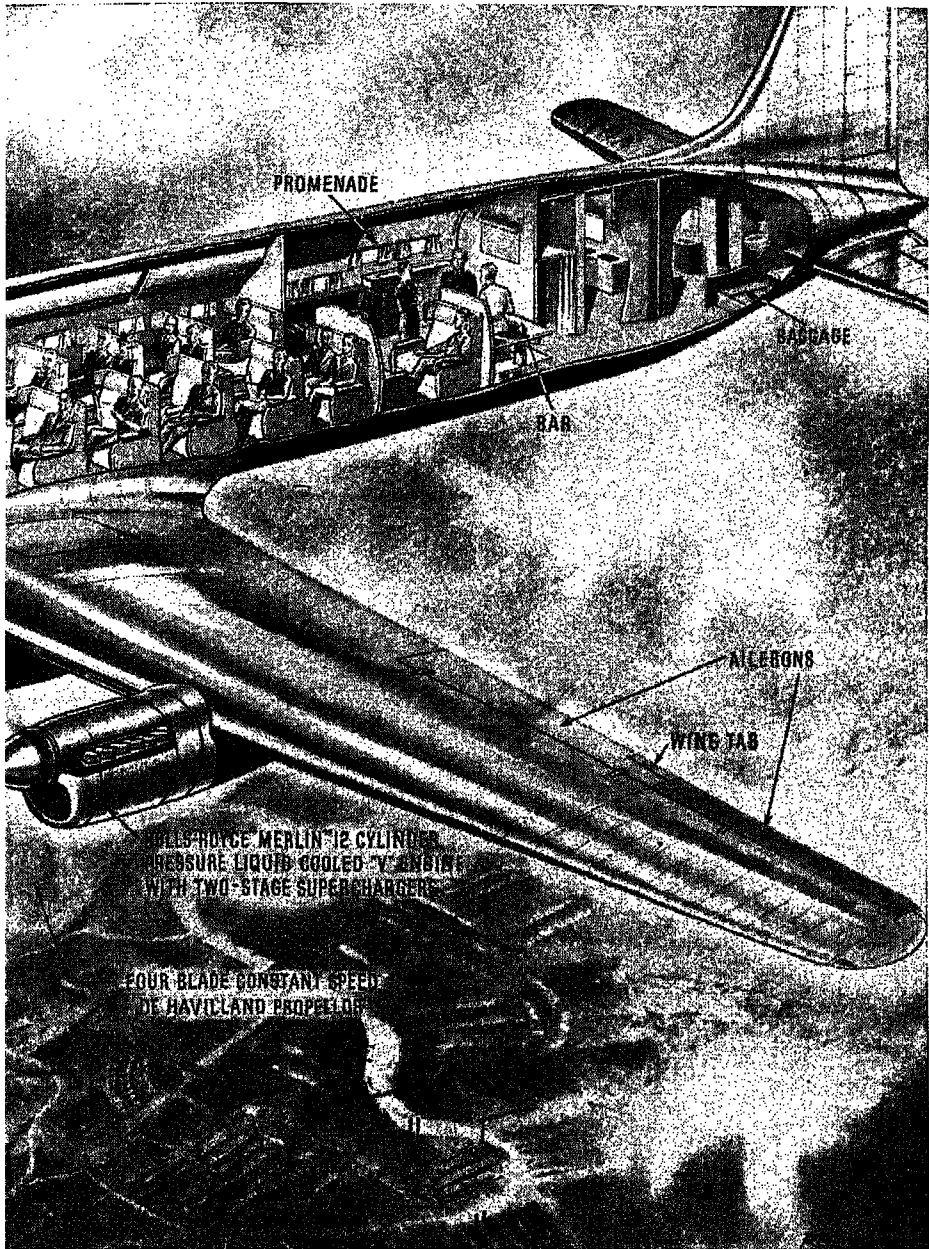
Having studied all these data, the

THE AIRLINE PILOT



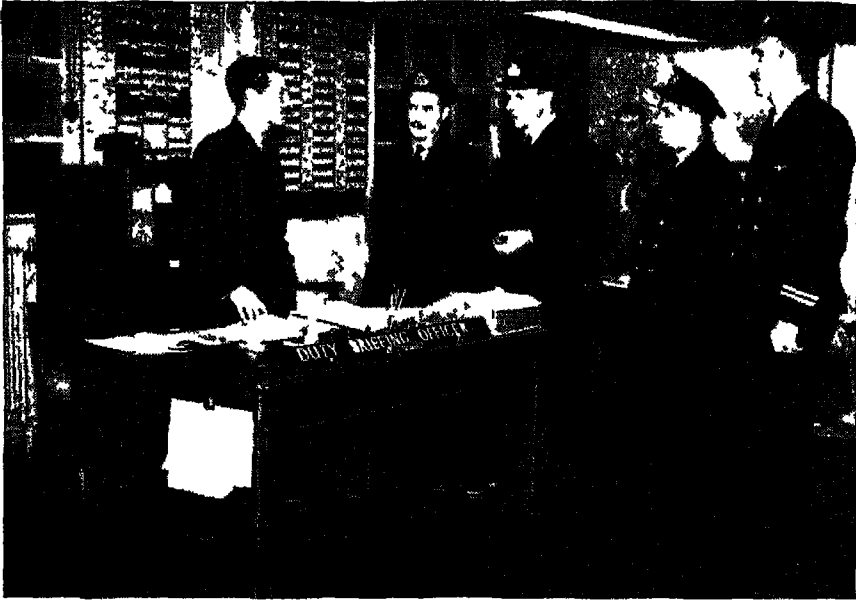
This sectional drawing of a luxury airliner shows the pitch of efficiency and comfort that has been achieved in catering for the traveller of today. Spacious seating accommodation is provided and most of the amenities of other forms of travel.

FLYING AN AIR LINER

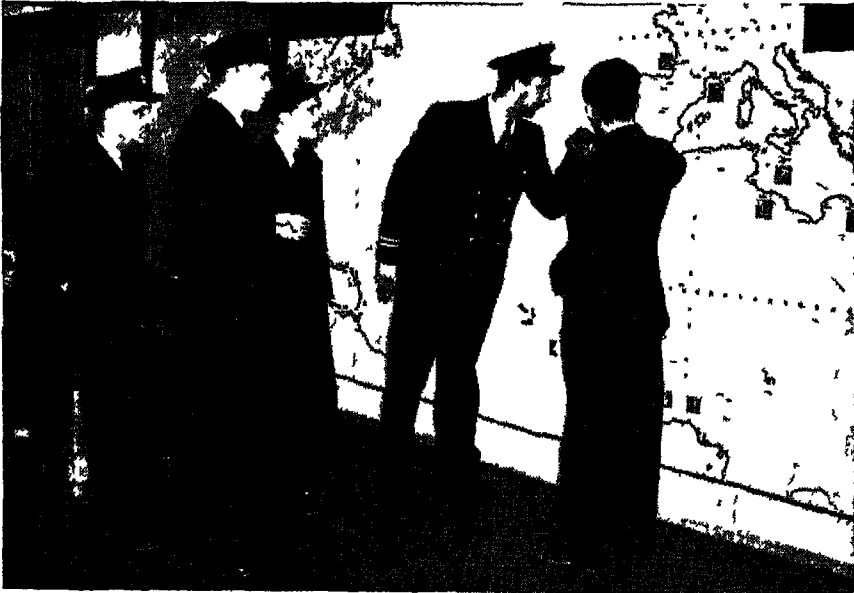


Multiple engines give the machine a generous margin of safety. Inset is a diagram of the controls, confusing, perhaps, to the layman, but providing Captain and co-pilot with every possible aid to accurate flying by day and night.

THE AIRLINE PILOT



About two hours before take-off on a long-distance flight, Captain and crew attend for briefing. The Duty Briefing Officer is ready to furnish them with up-to-the-minute reports on flying facilities on the route they are expected to follow. (Below) The team check their route on the wall map in the Briefing Room.



DETAILS OF BRIEFING

Captain gives details of the height at which he proposes to fly and indicates whether he intends to depart from the scheduled route. The flight supervisor then prepares a flight plan, which the Captain signs. All sorts of prior decisions rest with the Captain. He may decide, for instance, that bad weather or some other factor makes an extra margin of fuel desirable. He has merely to estimate his requirements and the flight supervisor sees they are met.

There is time for a quick meal in their mess, then Captain and crew have to pass through the Customs. When he has signed the "ship's papers," which include load sheet, trim sheet, and freight and passenger manifests, the Captain boards his 'plane. Shortly after that the passengers begin to arrive and are conducted to their places by members of the airport traffic staff. When they are all comfortably settled, the skipper introduces himself and tells them something about the first stage of their journey.

The weather promises to be good, he assures them, so they should have a pleasant first hop of about two hours. He then disappears through the connecting door to the flight deck, where the rest of the crew are at their respective stations. The size of the crew may vary according to the type of aircraft in use. An average crew might consist of Captain and first officer; navigator; engineer officer; radio officer; steward.

Captain and first officer sit side by

side as a rule with all the principal controls duplicated so that either can take charge of the flying without any necessity for changing places. The Captain's seat is on the port side and the engineer officer sits immediately behind him. Then comes the navigator's table, while on the starboard side, behind the first officer, is the radio officer with his transmitting and receiving gear. The steward or air hostess occupies quarters at the rear of the plane, which usually consists of a pantry and kitchen, fitted with a special electric stove.

One last look round, one final word with his crew, and the Captain clambers into his seat. He slips his feet into the two stirrup-like pedals of the rudder bar while his hands grasp the wheel surmounting the control column which operates the elevators and ailerons. A mass of dials confronts him (page 109). Chief among them are the altimeter, which gives him the height at which the plane is flying; the air speed indicator; the revolution counters for each of the engines, together with their oil-pressure, temperature and fuel gauges; the magnetic compass and various "blind flying" instruments by which he flies at night or in dense cloud.

They taxi across to the end of the selected runway; the engines are "revved up" and the engineer officer tests the magnetos and checks the gauges while other members of the crew carry out last-minute check-ups

THE AIRLINE PILOT

in their own particular spheres. At last the Captain receives permission from the control tower to take off. The liner moves down the runway, slowly at first, but gathering speed rapidly as the engines are opened up. The pilot eases the wheel gently towards him and the aircraft becomes airborne, skimming gracefully over the low hedges which fringe the airport. The retractable landing wheels are drawn up into their streamlined nacelles, and the liner climbs steadily into the afternoon sky. The first lap of the long flight has begun.

The skipper turns on course and

heads out across the English Channel. As the coast is left behind he hands over control to his first officer, and goes back to make sure that his passengers are all comfortable. From the passengers' point of view the first hour's flying may not be very interesting; but there is plenty to occupy the crew. The navigator is busy with his charts, and from time to time he gives the Captain corrections to course. The radio officer is in constant touch with the area control station, ever watchful for up-to-the-minute bulletins of weather conditions ahead. By this time it is pos-

sible that the actual flying is being done by "George"—the automatic pilot—a device now fitted to most modern airliners which, under normal conditions, is capable of keeping a 'plane on a set course.

From time to time the Captain makes out a little information chit which he circulates among his passengers. These brief bulletins are much appreciated, for they tell the travellers the position and height of the aircraft, mention items of interest to be watched for on the way, and give the navigator's estimate of the time of their first touch-down.



The two co-pilots of a flying-boat compare notes and examine reports before boarding their aircraft for the first "hop" of their long flight to Australia.

AT THE CONTROLS

If they are flying high there may be little to see but cloud, but occasionally there may be glimpses of snow-capped mountain peaks shimmering in the sunshine, and though the Captain has long forgotten the thrill of such sights, he tries to make sure that his passengers miss nothing.

Tea-time soon comes round, and the steward is ready with a fresh brew, with bread and butter, jam and cakes, for both passengers and crew. Dusk descends; navigation lights are switched on and the curtains separating the Captain and the first officer from the rest of the crew are drawn, leaving the pilots watching the fading landscape as they head out to sea once more.

As darkness deepens, the Captain relies more and more upon the cluster of luminous dials before him, though the information they yield is supplemented constantly with reports from both navigator and radio officer. About half an hour before they are due to reach their first port of call, the skipper takes over the controls again, and presently he throttles back his engines and begins to lose height slowly, preparatory to



All set for the take-off, the Captain of a modern airliner, hand on control column, faces a mass of dials and gauges, bewildering to the layman but providing him with all the latest aids to safe and accurate flying.

landing. A minute or two later the lights of the airport may be discerned twinkling in the darkness and the Captain is able to contact the airfield by radio-telephone for landing instructions.

Far below, the flare path is lit and various floodlights are turned on. The "all clear" is given by flying control, and the Captain brings his big airliner down in a smooth descent, with the engines' roar subdued to a murmur, but producing just sufficient power to ensure perfect manoeuvrability. The flares rush

THE AIRLINE PILOT

past on either side of the plane as he holds it off, a few feet above the ground, gradually easing it down in a perfect landing. A few seconds later he taxis towards the control building to discharge his passengers.

While the travellers are whisked away in a motor coach to the transit mess for a meal and perhaps a little shopping, the Captain and his crew go to the operations room to report on their flight. Particular care is taken to hand over a detailed record of all their own observations of weather encountered during their flight; and they, in turn, consult the weather reports for the next stage of their journey.

With these very essential formalities behind them, Captain and crew have a little leisure in which to get a meal, during which time their machine is re-fuelled. An inspection by the engineer officer follows, and they are ready to take off again. Before going to the controls, the Captain has another brief chat with his passengers. "I'd advise you to try and get some sleep now, if you can," he counsels, pointing out that the next stage of their journey of nearly a thousand miles will be in the dark.

Once again "George" does most of the actual flying; but the skipper is kept busy enough, watching his dials and instruments and studying the various reports from his navigator and radio officer. Sometimes he may discuss with them some problem which has arisen unexpectedly. As a result he may find it

imperative to make a decision to turn back or to change course and divert to an alternative destination.

Occasionally the first officer may take over; but even though the Captain may relax for short periods, it is unlikely that he will sleep. Some of his colleagues can relax completely, but he cannot, and the loss of a single revolution on any of the engines finds him wide awake.

The steward brings hot coffee at intervals, and when they are some hundred miles from their destination, the skipper takes over the controls once more. As the first streaks of dawn appear the 'plane comes in to land. This stop, being a long one, enables the skipper to turn in for a lengthy sleep—perhaps until mid-day. After lunch he may be able to rest again until within an hour or two of a midnight take-off for the next stage of their journey, possibly a hop of about nine hundred miles. This means five hours' flying, so again the Captain will advise his passengers to try to get some sleep. As most of them are likely to have been on sight-seeing excursions at the previous stopping place during the day they are ready enough to follow his advice.

In any case there will be very little to see. The route may possibly lie over bleak, unfriendly desert for much of the way. If there should be a moon the skipper might watch the large rivers winding below like big black snakes, but that would be all.

They may land just a little before

SUPERVISING PASSENGERS' WELL-BEING



A flying-boat Captain chats with his passengers before the take-off, satisfies himself that they are comfortable, and tells them something about the initial stages of their journey and what they may expect to see if the visibility is good.

sunrise, but there is no time for more than a bath and a hasty breakfast before they are off again. For the Captain, if the route now lies over wild country, the next hop is the most important of all. He must keep careful watch on two things—the weather and the mountains.

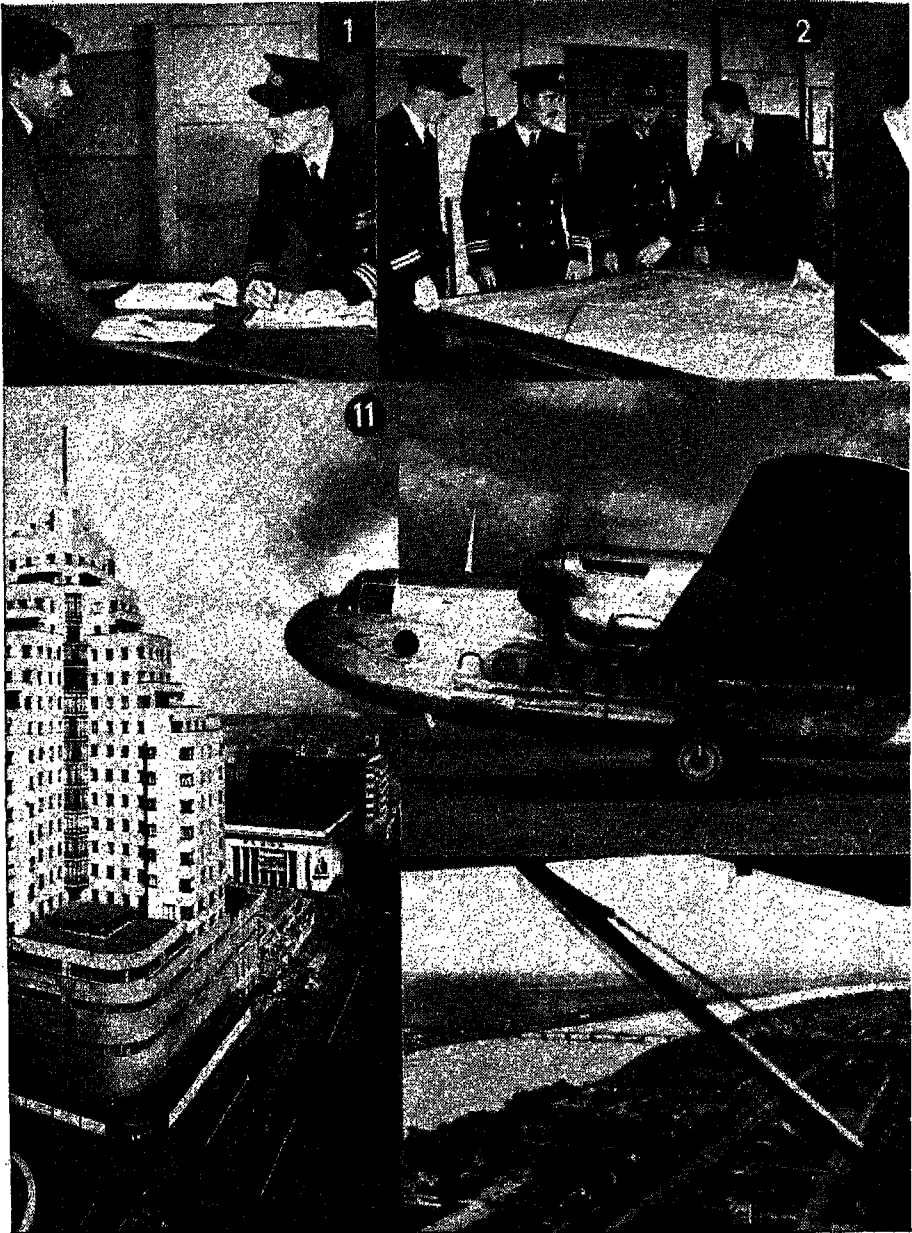
The presence of cumulus clouds may call for rapid decisions. If he tries to fly below them he may quite possibly give his passengers some bumpy moments. If he decides to go higher it is possible that they will have to wear oxygen masks. Usually when faced with a situation of this sort, the pilot prefers to climb, and sometimes, by weaving in and out

among the tops of clouds at about 12,000 feet, he gets through without too much inconvenience for anyone.

All the time, too, he keeps a sharp look-out for special landmarks. The shores of a large lake may provide his next pin-point, telling him that it is time to alter course. Perhaps a great chain of mountain peaks lies ahead, and experience has taught him that if he makes a detour to keep clear of them he can avoid bad weather as well.

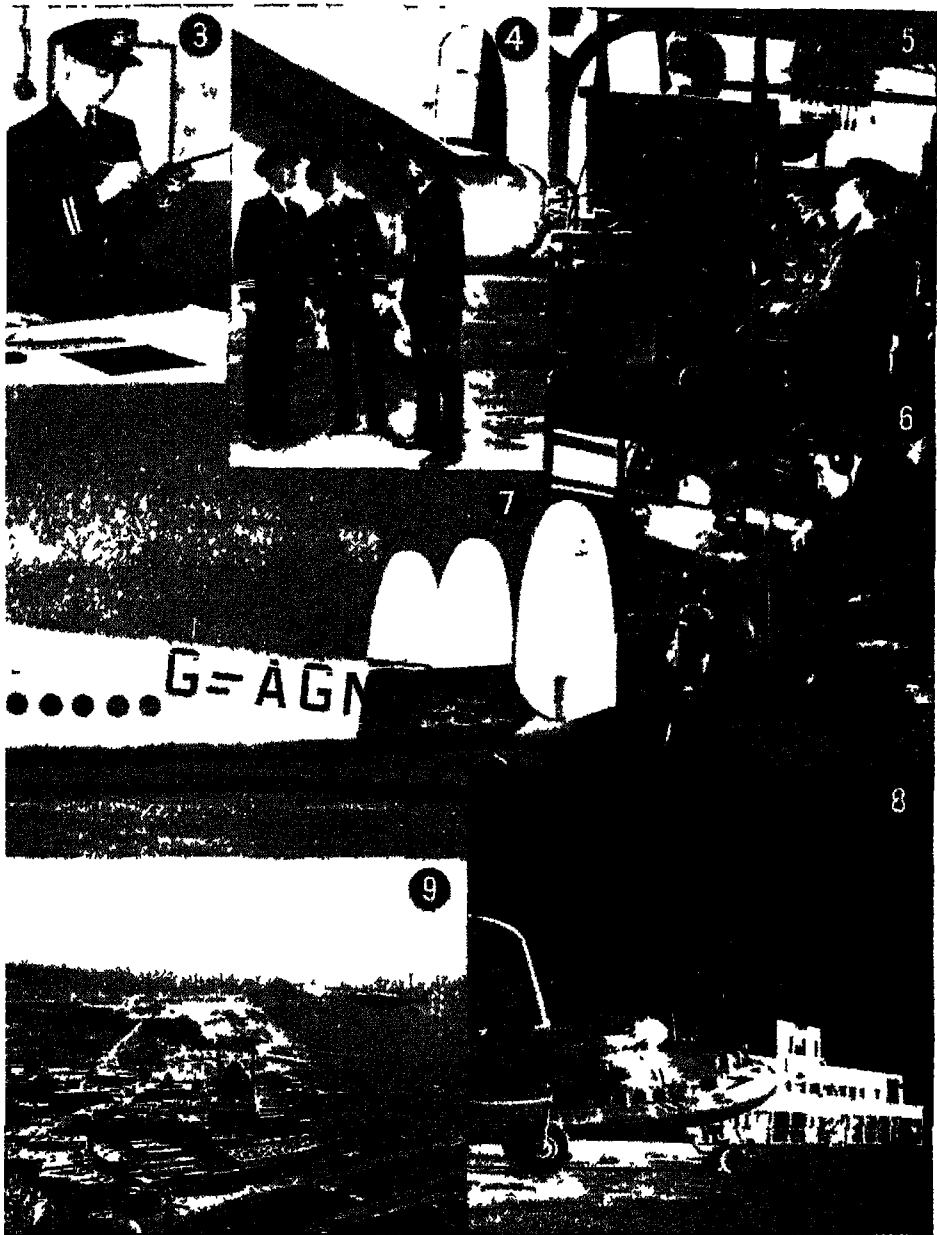
Perhaps the time schedule for his particular route is hinged upon arrival at the next stop before 2 p.m. because it is usual for thunderstorms and tropical downpours to

THE AIRLINE PILOT



Here are a few highlights of a long-distance flight. (1) The Captain signs on. (2) With his crew he studies a special map of the route in the briefing room. (3) He discusses points with his navigator, who makes appropriate notes, and

FLIGHT ROUTINE



(4 and 5) checks over controls while the wireless operator (6) carries out his tests. (7) Ready for take-off. (8) A late take-off in darkness. (9) A glimpse of Cairo. (10) The river at Khartoum. (11) Approaching journey's end.

THE AIRLINE PILOT

occur in the afternoon. All such points are the fruits of long flying experience and have to be considered. Beating the weather is often a full-time job.

At the next stop the Captain may again be able to enjoy the luxury of a bath and a good meal at a comfortable hotel. Rationing being left thousands of miles behind him he may find a tempting menu with scores of dishes to choose from. He goes to bed early, but is probably up before dawn for the last hop of this trip.

If the weather is good he flies low enough to give his passengers an opportunity of seeing whatever scenery may be worth noting. But if visibility is not favourable and he is flying in mountainous regions he must climb high to allow a good safety margin. Then his passengers are unlucky, for they see nothing but cloud.

On they go, with the nature of the country below changing all the time until the plane noses her way down low enough for the Captain to sight the big towns which tell him that he is nearing journey's end.

For the last time he goes back to his passengers and briefs them for the landing; then he resumes control in the cockpit and brings the aircraft in. The voice from the flying control officer on the airfield comes crackling over to his earphones, and a few moments later he is safely on the tarmac, saying good-bye to the passengers he has brought to a point

several thousands of miles from home in little more than a week-end. They left at 9 a.m. on a Friday; it is now Monday, and they are in time for lunch!

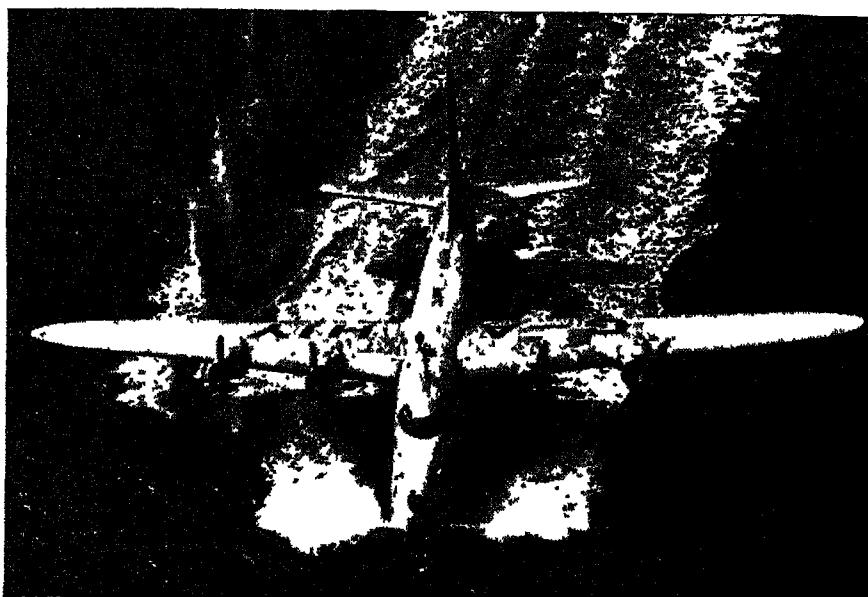
When he has filed his report of the trip the Captain goes off for four days' well-earned rest. In the early hours of the following Saturday morning he may start on a return flight to England and, under normal conditions, he could expect to have tea in Bournemouth on Monday afternoon.

His next trip may be over a different route; but whatever the destination, it will be just a routine job to the airline skipper, varied only by the need for packing clothing and kit appropriate to the country for which he is bound.

What are his rewards? This depends upon the line by which he is employed and his specific grading. In some lines there are three grades of Captain—Junior, Senior 2nd Class and Senior 1st Class. Basic salaries range between £1,000 and £1,650 per annum, but there are additional allowances governed by the route flown.

As his active life is a comparatively short one he must keep an eye on the future when he plans his personal budgets. He can retire on pension between forty and fifty, drawing from £350 to £650 regardless of length of service and rank on retirement. On the other hand, should he decide to remain in the service, he would receive favourable considera-

PREPARING TO LAND



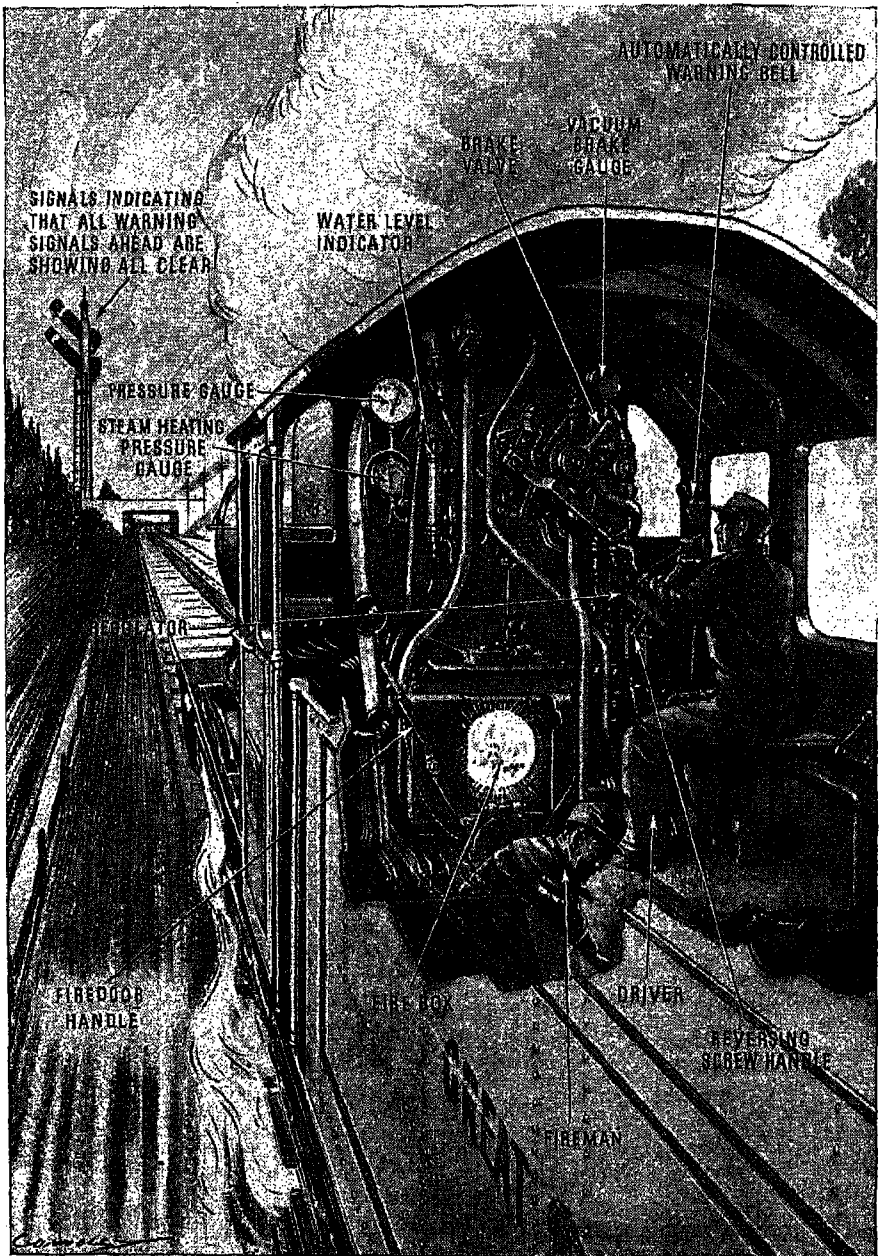
A giant four-engined flying boat of the type used on Empire routes comes gently to rest leaving a carpet of foam in her wake. Experts envisage an increasing popularity for this class of craft which provides great comfort for passengers.

tion for employment on ground duties once his active flying days are past.

In addition to the pilots employed by regular air lines, many flyers are now engaged in private charter work. Scores of charter companies are operating today, many of them in a big way, and some maintaining fleets of airliners and their own aerodromes. Existing regulations preclude such companies from competing with the big Government Corporations by running regular passenger services, but the demand for special charter work is sufficient to keep them all busy.

The Captains of aircraft engaged in this kind of work have to be ver-

satile flyers with wide experience, for they never know where they will be asked to go next. One day they may have to rush a party of business executives to Trieste; the next day it may be Madrid; or they may be asked to fly some engineers with machinery spares to the Far East. Transatlantic hops are a commonplace. Because of the variety offered, charter work makes a big appeal to the younger and more adventurous flyers, though in practice, of course, it calls for equal steadiness and responsibility. But whichever form of flying the commercial air pilot indulges in, the job is one which demands superlative qualities and a high degree of skill.



This artist's drawing shows the interior of an express locomotive's cab, with the various controls, gauges and safety devices. Driving a heavy engine like this calls for the most highly skilled teamwork between an experienced driver and fireman.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER

CONVEYING GOODS AND PASSENGERS BY RAIL

A LOUD knock on his front door probably marks the start of the average engine-driver's day. This is made by the "knocker-up," detailed for this special duty to ensure that the driver is not late for work. He keeps knocking until he secures a satisfactory response from within. His round of the homes of drivers and firemen is made at least one hour before they are due to sign on for duty.

Meanwhile, inside the engine sheds, the locomotives are being overhauled and serviced by staffs of mechanics, fitters and cleaners, in readiness for their respective runs.

In dressing, the driver takes care to select warm underclothes, for the temperature in a locomotive engine cab is conditional upon extremes of heat from the firebox and cold from the constant draughts of fresh air which are sucked into it when travelling at speed. A greatcoat would be an encumbrance, so the driver must wear good warm clothing beneath his overalls.

As he breakfasts, his wife prepares the food he will need for the day, and this includes an ample supply of tea, for driving is thirsty work. His first consideration on

reaching the engine sheds is to sign on; then he proceeds to the big notice-board (see page 118) from which he learns the trains allotted to him for outward and return journeys. If the journey is over two hundred miles it is likely that his return run will be scheduled for the following day. From the same source he learns who is to be his fireman for the trip.

Nowadays an engine may be manned by a number of different crews in the course of a week, but wherever possible, driver and fireman work together as a team. Each gets to know the other's characteristics. They also get to know the characteristics of the different engines, which vary considerably.

Care is taken in planning the duties of engine-crews to see that the work is shared out as evenly as possible. All the train arrangements for which a shed happens to be responsible are linked up into weekly rosters, each containing sufficient work for seven or eight crews during the week. The most experienced men are in the "top links" at the shed, with the most important runs, which are the most remunerative.

Another notice-board gives the

THE ENGINE-DRIVER

drivers miscellaneous information which is necessary for efficient running. There are notes of bridges or sections of track under repair, where a "slack," or compulsory reduction of speed, has been imposed. There are also warnings of any new signals which may have been erected; and usually there are special instructions concerning the type of engines that are to be driven as they all vary in performance.

So every driver and fireman studies the notice-board carefully before proceeding to the stores (opposite) to draw whatever equipment is required for the trip, such as fireman's shovel, spanners, a bucket, cloths and waste. At any large engine

shed, the marshalling of the locomotives is a fine art, for they must be grouped in the order in which they will be required. It is a busy scene, viewed through a haze of smoke, with some engines undergoing repairs, while others are being finished off by gangs of busy cleaners. At the same time, boys hurry along with shovels laden with blazing coal from the shed furnace to prime engines that are just being "lit up."

Many memories must crowd into the mind of a driver as he watches such a scene. He probably started in that same shed as a cleaner himself, before being promoted to the footplate as a fireman. He probably recalls how he first fired a modest



Driver and fireman study the special notice-board which tells them the train that has been allotted to them for both outward and homeward journeys. The number of their particular engine is given, and as they vary in performance, the smiles may denote that this team is pleased with the day's assignment.

PREPARING FOR THE RUN



Before going to their engine, driver and fireman visit the stores, where they draw whatever equipment they will need for the trip. Spanners, buckets, cloths, waste, oil-cans and oil are issued as required. Here they check over their equipment.

shunting engine, and rose, grade by grade, from goods to passenger work, and, finally, to the thrill of firing an express train. During that long apprenticeship he not only learned everything about the control of a locomotive, but also gained intimate knowledge of various lines. Then came the great day when he found himself promoted to driver and took command on the footplate of his own engine.

Such is the road which all drivers travel; a hard road, and a long road, with no short cuts; but it makes for efficiency and confidence.

When an engine leaves its shed it passes under a great coaling tower to receive the fuel that will be needed

for the day's run. This may amount to as much as nine tons, and it is dropped by automatic gear from the storage bunker overhead into the tender.

Before a run begins, the crew put in a busy hour, getting up steam, with frequent tending of the fire, and perhaps the use of the steam blower to increase draught if the needle on the pressure-gauge is not mounting quickly enough. The big engine is inspected from end to end. The long snout of the driver's oil-can pries into various remote corners, and every moving part is subjected to scrutiny.

At last they are ready to move off, the driver climbs into his cab (see

THE ENGINE-DRIVER

below); a light touch of the driver's hand upon the regulator (page 116) sends his mighty engine gliding forward to the point of exit on to the main line. For a few moments, perhaps, a danger-signal bars the way, and one can almost sense a snort of impatience from the engine, as it waits for the arm to fall so that it can move on towards the terminus.

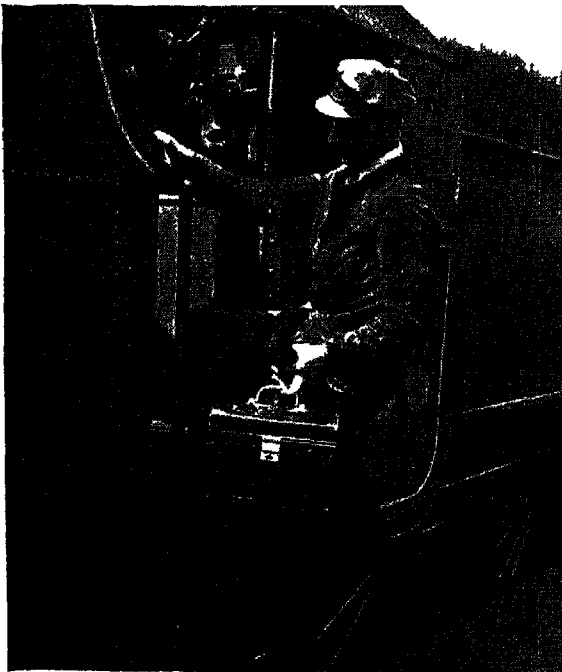
The tender, piled high with coal, is leading, and both driver and fireman are leaning out of the cab's side windows so that none of the signals on this busy stretch of line is missed. As they approach the terminus there

is another halt; but it is only momentary. Then, from the cluster of electric colour-lights ahead, the driver picks out one small light which tells him that it is safe to back on to his train.

There is quite an art in backing on to a train so that scarcely a passenger detects the engine's arrival. Enthusiasts massed upon the platform can appreciate the nicety of judgment, and, of course, there are often plenty of boys with note-books and pencils, eager to jot down a record of the engine's name and number. While the driver smiles to

this admiring gallery, the fireman slips down between tender and train and "couples up." Then, removing what had been the "light engine" headlamp, he transfers it to the lamp-iron at one side of the front buffer-beam, to form, with a similar lamp over the far buffer, the head code that indicates "Express Passenger."

As the driver tests the brakes, the guard arrives, note-book in hand, to record the number of the engine and the names of the crew. The platform inspector, who is in charge of all departures from the terminus, is not far away, and the locomotives inspector on



No restaurant car or buffet service are provided for the driver, and it may be a long trip! But he is all right. His wife has seen that his luncheon-tin has been adequately packed with food for the journey.

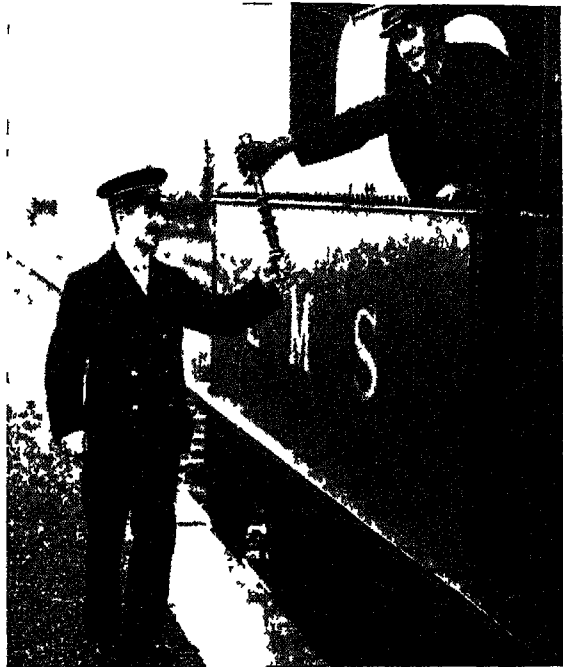
GATHERING SPEED

duty may stroll up for a word with the driver. If it happens to be a special train the station-master is there also.

Departure time comes. The engine safety-valves lift with a roar, for full pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch has been attained. The fireman leans out of his side window and looks back down the platform intently, while the driver holds his hand poised upon the polished regulator. At the platform's end the starting signal light changes to green, and a succession of lights beyond, stretching as far down the line as the eye can see, also switch

through orange to green, indicating that the driver has "got the road."

The guard's penetrating whistle is heard behind and the green flag is waving as other hands relay the "right away!" along the crowded platform. "Right away!" calls the fireman, and the driver's arm stiffens and the regulator is opened. The driver eases the regulator gradually, for a gentle shudder from the locomotive tells that the wheels are slipping slightly on the smooth rails. The sanding gear is at work, however, and a steam jet is blowing fine sand beneath the wheels. The driver



Exchanging the staff—a safety precaution used on a single-line track. There is only one staff and the driver cannot proceed until he has possession of the staff, which he will surrender at the next station.

glances at his watch. "On time," he notes, with a satisfied nod.

He refers to his watch many times throughout the journey, for he is scheduled to pass all important intermediate stations and junctions at definite times.

Smoothly and easily the one-hundred-and-sixty-ton engine and tender and the fifteen or sixteen coaches, which weigh well over five hundred tons, move away. The exhaust steam is shooting straight up out of the funnel, with a staccato, quickening beat. Soon the driver begins to "notch up," which means

THE ENGINE-DRIVER

an adjustment of the valve-gear of the engine to alter the precise point in the "stroke" of the pistons through the cylinders at which the admission of live steam is cut off. Thus the driver makes adjustments until the cut-off has come down to perhaps 15 per cent or so, and for the remaining six-sevenths of each piston stroke the steam is doing its work by expansion.

This is where the driver's expert knowledge of the road ahead comes into play. He makes adjustments to the cut-off from time to time, increasing it for hard work on the uphill stretches and bringing it back *for the easy, level running. For much* of the way the throttle has been full open, the locomotive working at its maximum efficiency, with the sharp beat of the exhaust reduced to a contented rhythmic purr which almost suggests that the machine is thoroughly enjoying the trip.

The driver's concentrated gaze seldom leaves the glass windows. He has a comfortable seat from which he can reach all the main controls easily and command a full view of the line ahead. A seat is provided for the fireman, too, but he has less time to use it. Every few minutes he must take his stand on the swaying footplate and shovel coal into the glowing firebox. Locomotive firing calls for dexterity as well as muscle. Every shovelful of fuel must be "placed" with care. From time to time the fireman's eye wanders to the pressure-gauge, for the driver's

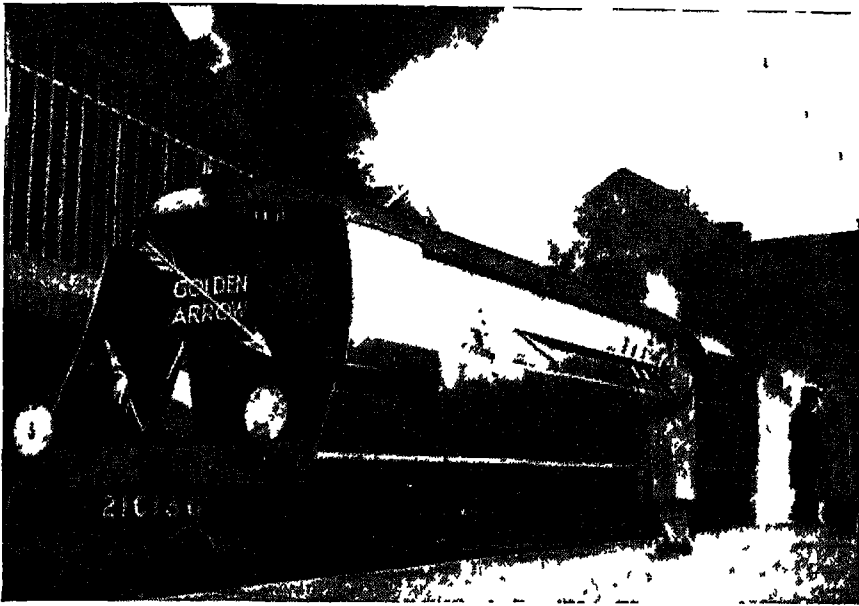
supply of steam depends on the skill of his companion.

Now and again, drawing on his own past experience as a fireman, the driver may give a word of advice. The fireman, too, watches the "glass" as he calls the water-gauge, and by putting injectors *on* or *off* as required, sees that the boiler is kept well filled.

Through all the rattle and roar that are a continuous accompaniment to footplate travel, the driver's ears are ever alert, ready to detect any unusual sound in the beat of the engine. Some tell-tale murmur, inaudible, almost, to any but the *trained ear, may betray a defect* that has developed in a working part. But all the driver's senses are alert. His nose detects instantly the faint whiff of burning oil that betokens an overheated bearing. In his cab he carries a "Repair Card," and on it he notes anything which, in his opinion, merits attention when the engine finally returns to its shed.

So the long journey goes on. Meals have to be snatched in the middle of all these duties, without any relaxation of the vigilance that the job demands. As the last stage is reached, the fireman lays down his shovel for the last time, knowing that they now have sufficient steam to bring them in. Pressure may be "down" on arrival, but that is all to the good, because to "blow off" at the safety-valves when the run is finished is an indication that the steam pressure is unnecessarily high,

THE CRACK EXPRESS



A crack train always excites plenty of interest, and here the streamlined engine of the famous "Golden Arrow" Continental Express is seen getting up steam preparatory to pulling out of Victoria. Note the Union Jack and Tricolour flags, symbols of this cross-Channel service, which are attached to the engine front.

and coal has therefore been wasted. Consequently, it is not considered a good advertisement for the fireman.

The crack express glides into its destination station "on time," finally stopping with that perfect smoothness that is the hall-mark of competent driving. After the roar and racket of the footplate there is singing in the ears of the crew for some time after the engine has come to rest. Both men are tired and as glad as any passenger that the long run is over.

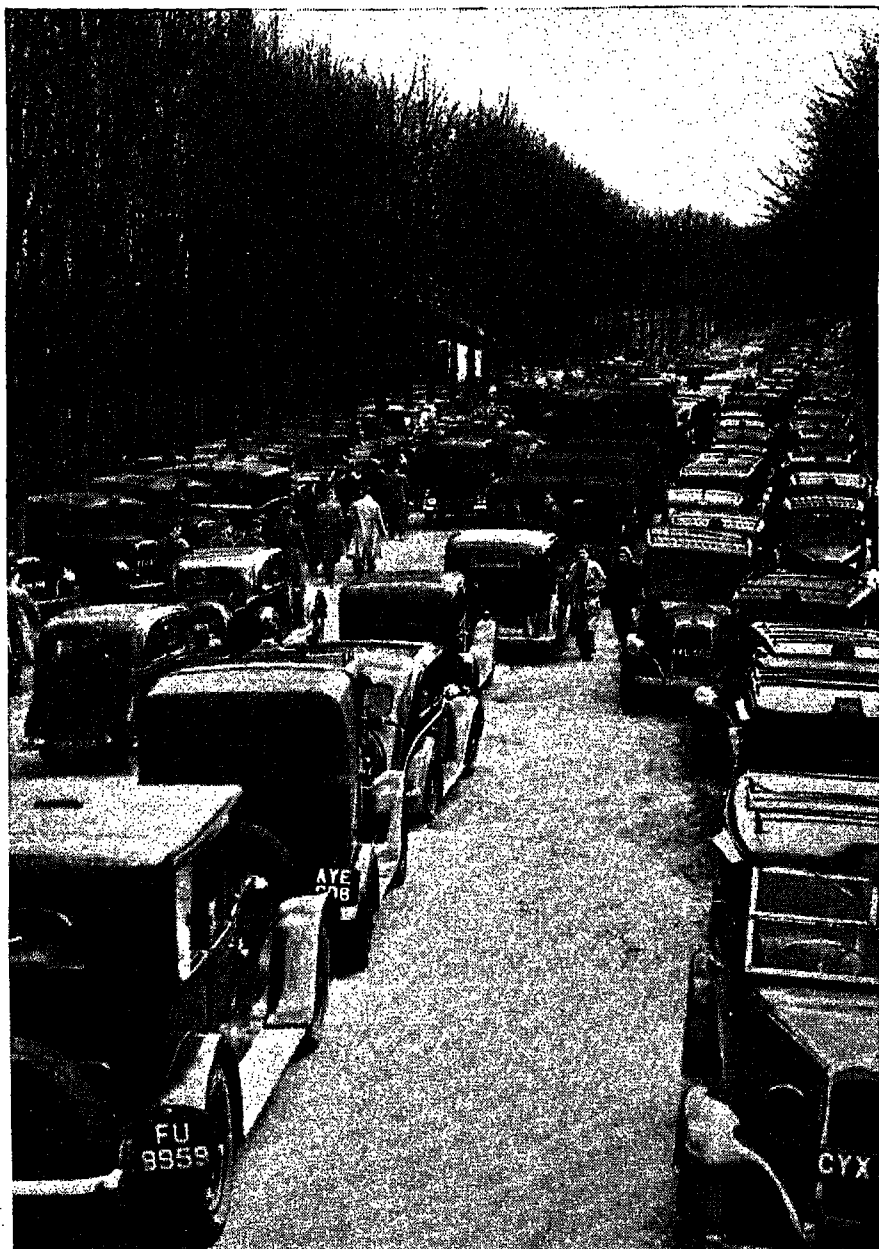
They may hand their engine over to a relief crew if the train is proceeding farther, or to a "disposal crew" who will take it back to the

shed. Or they may drive back to the shed themselves before they sign off for the day.

If they have finished up far from their home district the crew go to a comfortable hostel provided for them; or, if no hostel is available, in lodgings reserved for them.

Driver and fireman are proud of their work, proud in the knowledge that the long years of training and experience have given them the skill to take their 700-ton train safely and punctually on its long journey.

Weather conditions can make it difficult and worrying work but they would probably be the first to admit that they enjoy it.



Big sporting events, such as race meetings and football matches, mean special commissions for the taxi-driver. In this typical race-going concourse the taxicabs far outnumber the private cars and the taxi-drivers are reaping a harvest.

THE TAXI-DRIVER

PLYING FOR FARES IN THE METROPOLIS

TAXIMEN may be divided into two groups—those who own their cabs and those who work for a company. The independent driver is familiarly known as a “musher,” the term being a contraction of “mushroom driver.” A taxicab is an expensive vehicle, costing at least one thousand pounds, so the “musher” usually acquires his vehicle on the instalment system and pays for it out of earnings.

Subject to conforming with police regulations, the owner-driver can drive where he pleases and for as long as he pleases. He can make his headquarters anywhere. As his is a one-man business, all takings, whether registered on the meter or not, go into his own pocket and overheads can be kept down to a minimum. But he must always be careful to keep his cab in first-class running condition, or the Metropolitan Police, with their vigilant Public Carriage Inspectors, may serve him with a “stop notice” ordering him to remedy specific defects at once. Moreover, before he can license his cab for a period of twelve months, he must present it for inspection by the Metropolitan Police authorities. For this reason it

is essential that part of the earnings be set aside to cover maintenance costs in addition to instalment costs, rent of meter, road licence and insurance. Nevertheless, a prudent free-lance who makes due provision for all these things can do very well. It must be borne in mind, though, that if his cab is laid up for any length of time, or if he himself becomes ill, his business is at a standstill and his takings vanish.

So most taxi-drivers today prefer, for economic and security reasons, to work for a company which, if it is prosperous, may own a fleet of as many as three hundred vehicles, including many of the newest makes, such as that shown on page 127. A journeyman driver is usually attached to a particular garage where, for a moderate tip, he can get his cab regularly serviced. He receives no wages from the owners, but he either works on a commission of 30–40 per cent of the takings registered on the meter, or he pays the owners a flat rate (known as “the flat”) for the hire of the cab. All gratuities remain his property and, of course, form a considerable item in his income. He is also permitted to retain any “extras” respecting additional

THE TAXI-DRIVER

passengers or luggage. These extras were long the subject of dispute until a strike resulted in an agreement favouring the drivers.

It is not easy to become a taxi-driver. No licence is granted until the applicant has undergone a series of rigorous tests. In order to be considered for the job at all he must be over twenty-one, more than 5 ft. in height, able to read and write, and in possession of a birth certificate. If he can meet these requirements he must fill up a form and have his photograph taken at the Public Carriage Office in Lambeth, at the same time submitting to a medical examination and special eyesight tests.

After about a fortnight's interval, the candidate has to present himself for an oral examination to test his knowledge of London and its streets. This usually consists of ten questions, which might not seem very exacting to a Londoner, born and bred, though in practice it is rare for anyone to pass the first time. Some make ten or more attempts before achieving success, and many give up hope after their first few failures. For the questions are most searching, and vague answers are not accepted. Apart from being able to say instantly where all important theatres, municipal buildings, stations, factories, hotels, blocks of flats and clubs are located, the candidate must know the quickest way of getting from one place to another. The slightest hesitancy means failure and taking a new test at a later date.

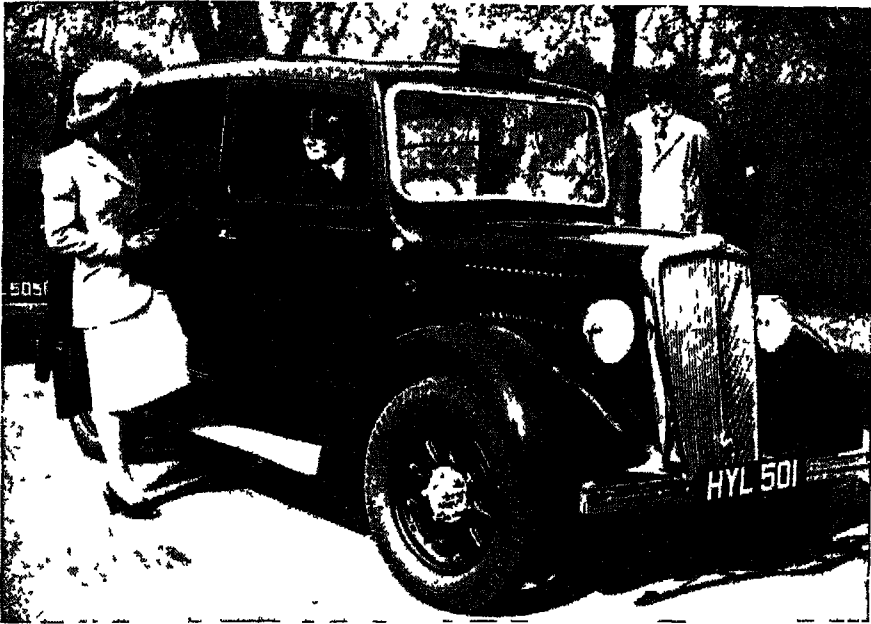
To assist the persevering candidate he is given a booklet to study, and his progress at each test is carefully checked and recorded by the police. Finally, after about nine months on the average, though sometimes much longer, the desired standard is attained and the candidate can congratulate himself upon having won the first round!

Round two consists of the driving test. Though briefer than the oral examination it is no less severe. It is held at the Public Carriage Office, a vehicle of the same make as that which he intends to drive being provided for the purpose—usually this is done by the company for which the candidate hopes to work. He must demonstrate his skill in turning in a confined space and in driving in traffic. If he fails he is given a fortnight in which to practise. But four attempts are the limit allowed. Failure then means going back to the beginning—form-filling, medical tests, eyesight tests—and everything!

When he succeeds in passing all tests he obtains his Motor Cab Driver's licence and the numbered metal badge which all taxi-drivers display on their overcoats. The licence itself, for which he has to pay 5s., bears his signature and photograph, and if he is a journeyman driver, a duplicate is held by his employers. This licence is normally renewable every three years, but it can be withdrawn at any time, at the instance of Public Carriage Inspectors.

After passing the age of fifty,

THE TESTS THEY PASS



As the driver lowers his flag to denote that his cab is engaged and to set the meter in operation, he listens carefully to his fare's instructions. His new, streamlined cab looks as smart as a private car, and is certainly quite as comfortable.

when memory might be expected to weaken, the police insist upon regular medical examinations and knowledge-of-London tests for taxi-drivers. But they are a hardy race and often keep going till old age.

A newly-qualified driver can work by day or by night, as his fancy prompts him. A young and vigorous man may volunteer for night work, which is certainly more interesting, though the inconvenience of the hours makes it less popular on the whole. Not being a wage-earner he can leave or be dismissed at a moment's notice. Each driver has what is termed a "bill," a copy of which is retained by the company

for which he works. If he decides to leave he is "handed his bill" and that is the end of it. If his record is clean he can be sure of getting another job fairly quickly. There is seldom any unemployment problem.

When he presents himself at his garage at about six in the evening his cab is ready for him, cleaned and serviced, though it is quite likely that it has already done a day's work. The day driver has returned it in the late afternoon, after being on charter since about six a.m., and the garage hands have since seen that it receives a thorough overhaul for the "second shift."

The night driver can be sure of an

THE TAXI-DRIVER

interesting evening. If he is to catch the crowds he must be cruising in a likely area well before restaurants and theatres open; and he must be prepared to work virtually without a break until the early hours of the morning. His fares range from the very jaded and tired homegoers to the high-spirited revellers who are seemingly tireless. Late wayfarers who are enjoying themselves never give a thought to the clicking of the taximeter. The "extras" are often substantial, for although the driver may not carry more than four passengers at a time, he charges extra fares for the third and fourth passengers in his cab; and as pleasure-seekers enjoy crowding into a taxi to drive from one resort to another, their tips are usually generous.

As the evening wears on the taxi-driver finds that he is more and more in demand. Fares are scrambling for his services and he can afford to be more discriminating. Although he is more or less compelled to stop for passengers when his "flag" is up, he need not necessarily accept them if, on closer inspection, he does not like the look of them. He has fought long and hard for his privileges in this respect. Today he has a legal right to decline to carry drunkards or those whom he considers too dirty to enter his cab. If a prospective fare is unreasonably rude and offensive his custom can likewise be declined.

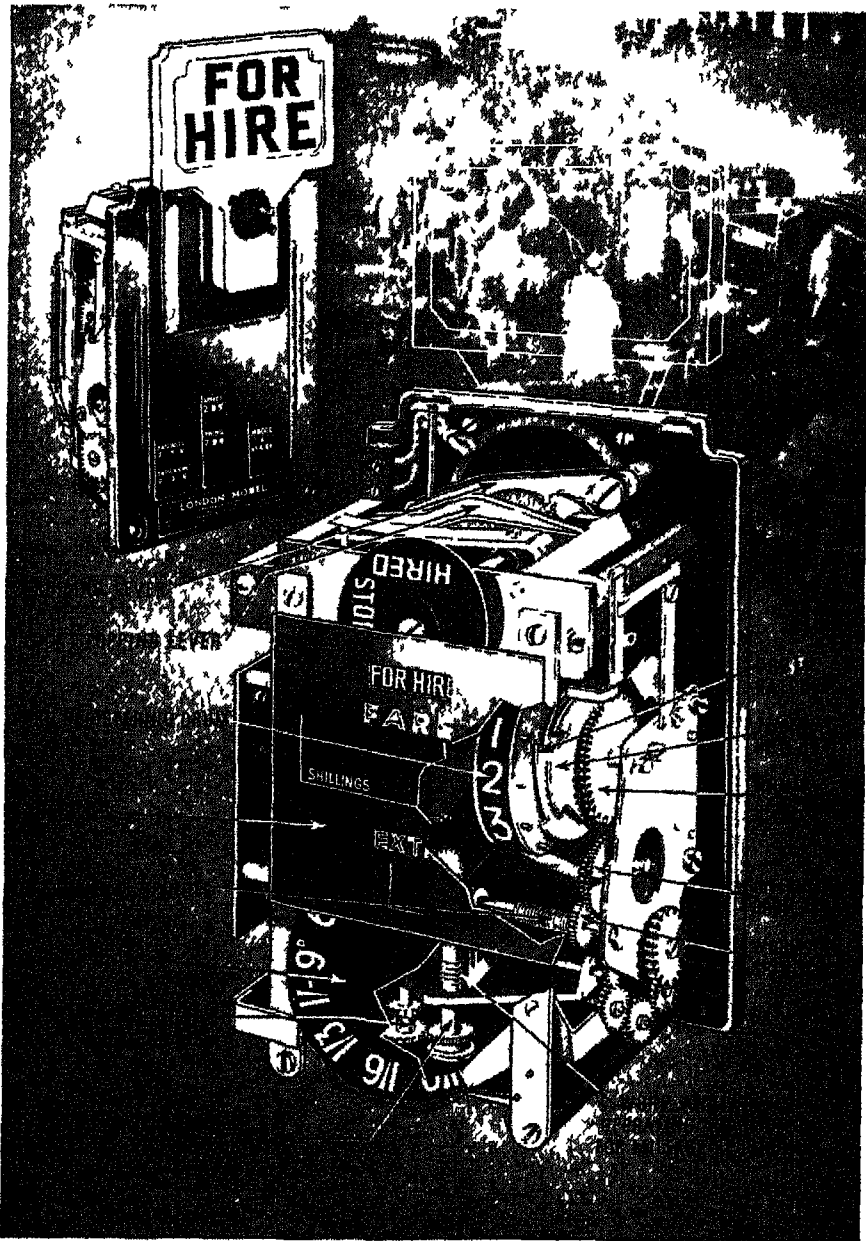
As cabmen are traditionally expert in repartee there are few situa-

tions that cannot be settled by a little forceful reasoning from the driver. Some difficulty, however, may be encountered in getting rid of limpet-like fares who often show great disinclination to surrender a taxi once they have chartered it. Such customers sometimes assume that the vehicle is theirs by right and are apt to regard the driver as their private chauffeur.

So there are regulations to cover him there. He is not obliged to take a fare for more than six miles, though he has no right to decline any journey less than that distance, unless it involves driving outside the Metropolitan area. There is also the "waiting" problem. There are annoying clients who, having hired a cab, drive to the nearest club or pub and disappear into it for the rest of the evening. The driver is not compelled to wait more than one hour, but in practice it is often difficult and embarrassing to enforce his rights. There is bound to be an occasion when he finds himself "bilked" and has to drive home with his meter registering a sum that must be settled out of his own pocket.

A word about the taximeter. This ingenious device remains the property of the manufacturers and is only rented to the driver or to the company employing him. Once it is affixed to a cab it is sealed by the police and must not be tampered with until it receives its annual accuracy test at the National Physical Laboratory. It is an ex-

"CLOCKING" THE FARE



This diagram reveals the inner mysteries of the taximeter. It registers a fixed-time scale for a journey; a fixed-distance scale; notes distance covered when flag is both up and down; and records the cash taken in threepenny units only.

THE TAXI-DRIVER

ceedingly complicated instrument, functioning in four different ways (see page 129). It registers a journey on a fixed-time scale; on a fixed-distance scale; it notes distance covered both when the flag is up and when it is down; and finally, it registers cash taken in units of threepence.

A taxi moving at more than five and a third miles per hour measures by distance; below that speed it measures by time.

One type of passenger who gives the taxi-driver plenty of extra work is the absent-minded fare. All kinds of property gets left behind by some people, even on the shortest journey. A driver is expected to search the

interior of his cab thoroughly after every charter and deposit any articles found at the nearest police station. The official statistics show that 50 per cent of the articles found are umbrellas, and women more forgetful than men. Taxi-drivers have a reputation for honesty however!

That there is an element of danger attaching to night work is shown by the frequency with which one reads of cases of assault where criminals have seized a cab for a quick getaway or for furthering some similar end. On the other hand, a taxi-driver may suddenly find himself requisitioned to drive a police officer or to give chase to a suspect. In contrast, too, there are lighter



Taxi-drivers learn their job a hard way. As students at London's school for taxi-men at Harleyford Street, Kennington, they cycle thousands of miles round London's 10,000 streets, memorizing clubs, hotels, restaurants and short cuts.



Every year before the war, at their own expense, London taxi-drivers used to give a day's treat to about eighty happy youngsters, driving them all out to Burnham Beeches for a picnic and games. Their smiling guests are from the Royal Sailors' Orphan Girls School and Home, and their great delight is self-evident.

moments such as those when he is asked to fetch some guests from a wedding or a dance. On these occasions he may sometimes be invited in to have a drink while the guests put on their coats.

Because the present demand for taxis is in excess of the supply, vehicles are seldom to be picked up from a rank. But the familiar green shelters for cabmen still remain, a relic of seventeenth-century days. They are small, cosy places, consisting of a compact kitchen and a narrow dining-table, provided with locker seats. They form a meeting place or club for the cabmen between trips, where they can take

refreshment, chat and perhaps enjoy a hurried game of cards. The attendants are usually ex-drivers themselves, and so know how to cater for their guests.

Between three or four o'clock in the morning, the taxi-driver begins to think about making for home, first driving his cab to the garage where it is kept. If the distance to his own home is far he either takes a bicycle or, in some cases, is given a free lift in a taxi driven by one of the garage staff. This is one of the rare occasions on which he sees things from the passenger's point of view—but he doesn't have to keep an eye on the meter!



The postman who delivers letters to the keeper and his mate at South Stack Lighthouse, Anglesey, has to climb a mountain, via a boulder-strewn moor, followed by the descent of 403 steps to the bridge which leads to the lighthouse.

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN

DELIVERING MAIL IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS

JOKES about rural postmen are plentiful, and one Christmas Annual contained a picture of a weary man of letters standing by a stile from which a partly-obscured footpath trailed away across snow-covered fields to a house on a distant hill.

"All that way!" was the man's lament. "All across them dratted fields, just to deliver a dratted postcard of two dratted cats playing the fiddle!"

Humorous though this drawing was, it stressed several features of a country postman's life. It not only depicted the conditions he has to face in winter; it also instanced the trivial nature of some postal packets and the effort needed to deliver them safely to their destination. There is a strict code of loyalty in the G.P.O. which spreads to its most remote areas. It would never enter a postman's head to leave undelivered his "two dratted cats playing the fiddle" any more than it would occur to the artist to represent him as avoiding his duty. He might voice his lament aloud to the snow-girt world; but his mission would be fulfilled. Therein lay the whole point of the joke.

In towns and in some country

districts, the postman makes his rounds on cycle or in a motor van; and when he goes on foot it is usually along well-paved roads. So commonplace is the sight that we scarcely pause to consider what his colleague in more remote rural areas has to contend with.

Yet some districts—like Glyn Ceiriog, a Denbighshire village in the heart of the Welsh mountains—can provide plenty of problems. Although a first-class highway runs through it, the streets are hilly and neighbouring farms are perched inaccessibly on the mountainside. The postman there, a veteran of the First World War, has been delivering letters to the scattered people for over twenty years. He knows every inch of the countryside; knows all its traditions, and expresses them in music, for, an ex-organist, he is a composer in his off-duty hours.

His work begins at seven in the morning, when the scarlet postal van brings the mail from the sorting office at Wrexham. The bulky mailbags, perhaps half a dozen or more, are carried in; the stout strings about their necks, secured with a leaden seal, are cut, and the contents are turned out. Every bag is

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN

turned completely inside out to ensure that nothing has been overlooked; registered letters are checked one by one; soon the letters are spread along the base of the sorting table in rows and then sorted into pigeon-hole divisions.

The sorting is speedy, though the work calls for a good memory and a detailed knowledge of the neighbourhood. Only a few houses in the village streets bear numbers, and names of addresses can be confusing, to say the least. As so often happens in rural areas, much intermarrying has produced a plurality of the same family names, with a bewildering number of "Evans," or "Evan Evans," or "Jones." For most of the letters the only guide to sorting is given by the names of the houses, and the sorters have to remember their order on the different rounds. They have to know that Coed-y-glynisaf comes before Coed-y-glynuchaf, and that both come before Coed-y-glyncanol, while Hafod-y-garreg is on the opposite side of the valley from Hafod-gynfawr.

Of course, the sorting is not as difficult as it might appear to English eyes, for the strangest-looking Welsh words have straightforward meanings easy to bear in mind. Tynewydd simply means "New House," and Pen-y-graig means "Head of the Rock," thus giving a clue to position. Nevertheless, there must be no lapse of memory, for a mistake in sorting might mean that the unlucky post-

man would have to retrace his steps for a long distance and then go over his round a second time.

The sorting done, letters are tied into bundles of convenient size and any appropriate parcels are placed beside them. The registered letters are arranged in order, each accompanied by a receipt already made out in the sorting office. The postman picks up the first bundle, slings his mail-bag into position, puts on his peaked cap and sets off on his round.

The first few houses, which are grouped near the Post Office, present no difficulties. Routine is much the same as in town, except that the atmosphere is much more informal. The postman is on such friendly terms with his neighbours that he pushes open the street door and drops the correspondence on the table, calling out a friendly word of greeting. Only if the door happens to be bolted does he bother to give the traditional double-knock. But with the larger houses on the hillside the routine grows more conventional, with the use of letter-box, knocker or bell.

Here, too, the conditions begin to grow a little more difficult. Some of the houses are reached by zig-zag paths or by flights of steep stone steps which can be dangerously slippery in frosty weather; others involve detours by way of hair-pin bends up winding, hilly roads.

When the "home" area has been covered, the postman returns to the

ROUGH COUNTRY ROADS

office for the remaining letters and sets forth on the more rural part of his round. Houses now lie much farther from the road, the paths which lead to them are steeper and the steps are longer and much more primitive. Instead of squared flag-stones they consist of rough slabs of slate, often with broken edges or a tendency to wobble, so that, even in dry weather, they are none too easy to negotiate. Winter snow makes them treacherous, but they are at their worst when bleak winds from the mountain freeze the rain or half-melted snow into films of ice.

Besides being more difficult to reach, the distances between houses grow greater as the postman makes his way up the valley. To get to one group of cottages he has to turn up a steep by-road, cross a stile, and descend by a rough path. The letters delivered, he crosses another stile, negotiates slippery stepping-stones across a rivulet, and then crosses steeply sloping fields to regain the road. In winter that rivulet becomes a foaming cascade, sometimes overflowing its banks and flooding the kitchen of the house at its side. But the postman must deliver his letters whatever the weather.

He may gain a brief "breather" when he reaches the hamlet of Pandy, where there is a sub-office. And, more likely than not, he and the postmistress will discuss the growing avalanche of work that is descending upon them.

So many of the multifarious forms

which govern our daily life are "obtainable at any post office," and the postmistress must be familiar with all of them. They make extra work for the rural postman, too, giving him more to carry and also tending to lengthen his round. In former times letters for outlying farms were not plentiful, but the farmer of today has to cope with voluminous correspondence—circulars, official instructions, suggestions, official returns and forms of all kinds.

He cannot linger long to dwell upon these or other trials. Soon he shoulders his bag again and resumes his journey. First he picks a stout stick out of the hedge, for he has come to the roughest part of his road. Soon he is scrambling up a steep bank to join a muddy footpath leading to a farm on a hill-top. They are glad to see him at the farm, but he cannot tarry except to exchange greetings, for he still has far to go. There is not even a path to guide him now, but he knows every part of the wild countryside and has learnt the short cuts.

Down the slope from the hill-top farm he goes, to a narrow wooden bridge across a stream. There is a rail to climb at each end of the bridge—no great obstacle for a young hiker on a fine summer morning, but a different matter for an elderly postman, encumbered with his bag, and with his oilskin cape glistening with the torrential rain.

The hill on the far side of the

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN



This composite picture indicates a few of the varied means employed to ensure efficient postal services in every locality and under all conditions. Cycle, motor-cycle, light van are depicted on the left as more prosaic means of delivery,

DELIVERING THE MAIL



while on the right are some of the less familiar links of communication—the rowing-boat, cable-bridge and pony. The centre picture shows a veteran post-man who has trudged through snow to deliver the mail to an outlying cottage.

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN

stream rises more steeply, and here again there is no path. The rough track which reveals itself here and there has been worn by the postman himself in hundreds of journeys during the past twenty years.

Next there is a barbed-wire fence to scramble through, not the easiest of tasks with a post-bag and cap. But he finally reaches a bank where overhanging trees give shade from the summer's heat or shelter from winter's rain. He has brought a packet of sandwiches and a bottle of cold tea as refreshment, so he fortifies himself before proceeding on his way.

For a time the path remains reasonably level, for he has climbed to the top of a small plateau. It has its disadvantages, though, for water from recent rains has not drained away and there are patches where the surface of the ground is wet and soggy. Round the gates between fields and at farm entrances the mud is especially trying, for cattle have churned it into a veritable quagmire. Sometimes the postman has to pick his way from tussock to tussock or from stone to stone. At other times he finds it better to edge along a fence, his toes resting on the firmer ground beneath it; but this means slow and difficult progress.

On reaching the farmhouse he can depend upon a friendly word and a smile to break the loneliness of his journey; but he may need his stick again—this time to drive off any uncontrolled farm dogs which resent

his intrusion. Twice in his twenty years' service he has been bitten, and in this he is luckier than a good many other rural postmen. The Post Office intervenes in such cases and may even authorize a postman to decline to deliver to addresses where savage dogs are at large; but that is poor consolation for a man who has had to carry out a long round over broken country with a lacerated and throbbing leg.

Not that dog bites are the only possible contingencies to be faced. During one severe winter the postman slipped on a frozen surface and his ankle gave under him with agonizing pain. He rendered first-aid to himself—simply by tying his bootlace a little tighter; then he pushed on and completed his round. Only when he got back to his post office did he think of reporting sick. Proper examination revealed a cracked ankle-bone and a sprain of such severity that he was forced to remain off duty for several weeks.

But to return to his normal round; on leaving the plateau farm he comes within sight of a lofty crag, silhouetted against the sky. This marks the farthest point of his long tramp, but it lies on the other side of a valley, and there is one more farm to visit on this side first. When he finally starts to descend to the valley by means of a narrow lane he may find parts of the lower paths under water. Crossing the river by a stone bridge, he makes a few more deliveries at scattered cottages and

then starts to climb up the other side of the valley.

This leads to the farm, which marks the end of the postman's round. The last letters are handed over; the last greeting is exchanged, and the weary postman makes his way back to his post office as fast as weather conditions allow him. There he reports his round complete and hands in the receipts for the registered letters he has delivered. Then, after perhaps six or seven hours of trudging over broken country in varied weather, he is free to go off duty—till the next round.

As he tramps, day after day, along his accustomed road, the postman has much to occupy his mind. The seasonal changes in the landscape attract his attention. He sees the sombre autumn countryside submerged in winter's snow; he sees the thaw that converts snow to slush; he sees the buds sprout into leaves and the gay flowers of spring brighten his way; he sees the green hillsides become clothed with purple heather. He sees all the year's bounty and all its variety. Most of his life is spent out of doors.

Here and there along his route are scenes which have special associations, either with his own life or with the life of his village. One vantage point is famous as the place where a bard who gave the village its name was wont to go in search of inspiration for his poems. Elsewhere a circle of stones marks the site of an Eisteddfod held some years ago. He

remembers that gathering. There is always village news to ponder over. People in the more remote parts of his round are hungry for any tidings he can give them about local affairs. And they in turn may have personal news to impart when they examine the letters he brings them—perhaps a message from friends or relatives far away, for the postman is on intimate terms with a good many of the members of his scattered "parish." Or he may busy himself as he tramps with the theme of his latest musical composition, drawing inspiration from lonely homesteads, from toiling farm workers, from foaming waters rushing through the vale which cleaves the purple hills.

In its work of uniting the world by the written message, the Post Office makes use of all the resources of science and invention. Fast motor vans, express trains, mighty mail steamers, streamlined aeroplanes—all carry His Majesty's mails, and experiments have been made with helicopters and rockets. But in remote districts, such as those described above, there is nothing to rival the strong legs and the stout heart of the country postman. And even when rocket-mails are hurtling backwards and forwards across the Atlantic, through the stratosphere, regularly, he will still be toiling sturdily up his mountain paths, or wading through snow and sludge to deliver his letters with that same dependability he has always shown in the past.



Fire-fighting today is a scientific business, and apart from familiar equipment, such as helmet, axe and life-line, the modern fireman is trained to work, if conditions should demand it, wearing the cumbersome oxygen mask depicted here.

THE FIREMAN

FIGHTING THE FLAMES AND SAVING LIVES

ALTHOUGH there are often long periods between alarms, the fireman is never idle, for there is always plenty of work to be done at a fire station. Each day the equipment and engines must be checked, cleaned and tested. The buildings and furniture are cleaned and polished as may be necessary. And, to help him keep fit, he takes part in organized games. But he must be ready to drop everything when the call comes. A hurried telephone message to the station, or a tug on a fire-alarm lever in the street, galvanizes the whole station into instant action.

Then, every second of time that can be saved is vital. It may mean the saving of human lives or property worth millions of pounds. Repeated drill and practice "turn-outs" have taught each man exactly what to do, so that, in spite of speedy reaction, there is no suggestion of a wild scramble. Every essential movement has been worked out to the last detail; and the interior of the fire station is scientifically planned so that appliances can be brought into action without delay.

Hence those gleaming steel poles which connect the upper floors,

where living quarters and recreation rooms are located, with the floor below, where all appliances are lined up in readiness. Immediately the alarm bell rings a fireman makes for the floor-opening nearest to where he happens to be and slides rapidly down a pole to land upon a thick, shock-absorbing rubber mat below. This mode of descent is not only far speedier than stairs; it is also appreciably safer.

He hauls on his fire boots in a flash and leaps upon the already throbbing engine. He may still have to finish buttoning his tunic or adjusting his helmet or belt, but these things can be done as the engine races to the fire. No sooner has he occupied his appointed position, with the sub-officer installed next to the driver, than he grasps strong cables suspended from the ceiling and, hauling vigorously upon them, flings open the folding doors. Within twenty seconds or so, the engine, bell clanging, is dashing on its way to the fire.

It sounds simple enough; but such clockwork precision would be wasted if, in the meantime, full information had not been gathered and checked as to the exact location of

THE FIREMAN

the fire and the nature of the appliances likely to be needed. On the first sound of the alarm two dramas begin and continue simultaneously; the noisy bustle in the appliance-room and the methodical, silent drama in the watchroom.

The fireman on duty in the watchroom is known as the duty-man, and is, indeed, one of the most important persons on the premises. His part does not end when he sends the appliances off with a few hurried directions. He must maintain ceaseless watch while he is on duty. In his little room is a contraption standing about 4 ft. high, with a frosted glass panel. The moment someone pulls one of the red street fire-alarms, the electric current linking the fire station with all the alarms in the district is automatically cut and records an "Alert."

Apart from causing the panel to glow, the lamp to flash and the bells to ring, the broken contact sets in motion a delicate mechanism in a glass case below the panel. A moving track of paper receives a series of perforations, thrice repeated. The duty-man (women are often employed in this capacity) watches the punching, first of, say, three holes, then of two. This signifies that someone has pulled alarm number thirty-two, the whereabouts of which is, of course, well known. The duty-man then immediately passes on this information to the firemen. In addition to maintaining incessant vigil in this way, the duty-

man has to keep a special record in a book, called a General Log.

When the firemen reach the alarm post, they usually find that the person who pulled the alarm is waiting to direct them to the address of the fire, for on each alarm post there is a notice instructing the person who makes the alarm to wait until the engine arrives. Sometimes, however, the person who pulls the alarm is unable to wait for the engine and, as a result, the firemen have to report back to headquarters and wait until they locate the fire.

The rescue appliance is first on the scene, followed quickly in serious outbreaks of fire by the pump escape and the heavy pump cars. The officer in charge rides in the pump car, which pulls up behind the other appliances.

This is the moment when the importance of a thorough training becomes significant. The cause of the fire may not yet be known, but the men, some of them veterans with experience of such outbreaks, and all of them thoroughly prepared, know how to begin tackling it without being told. The first consideration, of course, is whether the factory staff are safe. Fire spreads rapidly, and even the youngest and most alert may be overtaken by its onrush. The answer comes in an exclamation that goes up from the growing crowd. A human form, or perhaps two, can be discerned through the smoke at a high window.

An arm is seen to wave wildly.

THE WORK OF RESCUE

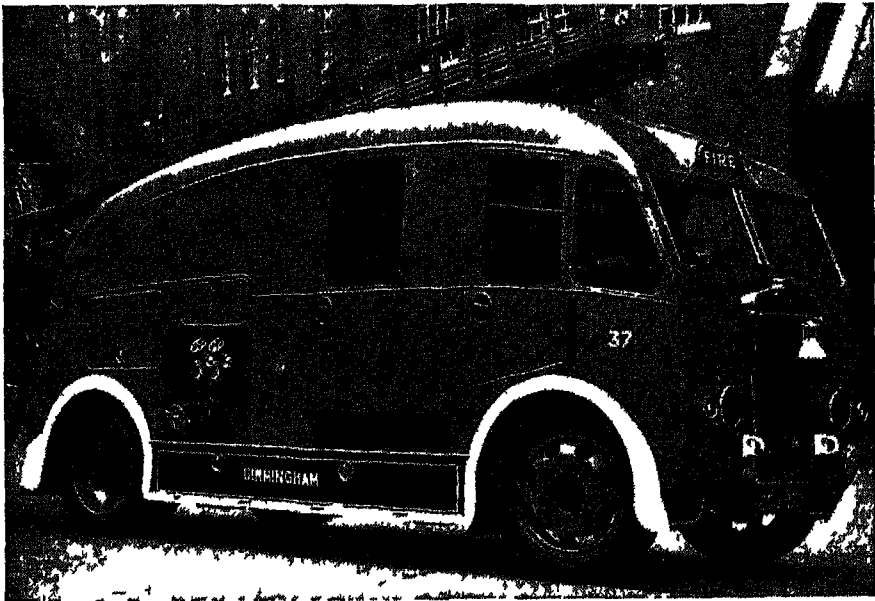
Whoever is at the window must be too scared to move, which implies that they are cut off. The stairs, then, are probably ablaze, so that rescue must be attempted from the outside—and at once. Up goes the escape ladder, and in a few seconds the fireman is at the window-sill.

He takes in the situation at a glance. There are two men, but one has already been overcome by fumes and the other has not the strength to help him. The fireman takes care of the unconscious man, raises him gently upon his shoulder and carries him down to safety. The other, inspired by the fireman's calm skill, follows without help.

While this rescue has been going

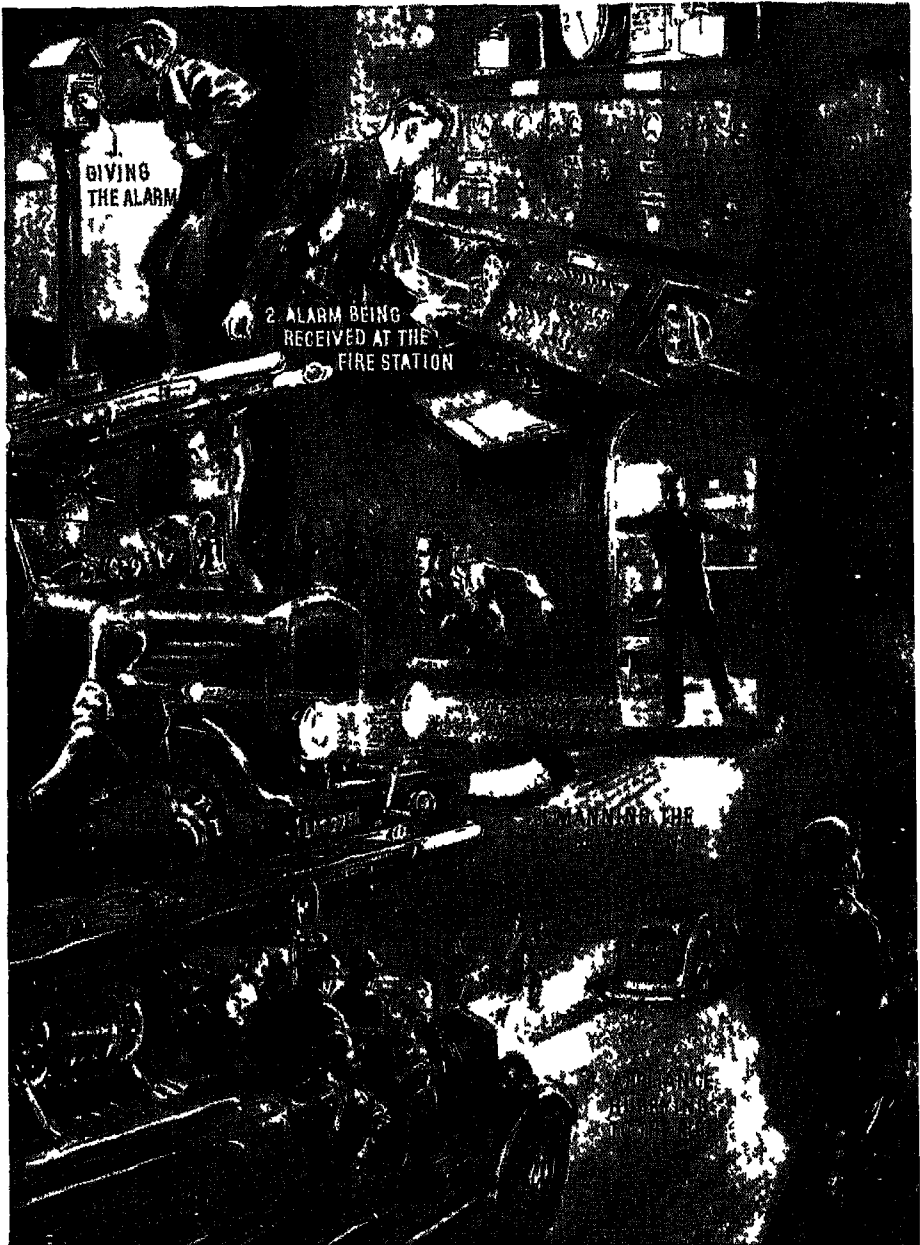
on the officer in charge has plunged into the building together with two men. All are armed with lamps, their aim being to locate the seat of the fire, extinguish it and, if possible, determine its causes. But the rest of the brigade do not have to await their report. They busy themselves in running out hoses and getting the pump and gear ready for action.

Messages and reports have meanwhile been sent back to headquarters. These requested that more pumps and an ambulance should be sent at once—the latter being summoned immediately the possibility of casualties was apparent. All the fire-fighting and rescue services deemed necessary for the job have



This modern, streamlined combination fire-engine and escape carries everything needed for combating any type of fire, from a blazing oil tank to a factory building. And it can race to the scene at 80 miles per hour whenever necessary!

THE FIREMAN



Here is depicted the sequence of events in a big fire from the moment when (1) the glass of the street alarm box is broken. The duty officer at the fire station watches the message come through on the receiving panel (2). The men rush to

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS



man their appliance (3), and soon are on their way to the fire (4). Life-saving is the first consideration (5); but other appliances subdue the fire (6); a senior officer (7) directs operations, while a stalwart policeman (8) controls the crowd.

THE FIREMAN

now been mobilized. The officer in charge has completed his survey, not without some personal risk, and has decided exactly how this blaze is to be fought. As the fire has been found to have originated on the first floor of the building, a party is detailed to attack it at its seat. This is not easy, because flames have already reached the upper staircases and are beginning to penetrate the roof. Scaling ladders are used to climb from storey to storey, and the big turntable escape comes into play.

A steady stream of water has to be directed upon the blaze from above, so, high up on his little plat-

form, strapped in position and shouting instructions into the microphone, an experienced fireman keeps the metal hose-branch discharging its powerful cascade where it is most needed. Concentrated effort is necessary, for the fire is a stubborn one, not to be quenched by momentary saturation. The temperature of the burning material must be sufficiently reduced to ensure that flames will not revive the moment the jet is directed elsewhere.

Now that the attack is reaching its zenith there is danger of the amount of water being pumped into the building causing more damage



Firemen tackle a riverside blaze, approaching the scene in specially equipped fire-floats from which the fire can be fought with the greatest effect. Warehouse buildings, such as these, often contain masses of highly inflammable material.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES



The Captain of one of the vessels in London's fire-fighting fleet leads his men into action against a Thames-side fire. Because smoke and fumes are especially dense, they are wearing oxygen masks in order to locate the seat of this fire.

than it can prevent. It has poured through the building and flooded the ground floor, soaking the machinery and material installed there. In other words, the battle of the flames is being won at a cost, a mounting cost. To combat this new contingency, men of the Salvage Corps come into action. Valuable articles are hurriedly draped with tarpaulin sheets, and the streams of dirty water are, as far as possible, canalized into outlets, even if this means knocking holes in ceilings to prevent their collapse under the weight of renewed cascades. Other men of the Corps, armed with brooms and squeegees, work incessantly to keep drains clear from

the charred remnants washed along by the swirling water.

Even when the officer in charge decides that the climax is definitely past, he does not allow his men to relax. Indeed, this may well be the most critical moment of all, for he has to make sure that the fire really is mastered and not likely to revive. Advised by a senior officer, who has now arrived, he may make certain changes in the disposition of his forces. As firemen are now able to make their way from one storey to the next, the jet from the turntable branch is cut off as otherwise it might impede their work.

Now and again a ceiling or part of the roof may suddenly collapse,

THE FIREMAN

starting a carnival of sparks and vicious spurts of flame. All hoses which can be spared must forthwith be directed at the heap of spluttering beams.

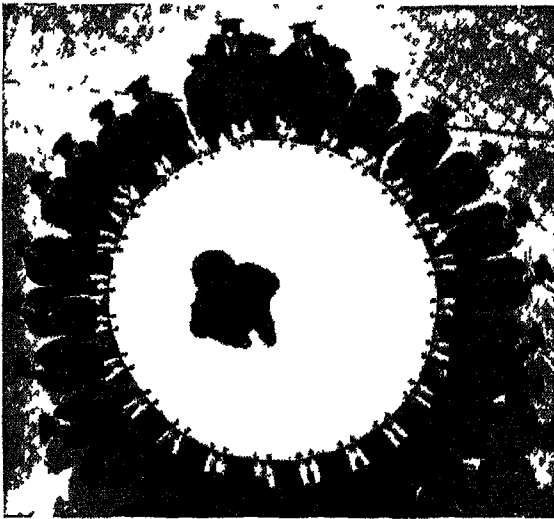
Once the senior officer is satisfied that the blaze is absolutely under control, he transmits a "stop" message to his headquarters, indicating that no more help will be needed. Soon after, the order to "make up" is given, signifying that the attack is being called off. The pumps are turned off, and the jets, deprived of their pressure, collapse like falling ropes. Then the firemen begin unscrewing the discoloured branches, breaking the couplings along the hoses, which are then rolled up.

The drama of the fire is over, but the laborious task of clearing up

after it remains. The lines of hose are in an appalling condition—wet, and caked with dirt and charred fragments. Although they are speedily stowed away in the appliance lockers, they will have to be taken out again, scrubbed, cleaned and finally hung out to dry upon the hoist provided for that purpose.

When all pumps have been disconnected, the hydrants closed and the equipment put back methodically in its place, the men themselves are in not much better condition than some of their appliances. Those who have been working inside the building are blackened and drenched and steaming. Some have nasty cuts or bruises. Those who have operated the escape ladders look, after their arduous duties in a

heated atmosphere, as if they have just returned from the tropics. The man from the top of the turntable ladder is stiff and aching from guiding the heavy branch. The salvage men, though dressed for the part, bear visible signs of all they have been through, and they still have much work to do. The sub-officer and a few men remain behind with a pump after the engines and escapes have driven away, for no chances can be taken with such a deceptive enemy as fire.



Looking like the petals of some giant flower, these firemen take a strain on their circular jumping sheet, while one of their colleagues makes a practice jump.

THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL



This scene on board a fire-fighting ship typifies the trim efficiency of these craft, so vital in coping with river blazes. London's fire-fighting fleet has to cover nearly 100 miles of river front, from Staines in Middlesex all the way to the Nore.

Back at the station, the officer in charge, after a hurried clean-up, sits down to make his report of the incident. It must contain all relevant details, such as the number of appliances that were employed, the number of men who were sent to the scene of the fire, the extent of damage and the methods by which the fire was fought.

Meanwhile, the firemen are occupied in examining and testing every joint, nozzle, branch, coupling, hook, line and every rung of every ladder. Everything must be cleaned and polished at once, not merely as a matter of discipline, but because at any moment the alarm may sound again, and the brigade must

ever be ready to go into action. The science of fire-fighting has developed from a haphazard business, run by private companies, to an efficient public service existing, like the police force, for the welfare of all. The fireman is first a life-saver; next a property-saver; and he may save lives as much by allaying panic as by rescuing people from actual flames.

Moreover, he is always ready, even though he may sometimes be seen in shirt-sleeves, enjoying organized games with his station colleagues. Immediately you pull the handle of a fire-alarm you mobilize a fighting force that is prepared to risk life itself for your protection.



The British policeman is noted the world over for his unfailing good humour, and this picture of a stalwart constable coping with the eager crowd along a procession route typifies the good-natured spirit with which the task is tackled.

THE VILLAGE CONSTABLE

MAINTAINING THE PEACE OF THE COUNTRY

THE village constable is often depicted by humorous artists as a figure of fun, but though there may be more lighter moments in his life than usually fall to the lot of his colleague in the city, his is a serious calling, which demands many special qualities. In some country districts a policeman may assume a personal beat which extends over about nine square miles and embraces about 1,000 inhabitants. It is clear, therefore, that the constable's job in such a district is certainly no light one.

His divisional headquarters are usually situated in an industrial town perhaps ten miles away, while the County Constabulary may be more distant still. His nearest superior officer is his sergeant, in an adjacent village. He is, in fact, a lonely outpost of the law, and must therefore be a self-reliant man, capable of exercising initiative in any emergency which may arise.

Just like a doctor, he must be "on tap" whenever required, and though, in theory, he has set working hours and definite rest days, he never knows when some unforeseen happening may arise to make nonsense of the official roster. A colleague in

a neighbouring village is supposed to take over on rest days, for instance, but country folk have a habit of expecting their own man to be available when they want him. The constable may hope to spend his rest time quietly tending his garden, but if a cottager comes to him with a tearful plea to "do something" about her mother-in-law, who is alleged to be causing domestic strife, it is vain for him to explain that he is not technically on duty.

Now, family disputes and squabbles with lodgers over rent are no concern of the police unless violence is done or a breach of the peace is threatened. But it is often simpler to go along as requested rather than risk being involved in long arguments. So, most likely, the constable leaves his gardening, puts on his tunic and helmet, and accompanies his distracted caller to her home. On the way he may suggest tactfully that she ought to seek a magistrate's advice if the trouble she complains of is repeated. Then, with the exercise of more tact and diplomacy, he probably succeeds in restoring harmony between the complainant and her in-laws. He has done a good piece of work in the

THE VILLAGE CONSTABLE



There is plenty of variety to spice the country constable's life. His beat being a scattered one he usually needs a bicycle for patrols, and his duties may range from rounding up straying cattle to arresting poachers. One day may find

ON VARIED DUTY



him called upon to intervene in a village brawl; the next day to a serious accident. He must cope with office work; check motorists' driving licences and, of course, appear in the local police court whenever his evidence is required.

THE VILLAGE CONSTABLE



During an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, the policeman has to see that pedestrians disinfect their shoes as precaution against spreading the infection.

interests of law and order; but it has eaten into his free time, and before he gets back to his garden the light may have faded.

Every village constable is accustomed to answering calls on his day off. Perhaps the Squire's bailiff telephones to say that a couple of strangers have been seen in the vicinity of the farm, and are probably up to no good. He knows that there is a notice out about two wanted men, believed to be in the neighbourhood. Perhaps this is the pair.

What is the constable to do? If he tries to contact his deputy, valuable time will be lost and before his col-

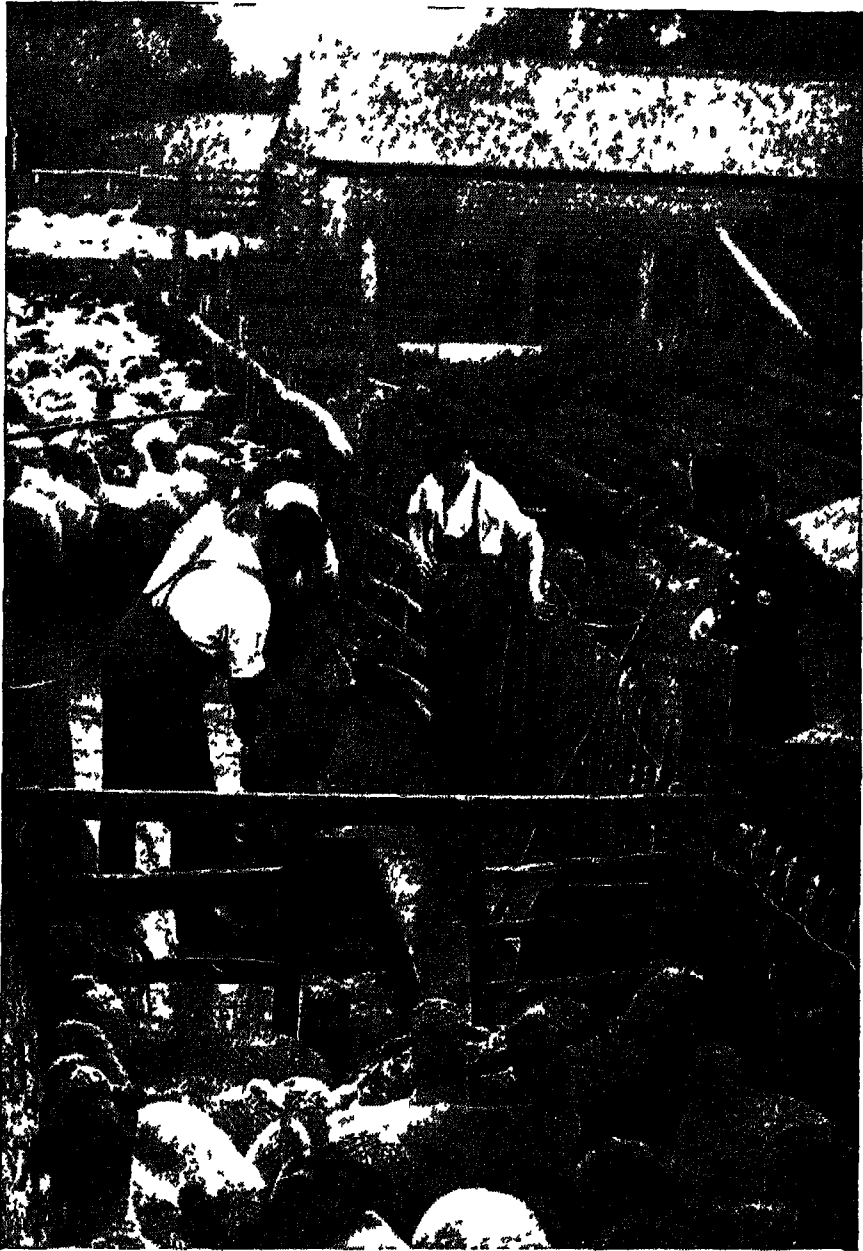
league can come over the men in question may be miles away. So again he drops whatever he is doing and goes to investigate for himself. It may be raining, and he may spend most of his free afternoon trying to track down the suspects—only to find that they are harmless hikers!

Every complaint that comes along has to be investigated and reported upon, whether it is a trivial case of a schoolboy raid on a private orchard or a suspected outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease; damage by straying cattle; poaching; trespass or rick-burning. These and other complaints may pour in from widely separated areas, involving a good deal of cross-country tramping in addition to normal patrol work.

The normal daily patrol period is eight hours. Some rural Forces divide the patrol equally over daylight and darkness; others work on a three-five basis, that is, three hours in daylight and five hours by night. A constable may cover a considerable mileage during his eight hours, and his route is liable to be changed at the instance of his Section Sergeant. Certain patrol points are fixed and the constable is expected to be at those points at stipulated times and to contact his sergeant by telephone. Fewer points are deemed necessary during the daytime, but at night the constable may be expected to make contact by telephone at least five times—that is, once every hour.

The advantage of this system is

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES



Sheep-dipping as a precaution against epidemics among the flocks is a formality regularly required by law, and the police constable is there to see that regulations are complied with. Each sheep has to remain in the dip for a prescribed time.

THE VILLAGE CONSTABLE

obvious, for it means that the sergeant knows in advance exactly where his various men will be at given times. The usual procedure is for a constable to wait for about a quarter of an hour at each point, but if he receives no call during that time, he proceeds upon his patrol.

Sudden emergency, of course, may render it impossible for a constable to keep to the pre-arranged timetable. A car accident or a brush with suspicious characters may delay him so that he misses a point, but if he is in time for the next one no harm is done. On the other hand, failure to make two points would automatically tell the sergeant that something was amiss and enable him to send another man to investigate the trouble.

Regularly at 9.30 a.m. and 4 p.m. daily, a police despatch rider calls at the constable's home with messages which cannot be sent over the telephone, or to collect any documents which are intended for the Section Sergeant. All the constable's business is conducted through the Section Sergeant, who vets it and passes it on to divisional headquarters from whence it is sent, in turn, to constabulary headquarters. Incoming messages, however, are sent direct from divisional headquarters to save time.

The constable is generally visited two or three times a week by his Section Sergeant, who uses a motorcycle. Any problems are dealt with during these contacts; though, being

good friends, they also discuss current police events and local gossip without formality. There is precious little that the sergeant does not get to know about his section.

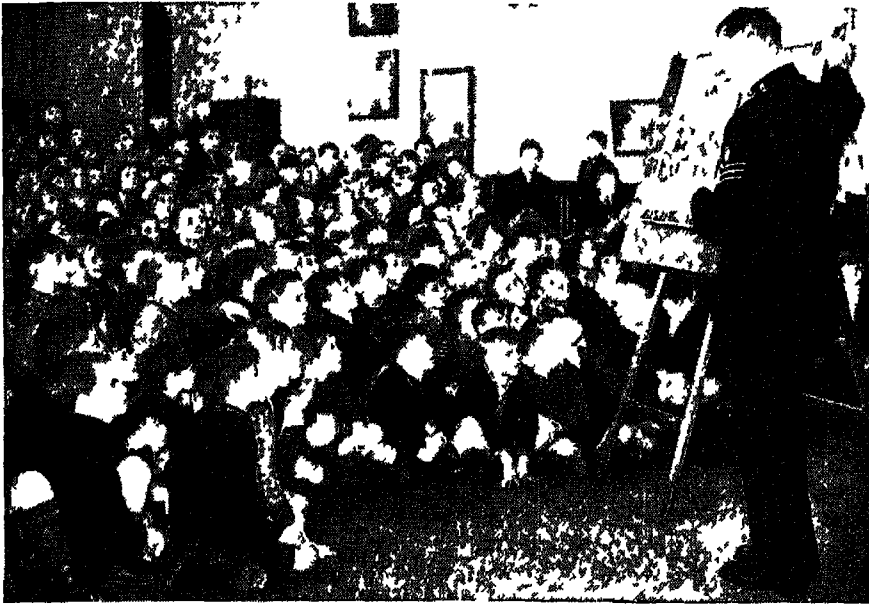
Occasionally the constable is favoured with an informal visit from "the Chief," who, like so many country Chief Constables, may be an ex-officer from one of the fighting services. Some Chief Constables prefer to run their Forces from their offices at headquarters, relying on various returns and reports. Others like to get to know their men at first hand, and may even take their wives with them on their informal visits.

Perhaps the Chief takes a cup of tea with the constable on some outlying beat, and though they may not talk "shop," the Chief probably gets all the information he wants to know. It is strange if they do not find some common ground. Perhaps both are keen gardeners; and there may even be sharp competition between them at the County Constabulary's annual flower and vegetable show.

On more frequent occasions there may be visits from the Divisional Superintendent; but these are formal calls, and the event is duly noted in the constable's diary. Once or twice a month, too, the inspector and sergeant descend upon the constable together. The inspector examines all the records, the "occurrence book" and the "message book"; and he may cast a critical eye over the constable's office.

Every fortnight the constable

THE ROUTINE WORK



Safety-First campaigns provide police all over the country with a variety of tasks, one of the most valuable being instruction of the young. Here a class of youngsters listens carefully to the police sergeant's advice on the rules of the road.

cycles to the town for the pay parade. After deductions have been made for income tax, pension and benevolent fund and other contributions, he is left with about five pounds a week.

Apart from regular patrols and normal routine duties, the constable has to cope with a certain amount of desk work, which will include filling in forms, making out reports in triplicate—one for his own files, two for the sergeant, who keeps one and passes on the other to divisional headquarters. If he is married, his wife probably gives him a hand with the paper work in the evenings; and, of course, she takes messages and interviews anyone who happens to

call when her husband is out on patrol.

There are numerous jobs of special significance in the country, such as checking dog licences, game and gun licences, checking motor-vehicle registrations; seeing that various bye-laws—such as those requiring sheep to be dipped (page 155)—are duly complied with, and that all necessary precautions are taken against the spread of cattle pests (page 154).

In cases of sudden death, where a doctor has ordered a post-mortem, the constable has to make all the necessary arrangements and see that everyone concerned is duly notified. Motoring fatalities, of which most

THE VILLAGE CONSTABLE

rural districts have a share, throw considerable burdens upon the constable. He is responsible for seeing that the victims are moved to the nearest mortuary. He has to take statements from available witnesses; he has to make an inventory of the deceased's personal belongings; he has to try to get in touch with the next of kin. And he has to present all these details in a lucid report, the compilation of which may take up a great deal of his time.

He does good preventive work, too, which is why you often see a constable outside a village school when children are arriving or leaving. He helps them across the main road, and teaches them to watch for oncoming traffic and never to dash across the highway without looking.

Now and again there are cases of housebreaking or burglary at one of the big houses in the district. If a theft is of a serious nature, his superior officers can usually be counted on to take charge of the case, but he may be asked to interview some of the people, and to take down detailed statements. Should some local "character" be suspected of being implicated in any way, the constable may be instructed to keep the person under observation and to report upon his movements.

"Shadowing" a suspect is never a very easy task, and in a rural district, where the constable is a well-known figure, it calls for considerable tact and discretion. Once the suspect gets to know that he is

being watched he naturally becomes extra cautious and takes good care not to give himself away.

A trained constable is usually conversant with all the habits of the known "characters," so that he does not require to follow them literally. He knows which public houses they frequent and what hours they keep. He knows all their bosom companions. By dint of discreet questioning, he can usually elicit all he desires to know about a suspect's latest movements and whether he has been "standing treat" more lavishly than usual or otherwise "flashing" his money about.

The suspect may be too cunning to take the risk of revealing his new-found wealth in his home district. He may decide to take train to the nearest market town to enjoy his spoils; but the constable watches for such a move and, taking a day off, follows him in plain clothes.

In a busy town, the problem of shadowing without being seen is less acute. And, sooner or later, the suspect is bound to give himself away, either in spending more money than he usually has to handle or in his attempts to negotiate some of his loot.

The constable has to be hardy, for his duties take him out in all weathers and at all hours. Cases of poaching, chicken-stealing, cattle-maiming, or sheep-worrying by unknown "killer" dogs may take him out on many a long night vigil. Poachers are of two sorts—the local,

FACING DANGER ALONE



A police sergeant settles down at the end of a long day to grapple with his "paper work." Apart from the necessity for making a full report on all the events of the day in his area to his superiors, he has to deal with the reports sent in to him by his own men, besides keeping himself up to date with various official notices and publications, such as the Police Gazette with its special information concerning any "wanted" characters. He may find that they have made for his own district.

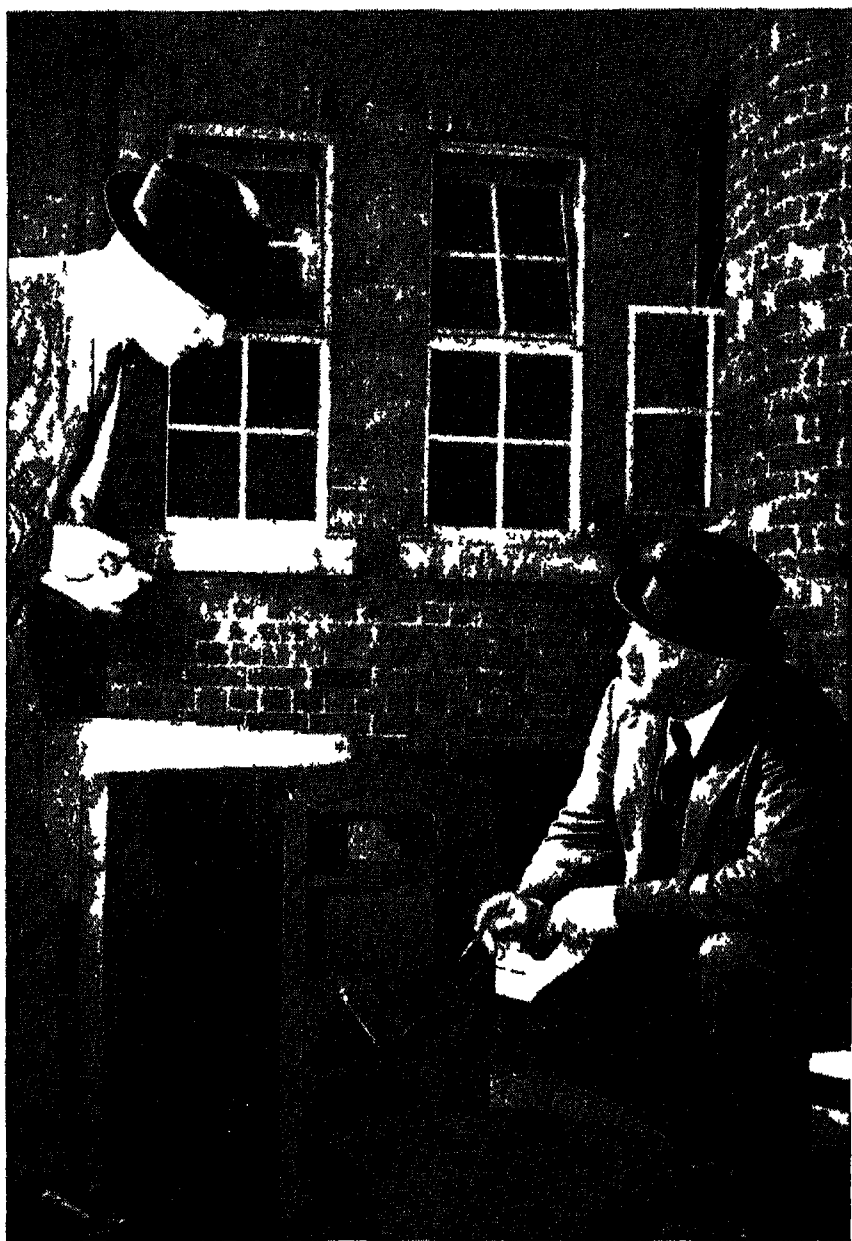
lone-hand practitioners and the town gangs who come down in fast cars, make sudden surprise raids and drive off again almost before the alarm is given.

Then, the constable must always be on the look out for "wanted" criminals whose particulars are circulated regularly in the *Police Gazette* and who may be thought to have headed for the locality in which his beat lies.

He must be prepared to face any contingency alone, for, unlike his colleague in the city, who always has a comrade within whistle-blast, the village constable may find himself completely isolated just when he most needs aid. It was knowledge of this disadvantage which prompted Browne and Kennedy to murder Constable Gutteridge in cold blood

when he challenged them so courageously in a lonely Essex lane as they were driving off with a stolen car. All the resources of Scotland Yard were turned on to the task of trailing them, and after a nationwide search, lasting many months, they paid the penalty for their cowardly crime.

So next time you see a village constable driving a stray sheep through a gap in a hedge, or inspecting a rickyard at threshing time to make sure the farmer has provided wire-netting as required by law to stop escaping rats, don't imagine he has a trivial sort of job. These are but routine tasks in a busy round. Tomorrow he may be called upon to arrest a murderer or to face a carload of armed gangsters. He is, in fact, a lone outpost of law and order.



Detectives examining the wreckage of a stolen safe for telltale clues. They are taking particular note of the crude way in which it has been torn open. The modus operandi may be familiar to them and link up with similar crimes.

THE DETECTIVE

INVESTIGATING AND CHECKING LAWLESSNESS

ONE often hears the phrase "a born detective," but so far as the British Criminal Investigation Department is concerned, there is no such person. There are men, certainly, with a special aptitude for detective work, but no matter how alert they may be, they must be prepared to start at the bottom and gain practical experience as uniformed policemen before rising to the status of "plain clothes men."

The system is sound, for in the initial police training the candidate learns many things which will be of value to him in his future career as a detective. He learns essential points of Common Law, the Statute Law, and is taken through the muddling maze of Statutory Rules and Orders. He learns something of Licensing Laws, Road Traffic Acts, the Children and Young Persons Acts, and various Acts of Parliament dealing with larceny, vagrancy, betting, firearms and other things, which he may be called to investigate.

He learns why, when and how he can arrest a person, with or without a warrant; how to keep observation; how to handle people.

All this theory is followed by

practical experience on the beat, and, after about two years of general police work he may, provided his superior officer is willing to recommend him, try his luck as a detective.

This means going back to school again, and if he shows real promise it is probable that he will be sent for an intensive course of ten weeks' training at the Metropolitan Police Detective School, at Hendon, Middlesex. Hand-picked men from Police Forces all over England and Wales and from the Royal Ulster Constabulary are sent there; but Scotland trains her own detectives because of the differences in Scottish Law.

Armed with all the knowledge gained during his training, the detective embarks upon his career. He now learns that he must say goodbye to the regular hours enjoyed as a constable, for life in the C.I.D. means availability at all time to take up an inquiry and to work on it, if need be, without interruption. A lot of it is more or less routine work, restricted to taking down detailed statements or keeping observation for long hours on end.

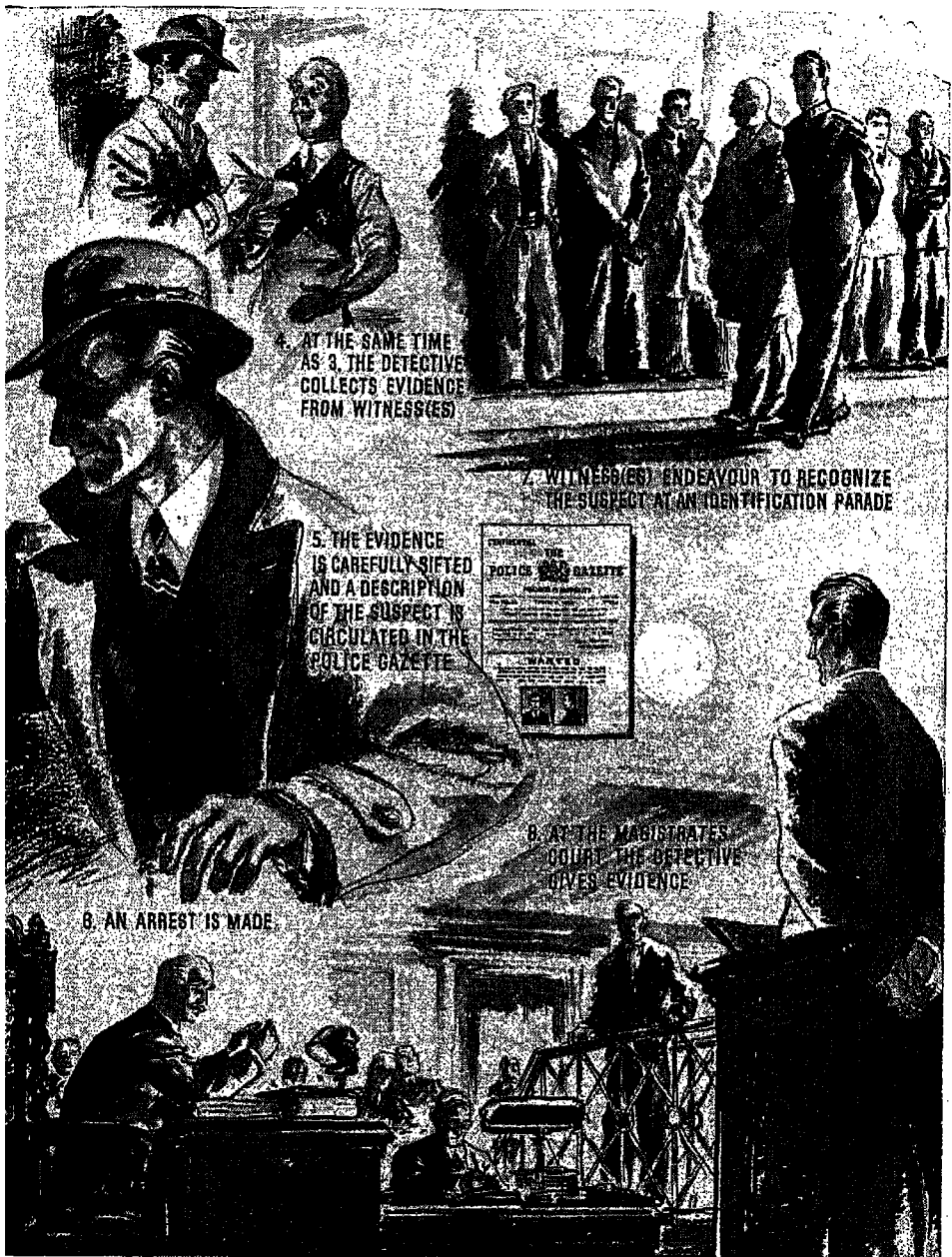
Nevertheless, he has the thrill of

THE DETECTIVE



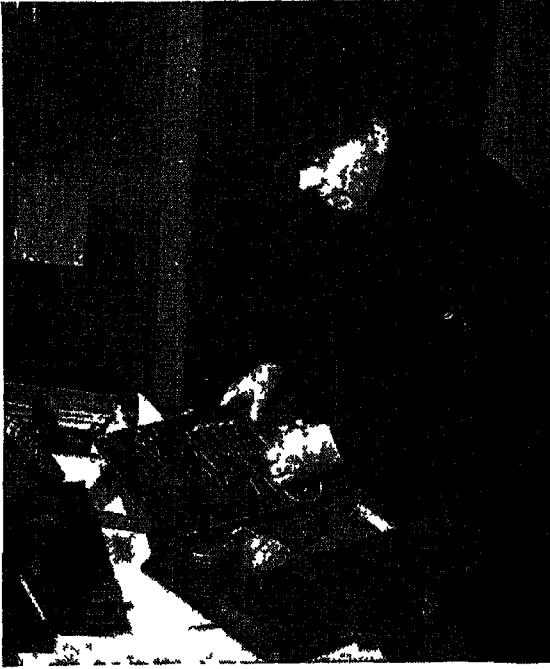
The links in a chain of investigation are many, as this drawing shows. (1) and (2) indicate the sending and reception of the initial call for police aid. In drawing (3) a detective seeks for clues while a photographer records permanent

INVESTIGATING A BURGLARY



evidence of the scene of the burglary, and a second detective (4) collects statements from witnesses. A description is circulated in the Police Gazette (5), leading to an arrest (6), and a suspect being brought up in the court (8).

THE DETECTIVE



(Left) Packing the famous "Murder Bag" at Scotland Yard. All the equipment necessary for a detailed "on the spot" investigation is carried in this compact outfit. Items include sealed phials for securing chemical exhibits, probes, forceps, magnifying glasses, plaster for taking casts and all the accessories needed for securing finger-prints, a task on which the detective is engaged in the picture below. He is dusting a shattered window-pane with graphite. When surplus grains are blown away any finger-prints will be left clearly revealed for the detective's full examination.



planning a campaign, gathering clues and fitting fragments of evidence together like the pieces in a jig-saw puzzle until the picture is completed. A detective-constable's basic pay is the same as that of a uniformed man, but he receives certain additional allowances, such as a plain-clothes grant to compensate him for having to provide his own clothes and a "detective's allowance" of about six shillings weekly to cover petty out-of-pocket expenses. Larger items of expenditure incurred during the course of duty can be recovered through an expense sheet.

The detective is expected to get to know as many people of the underworld as possible. That is to say, he must familiarize himself with their favourite haunts, their habits and their associates. Thus, when a "known" man comes under suspicion for any crime, the detective has the advantage of being able to check up on his movements most thoroughly. If the suspect is found to have absented himself from usual haunts or to have diverged from his normal habits, the detective is soon able to get a line on him.

At intervals there may be epidemics of burglary or housebreaking in his area. It is then that he has cause to draw upon the knowledge imparted to him at the detective school concerning *modus operandi*, that is, the known methods by which criminals go to work. A careful sifting of the visible evidence on the

scene of each crime enables him to compile his own rogues' gallery.

One man, he finds, always breaks in from the back of a house, and always from an upper window. As there are no ladders available, or no lean-to sheds to help the house-breaker, the detective deduces that he is a young, agile man, capable of swarming up a stack-pipe. As he has contrived to squeeze through some quite small windows, it is also obvious that he is not a big man. His favourite working time is dusk, and he is in the habit of working by the light of matches, which he strikes by the dozen and leaves scattered on the floor. He favours a certain brand of book matches.

In this way, bit by bit, the detective builds up a fairly full picture of the man he wants to find. The chances are, he argues, that the man in question will enter the locality just before dusk and brace himself with a drink or two at a local pub. The detective knows he drinks and that he has a preference for gin, because he has helped himself in nearly every house he has visited.

So the detective starts dropping in at sundry public houses just before dusk, studies the customers and finds out whether book matches are for sale in the bar. When he finds an establishment where matches of the particular brand he is seeking are displayed on the counter, he knows he is getting warm. He may have to keep many fruitless vigils, but sooner or later, a lithe young

THE DETECTIVE



A class of detectives (above) receives a lecture from an expert on the art of reading finger-prints, a greatly enlarged diagram being used to demonstrate the formation of the whorls, or spirals. Later, theory is put into practice, as shown on the left, where a detective is seen examining actual specimens in the Criminal Record Office with the aid of a special magnifier. Finger-prints of all known criminals are filed at Scotland Yard and available for comparison at a few moments' notice. No two men or women ever have identical finger-prints.

CATCHING A SUSPECT



An editorial office with a difference! Editor and sub-editors of the famous Police Gazette hard at work collating the latest information concerning wanted criminals. The Gazette is circulated regularly to police throughout the country.

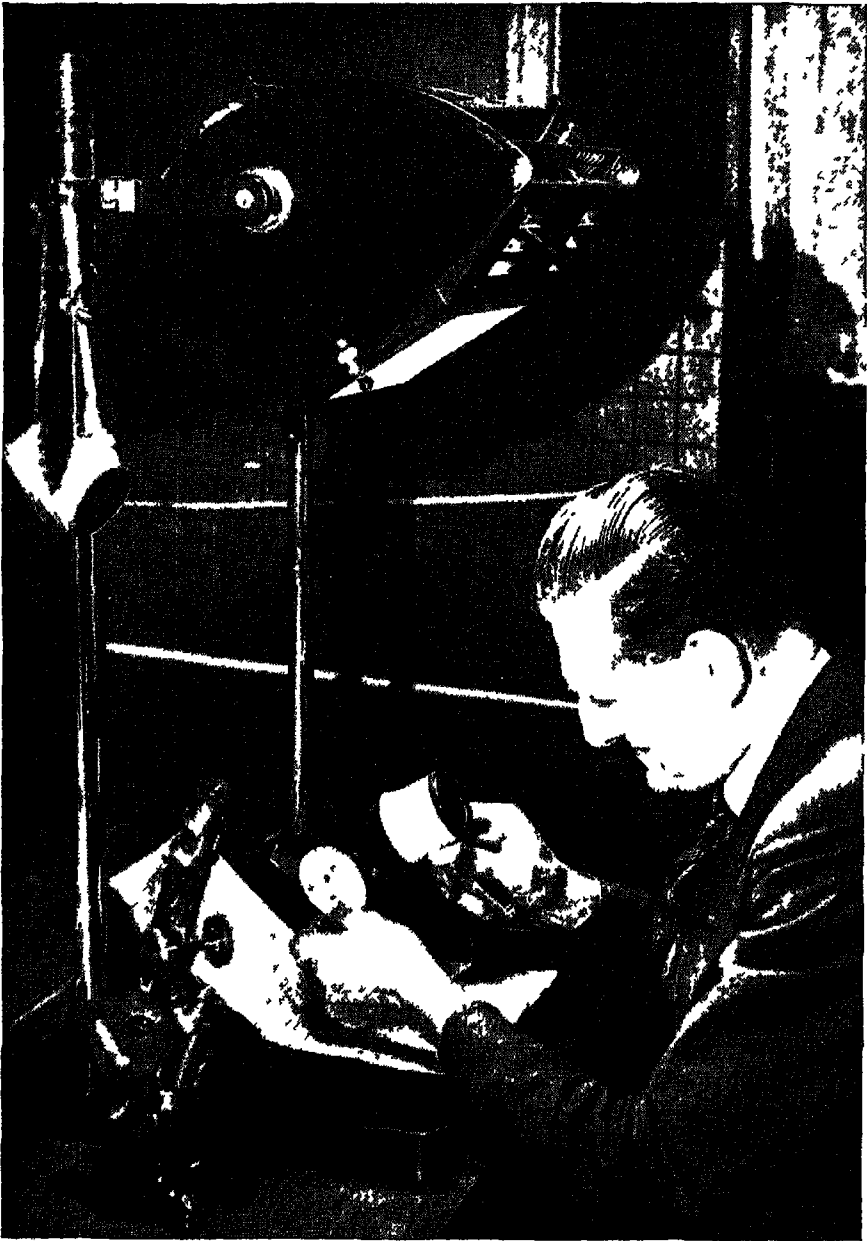
man, of small build, appears and orders a gin. While the drink is being served the man buys himself a couple of books of matches.

When the young man leaves the public house the detective saunters after him. He sees his man knock and ring at the door of a house which appears deserted—an old trick this. If the knock is answered the young man will probably say he is canvassing for photographic enlargements or make some other plausible excuse. Then he will try another house. But the knock is not answered, and the detective sees the young man go round to a side gate and pass through to the back of the house. The detective follows and

catches his man in the act of swarming up a stack-pipe.

Few cases are quite so straightforward, of course. Some involve long months of painstaking inquiry, during which evidence is built up very, very slowly. Here is an actual example of the kind of riddle any detective may be called upon to solve. A well-known businessman complained to his local police that his wallet had been stolen, the contents amounting to about fifty pounds in one-pound and five-pound notes. He recalled having been hustled by two fellow passengers while boarding a bus, but he did not take much notice of them. He believed one had a sharp nose

THE DETECTIVE



All scientific aids are available to the modern detective, ranging from the ordinary microscope seen on the left of this picture to the fluorescent ultra-violet-ray lamp above by which the detective is here examining a forged motor-car licence.

SUCCESS BRINGS PROMOTION

and was wearing a bowler hat—that was all.

A pretty hopeless case, you would think, yet the detective has to set to work on the most slender of slender clues. He checks the time of the occurrence, from which he finds out which particular bus was running. The next step is to interview the conductor to see if he recalls any undue crowding at the bus stop or if he remembers a passenger corresponding to the vague description given by the victim. This draws a blank, for the conductor was on top of the bus at the time, it seems, and can add nothing to the evidence. Meanwhile, of course, the numbers of the missing notes have been circulated to the banks.

The timing of the coup and the deftness with which it was carried out suggest a carefully planned affair. Probably the men had had their victim under observation for some time and had made themselves familiar with his circumstances and movements. That, in turn, implies that they are practised hands, with a definite *modus operandi*. So the Criminal Record Office is asked to search the files for particulars of similar cases of pocket-picking.

In due course, two possible suspects are isolated and their descriptions are circulated in the *Police Gazette*. A special warning is also issued to bus companies to warn their conductors to be on the alert. Thus, when a similar attempt is

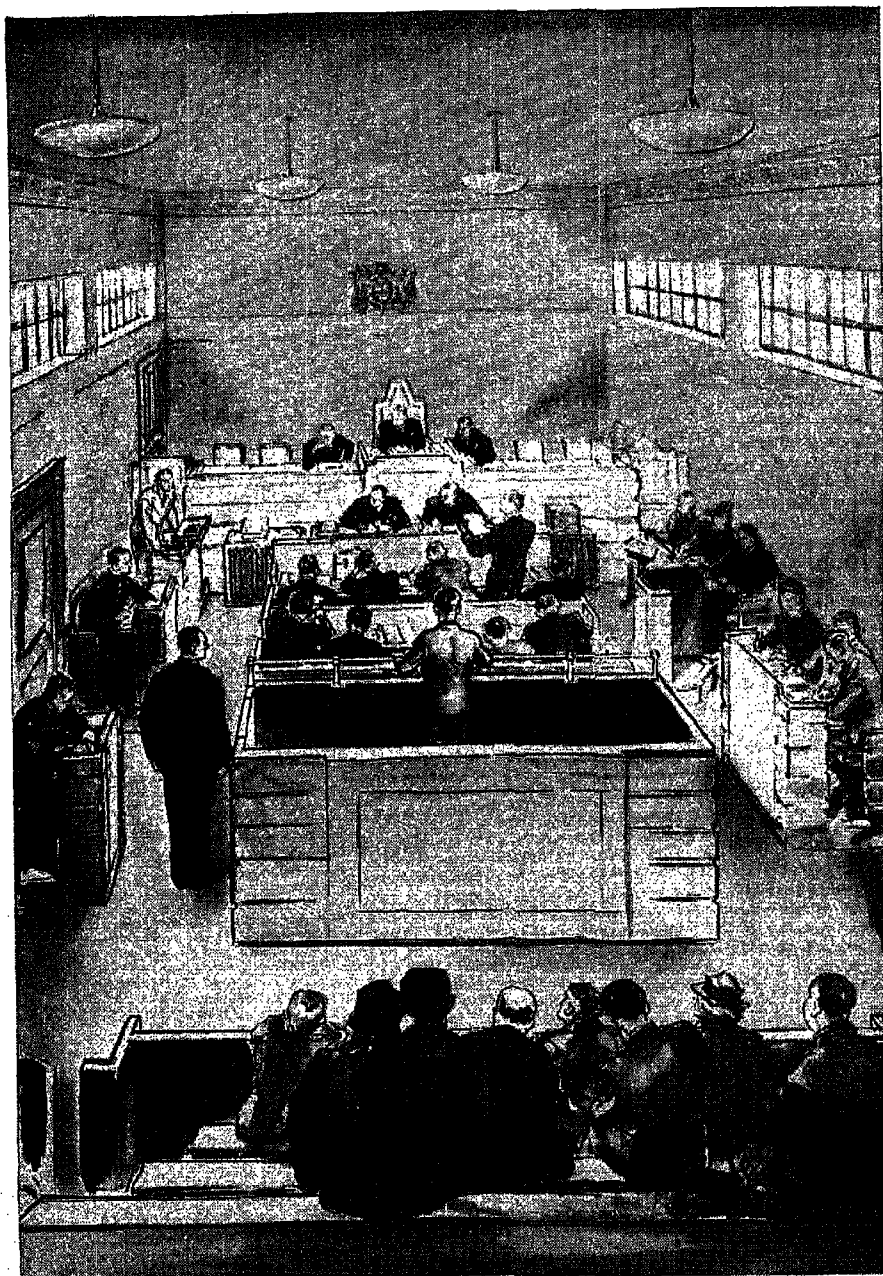
made a few weeks later, it is unsuccessful. The men escape, but not before a full description has been obtained. It is found to tally exactly with that of the pair picked out by the Criminal Record Office.

Knowing whom he has to look for, the detective is soon successful in running them to earth. And even though he has insufficient evidence to pin the first case on them he is able to charge them on the second attempted case and to secure their conviction.

A few successes of this sort, and the detective begins to earn commendations from his superiors. He stands to win promotion to the rank of Detective-Sergeant, and later to Detective-Inspector, when he will be in charge of a division of the C.I.D.

In this latter capacity, most of his time is spent in the office, directing and co-ordinating the work of junior detectives and correlating any evidence they collect. It is also part of his job to act as liaison officer between his own department and his opposite number of the uniformed branch. This link is most important. The purpose of the uniformed man is to prevent crime, while the function of the detective is to detect crime after it has been committed.

Thus, in one way or another, his life is crowded with interest. And upon retirement he may find that his services are much in demand, so that he probably ends his days as house detective for some big commercial or industrial undertaking.



This artist's drawing shows the layout of a Stipendiary Magistrate's Court with a prisoner in the dock facing the magistrate. In such Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, as they are called, the great bulk of the crime of the country is judged.

THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE

PRESIDING OVER THE "SUMMARY COURT"

"ALL the world's a stage," said Shakespeare. But you do not have to go very far to find most of the dramas of everyday life enacted within four walls—the walls of a magistrate's court. Here interwoven with the threads of a myriad human stories you can discover most human weaknesses, and not a few virtues. The characters range from men and women accused of murder, to respectable, bewildered people in need of guidance upon some legal or domestic matter. Presiding like a stage manager over this human puppet show is a man who sits alone. He watches and listens; intent, yet detached. When he speaks, he wastes few words. He is master of the proceedings which he conducts with an efficiency that is a blend of severity and kindness. He is found in most of the Summary Courts of the larger towns and cities, judge of the poor man's court of justice—the stipendiary magistrate.

How does he differ from other magistrates, those austere people who sit on the bench, frown at motorists, and have the letters J.P. after their names? These Justices of the Peace or *lay* magistrates are un-

paid and their duties are part time. In most cases they have no legal qualifications. Really busy courts, however, employ a paid or *stipendiary* magistrate who is always a trained lawyer. He is a good deal else besides. Sound legal man that he is, he needs an even wider knowledge of human nature and a gift for probing the hidden depths of the human heart. Most of those who see him daily are critical people; solicitors, police, pressmen, and even prisoners—all know a good or a bad "Beak" when they see one.

His powers are exceedingly, almost embarrassingly wide. Magistrates' courts deal with over 98 per cent of the entire crime that is committed in England and Wales. More than three-quarters of the offences with which he can deal are punishable by fines. He can pass prison sentences, however, up to twelve months, and fines up to limits that would make even a millionaire turn pale. A magistrate's court has been known to impose a single fine of £150,000! While magistrates have their colleagues, and judges sit with the juries, the stipendiary must exercise his powers alone. Apart from an Alderman of the City of London,

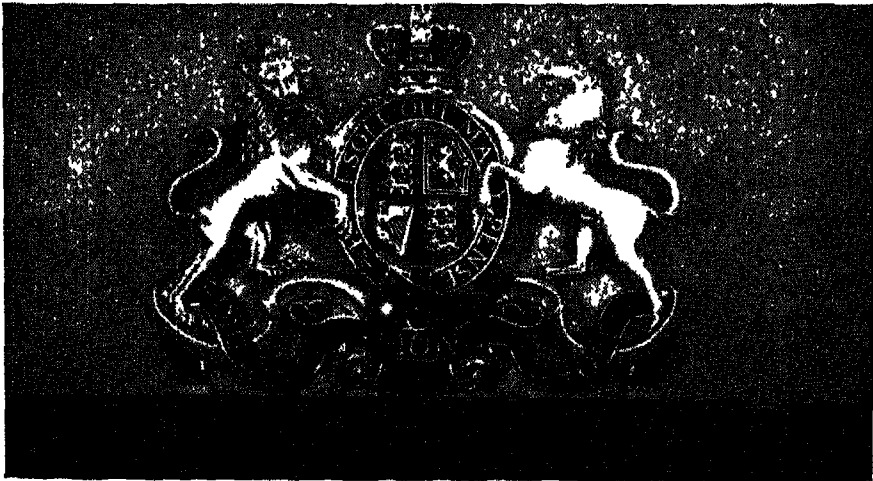
THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE

he is the only judicial authority in the country who may hear criminal charges and impose prison sentences without the aid of a jury in appropriate cases.

If we watch him at work, we see that he is something of a social institution, a cross between a family counsellor and a public information bureau. Very few institutions are open on more days of the year. By law, these courts must sit daily, with the exception of Sundays, Good Friday and Christmas Day. The reason for this is that nobody accused of a criminal offence may be held in custody for more than twenty-four hours without being taken before a magistrate in open court. That is the principle behind those mysterious words "Habeas Corpus" which crop up from time to time in history. As there are two

magistrates attached to each court, neither of them in practice averages more than four sittings a week. Even so, that is enough, for the work is exhausting, and the mind, unless well rested, would soon get stale and the judgment less acute.

He seldom appears in the court room much before ten o'clock, but by then he has probably been in the building for some time. We should find him in consultation with his right-hand man, the magistrates' chief clerk. The smooth working of the court largely depends upon this invaluable person, who is usually a sound lawyer. There are administrative details to be discussed and points of law which are likely to arise in the course of the day's sitting. Here is an urgent application; perhaps the magistrate could see his way to hearing it early. The



Unlike the judges in the High Courts and the Criminal Courts, neither Justices of the Peace nor stipendiary magistrates wear robes. Sole symbol of their authority is the Royal Coat of Arms above the panelling on the wall behind them.

THE DAY'S WORK

third summons for today won't take up much time after all. The defendant has pleaded guilty by letter. Here is a psychologist's report. That is about all for this morning and now two or three probation officers are waiting to see him.

Without the probation officer, or the court missionary as he used to be called, a magistrate's task would sometimes be impossible. His method of dealing with an offender must often depend on circumstances which cannot be discovered during the course of a trial. It is the probation officer who, by sympathetic and tactful questioning, learns something of the prisoner's background. He is a shrewd judge of his fellow men. Many a person caught in the toils of the law has to thank him for being given a second chance and helped on his way to an honest career. The magistrates listen most carefully to what these men and women have to say.

Everybody is in their place when he eventually takes his seat in court. He wears no robes; the only visible sign of his authority being the royal coat of arms (opposite) which adorns the wall above his head. His desk stands upon a dais, on one side of which is the witness box. Facing him is the dock, guarded by an unnecessarily stalwart iron railing, a relic of the times when most prisoners were tougher customers than they are today. On either side of the court are the seats reserved for counsel and the press, while in

front is the solicitors' desk behind which are rows of benches for the witnesses and members of the public.

The first part of the morning's work in court usually begins with the hearing of applications for warrants and summonses and other processes of the court. A further interval may be taken up by one of the most important of the magistrate's functions—the giving of advice. Each day, a number of men and women—mostly the latter—come before him with their troubles. Sometimes, they want legal advice. They have a grievance; can the court help them? More often, the questions are purely domestic, sometimes a quarrel between neighbours or even members of one household. A son seems to be getting beyond control, a daughter stays out till all hours—can the court help?

Occasionally, there are applications from young people under the age of twenty-one for permission to marry which has been refused by their parents. How shall he decide the matter? In the first place he tries by careful questioning to get a mental picture of these parents. Are they ordinary, reasonable, common-sense folk? Did the young people get on with their respective families before they met? How long have they known each other? What are the young man's immediate prospects? In the course of these applications, the magistrate may have to advise and reason with them all.

The rest of the magistrate's morn-

THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE

ing is usually devoted to hearing charges. These are the strictly criminal offences as opposed to the somewhat lesser wrongs which are dealt with by summonses which are usually heard later in the day. A charge may involve anything from murder down to petty theft. If the charge is a serious one, the police seldom do more than offer "evidence of arrest" and ask the court to grant a remand either in custody or on bail while further inquiries are being made. On the other hand, the more straightforward cases are dealt with on the spot. Most of the morning is spent in either granting remands or hearing cases which have already been remanded.

The first case is called; and a sheepish young man steps into the dock. The magistrate listens dispassionately to the old, old story of one who has celebrated too well. The result—a small fine and a warning.

The next figure to appear is one of those human derelicts who has probably seen the inside of a police court more often than he can remember. It appears that he has been "loitering with intent." The charge is proved and a stolid blue figure in the witness box recites a somewhat formidable list of former deeds. There is not much to be done with a case like this. The magistrate may order a remand for investigation by the probation officer, or impose a prison sentence then and there.

Many of the cases which come

before him are punishable by fine or with the alternative of imprisonment, and it often calls for careful judgment to decide which is the more appropriate in the circumstances. For some people, even a short term of imprisonment may spell disaster and social ruin. For others, a spell behind bars means free bed and board—in fact a solution of the most immediate and pressing of their problems.

The commonest type of charge coming before a magistrate varies according to the district over which his jurisdiction extends. Some quarters are more given to plain rowdiness and brawling; others may be the haunt of the more dangerous criminal types. In some districts, the magistrate needs to cultivate a special method of approach. In places like the East End of London he must know, and even be able to express himself in, the idiom of the people who day after day pass through his court.

Experienced as he is in the weighing of evidence and with a sharp nose for the truth, he usually finds little difficulty in deciding questions of guilt. His problem is what to do next. Will the prisoner benefit from a second chance, or will he only become a greater menace to society? The magistrate must also be on his guard lest his own feelings cloud his judgment.

The maximum sentence for any crime is often a good deal heavier than is warranted under most cir-

THE VERDICT AND THE SENTENCE

cumstances. He may be sorely tempted to give a truculent prisoner a heavier sentence than his offence actually merits. The habitual criminal is often a good judge of the fairness of his sentence. Even unexpected leniency may provoke such *sotto voce* remarks as "Wot's wrong with the Guv'nor today? Has he had a couple? Is he getting soft?"

In the course of the morning, all types pass before the keen gaze of the man on the bench, Sullen roughs; vociferous, brightly painted, dishevelled ladies; penitent revel-ers; saintly looking old men with a

weakness for other people's belongings; tearful and respectably dressed women charged with shoplifting.

Here is a boy whose harassed father has told the court that he has no control over the lad. The boy is rude, undisciplined and destructive; he can't keep a job. Probably not a bad boy at heart, and now standing at the cross-roads that lead to honest citizenship or a criminal career. The father is a weakling who cannot or does not bother to exercise parental authority. What the magistrate does now may decide the whole of that lad's future and make or mar



Bow Street, world-famous police court, where more than one notorious criminal has stood in the dock before being remanded for trial. Situated in London's West End, opposite the Covent Garden Opera House, it has staged many a drama.

THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE

his future as a happy and useful citizen of the country.

Young delinquents always provide him with the worst headaches. Very often he must take the parents into account as well. The morning's work brings some searching problems. When they cannot be solved on the spot, he usually orders a long remand. This means that the prisoner must be held in custody perhaps for several weeks. In the meantime, the probation officer goes carefully into his case. When the prisoner comes up for sentence, the court knows a good deal more about him, his background and circumstances, his outlook on the future. If the court feels it is justified in binding him over to be of good behaviour, he is released and remains a free man without the stigma of a prison sentence as long as he behaves himself. Many of these cases are never in trouble again.

As the next prisoner comes into the dock, there is a suppressed buzz of excitement in the court. Necks are craned forward. It is not every day that a man stands in the dock charged with murder. What does a magistrate do with the accused in this case? Obviously, with his powers limited up to one year's imprisonment he cannot pass sentence for any of the more serious crimes. All that he can do is to look into the charge, assure himself that it is reasonably substantiated and then remand the prisoner in custody until he can be tried by judge and jury. Although he cannot convict, he can

dismiss any of these charges, but this rarely happens in a case of murder or any of the graver offences.

Another matter which the magistrate has to decide when remanding a prisoner is the question of bail. In the less serious criminal offences which are going for trial by a higher court, it is customary to let the prisoner go free in the interval provided that someone will guarantee a sum of money as surety for his appearance when he is required. In other words, he is remanded on bail.

If the prisoner does not appear, then the guarantor has to pay up and the court immediately issues a warrant of arrest. It is rare, however, for the accused to "jump his bail." If the police have reason to think that he will make a run for it, they oppose the application for bail, and if the magistrate thinks that their reasons are sound, he makes an order for a remand in custody. Persons accused of murder and other grave crimes are never allowed bail.

After dealing with charges which may take the rest of the morning, the court proceeds with the hearing of summonses. These usually involve misdeeds of a quasi-criminal or technical nature. In normal times, the majority of these summonses concern motoring offences. There are also numbers of people accused of contravening one of the many government orders in connection with rationing, control of materials or currency regulations. The fact that they are only regarded as quasi-

CHARGES AND SUMMONSES

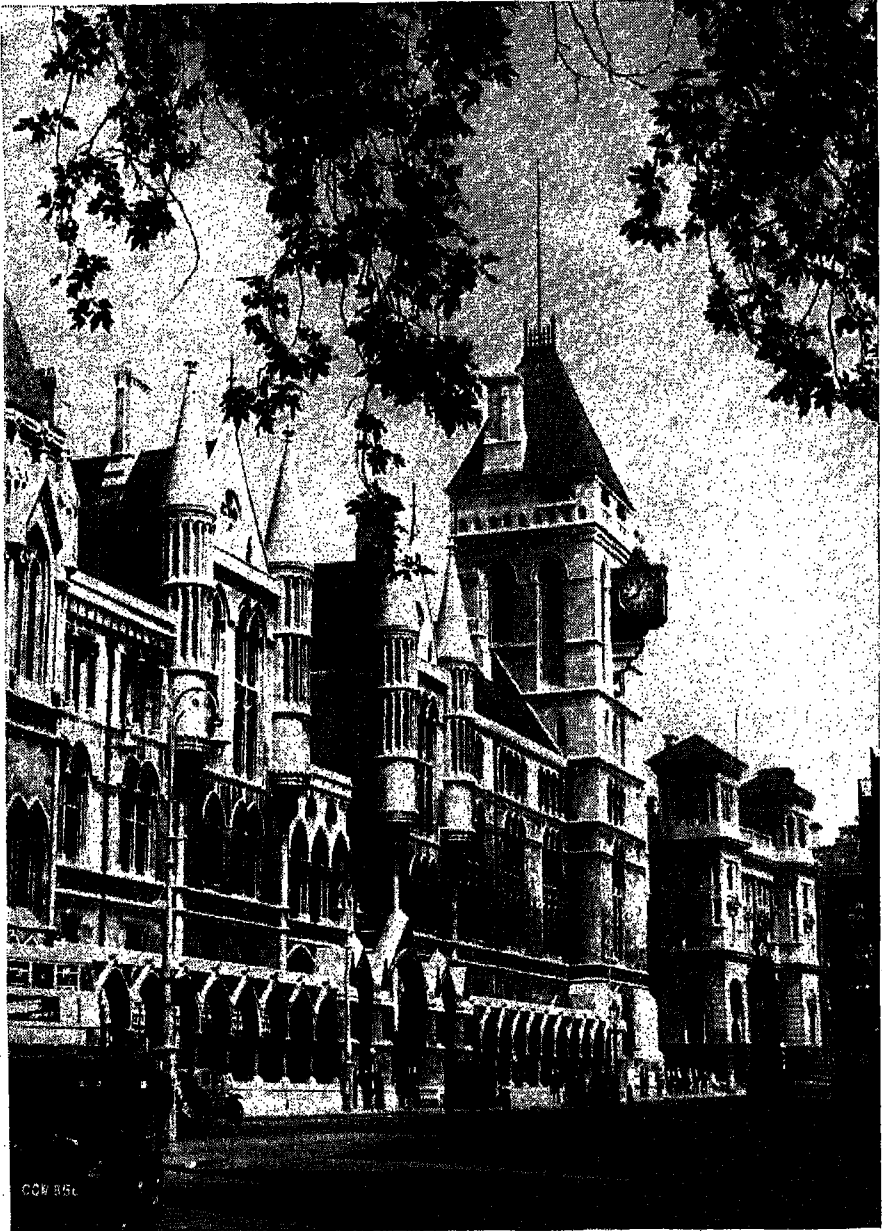


Juvenile delinquency is a special problem for the magistracy and every effort is made to claim the youngsters and to make sure that a single slip shall not lead to a career of crime. This picture from the Crown Film Unit production "Children on Trial" shows a policeman giving evidence in a typical juvenile court.

criminal does not mean that they necessarily carry light punishments.

All sorts and conditions of people come before the stipendiary in the course of his work. Watching him as he deals with case after case, you may be struck with the apparent ease with which he handles each new situation, and the speed and fairness of his decisions. These professional magistrates are selected from barristers of standing whose careers have not carried them to the loftier heights of a judgeship. The post carries a salary of fifteen hundred up to two thousand pounds a year.

The new magistrate's first day in court is something of an ordeal and not unlike a schoolmaster's first day in the class room. He is carefully watched and summed up by those arrayed in front of him. Every trick or mannerism is noted by the police, the public, the prisoners and court officials. Is he a quick worker? Can he handle an angry or garrulous woman? Does he combine patience with firmness? Is he a good sort? He has usually proved himself by the end of the first day's sitting and as the court rises there is a general feeling in the air—he'll do.



Visitors to London are always impressed by the noble frontage of the Law Courts, which, with their air of stability and dignity, seem symbolic of British justice. Through the great Gothic archways glimpses may be had of be-wigged counsel.

THE BARRISTER

PRACTISING IN THE REALMS OF COMMON LAW

THE career of the Bar has long ranked among the more romantic professions. The biographies of great advocates are usually popular reading, and the stories of great trials, apart from the drama which surrounds the accused, are full of the fascination of their legal battles and the men who took part in them. In the public mind, a famous counsel may occupy a position not unlike that of a great actor. He is, in fact, an actor, whose movements are watched the more intensely because he is playing in a living drama, and because upon him may depend whether the last act shall have a tragic or a happy ending.

This somewhat theatrical atmosphere is heightened by the barrister's attire for, in his wig and black robes, he appears to have stepped out of the past. Even his speech, with its Latin maxims and somewhat quaint old English phrases, may have something of the period piece about it.

There are few professions with so little and yet so much to offer. In the past, at any rate, the majority of people at the Bar have had private incomes, and even today this is almost essential for the beginner. It

is probable that this large measure of financial independence to some extent accounts for the willingness of many barristers to work for a number of years for very small rewards, in addition to the fact that big prizes may lie ahead for those with patience, ability and determination. Age is no bar to entering the profession, men and women who have retired from their own particular work are to be found among the Bar students at the Inns of Court, like a Lady Mayoress who was called to the Bar on her seventieth birthday.

The majority of barristers have their headquarters in London, doing much of their work in their chambers in the Temple or in Lincoln's Inn. The big Assize towns in the provinces may have their own local Bar, sometimes confined to two or three men whose work lies in the local police courts, county courts or at the Assizes which take place three times a year. There is nothing to prevent a London barrister appearing in these courts. In fact, many of the "big men" from London figure in important cases in the provinces.

Generally speaking, the man who practises in the Temple goes far

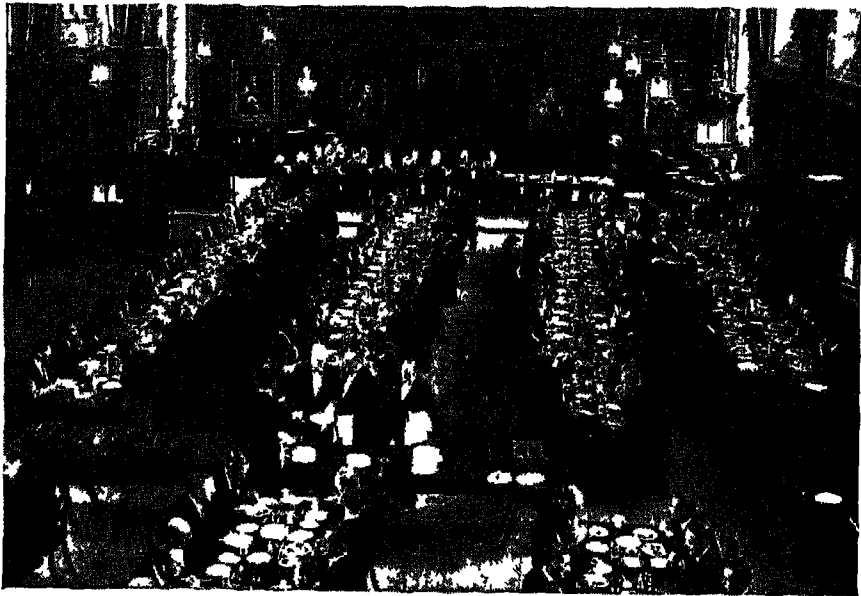
THE BARRISTER

afield only when he is briefed to appear at one of the Assize towns on his own circuit. There are, for instance, the Midland Circuit and the Western Circuit, among others. The majority of Common Law counsel become members of one which entitles them to appear at any of the Assize towns on this particular beat. If they are briefed to appear at any assize outside their own circuit, they are, by custom, fined by the Bar Mess on whose preserves they are trespassing. The customary forfeit used to be a case of champagne, but nowadays counsel is always recompensed by an additional fee.

The advanced age of some of the best judges suggests that the Bar is a

long-lived profession. This may be due in part to the mental gymnastics of the law, which tend to keep the mind alert and supple; but the life on the whole is an exceedingly strenuous one for those who are successful. The Junior, that is, a barrister who has not yet become King's Counsel, may begin his day by catching an early train or otherwise journeying to some court in the provinces or on the outskirts of London. If his work does not take him away from the Temple, he probably arrives at his chambers somewhere between half-past nine and ten. The High Court lies on the other side of Fleet Street.

If the counsel has a good deal of



Law students and barristers newly-called to the Bar seated at luncheon in New Hall, Lincoln's Inn, after the ceremony of "calling," an appropriate setting for those who will be called upon to uphold the majesty of British Law in due course.

TRADITIONAL ROBES



Proud moment in the life of a Law student as he is "called to the Bar," and hears the Treasurer of his Inn say: "On behalf of the Masters of the Bench I publish you a barrister of this Honourable Society." He is now a junior counsel.

court work on his hands, he probably begins with one or two short petitions in the High Court. Soon after arriving in his chambers, he leaves with his clerk and goes straight to the robing-room in the Law Courts. Passers-by in Fleet Street often see black-coated figures hurrying across the road carrying, in addition to books and papers, a navy blue or scarlet bag closed at its mouth with a silken cord. Blue denotes Common Law and scarlet, Chancery, and in these bags are carried the robes without which the barrister is technically invisible to the judge of the court in which he appears.

In the robing-room the wig, gown

and white bands are donned (page 184). It is often possible to tell the seniority of counsel by the colour of his wig. With the tiro, it is undimmed silver, turning after years of service to a leaden grey. Few people purchase a new wig in the course of their careers, and today they are an expensive item for the beginner, costing in the region of twenty-five pounds. Upon close examination, a pocket can be seen in the barrister's gown, placed in a puzzling position, for it lies somewhere about the region of the shoulder-blade. This dates from the time when the fees, in golden sovereigns, were dropped into the barrister's pocket by the solicitor or

THE BARRISTER



This drawing shows a client briefing a barrister through his solicitor. The barrister is shown preparing his case in his chambers and then proceeding to the

PLEADS A CASE



Law Courts accompanied by his clerk. After robing the barrister proceeds to the courtroom where he is shown cross-examining a witness for the defence,

THE BARRISTER

attorney who had briefed him and who normally sat behind him in court. Today, counsel has to wait, sometimes many months, for his cheque.

From the robing-room, counsel hurries down the long stone corridors to one of the courts of the King's Bench Division where other counsel are already waiting to make their various applications. These are usually related to such matters as the postponement of an action, and although they are sometimes contested, they are usually over by eleven o'clock when the hearing of the day's actions begins.

Counsel then hurries off to another court where he is perhaps

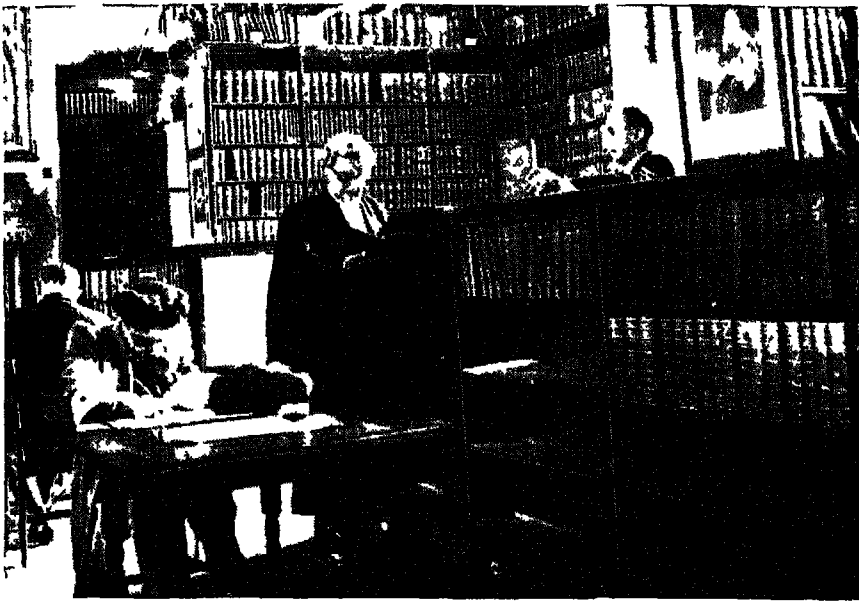
appearing for one of the parties in a running-down action—a suit usually arising from a motor accident. His case is second on the list. The first one looks as though it is going to continue for most of the morning. He stands talking in the corridor to his client's solicitor. There may be an hour or more to go before his case comes on for hearing, yet he cannot go away, the action which is now being heard may end with dramatic suddenness. It may collapse, it may be settled, it may be adjourned. Case number two is then called without further warning and counsel must be there.

A portion of the barrister's working day may thus be spent in waiting



In the robing-room at the Law Courts, where an attendant is seen giving a helping hand to a barrister in adjusting wig and gown in readiness for appearance in court. Wigs and gowns of other barristers are laid out on shelves and tables.

PREPARING HIS CASE



The Bar Library, where barristers may consult legal authorities and prime themselves with facts about obscure laws or the histories of past cases. Research often provides counsel with useful "ammunition" for some heated legal battle.

(page 188). The courts do their best to avoid this, but counsel must be ready when his case is called, and the timing of this is bound to have a large element of uncertainty.

Perhaps the waiting barrister gets a message that his case will not be heard before midday. This means that he can safely leave the Law Courts and return for at least an hour to his chambers. That hour is spent working on papers. Few people realize what a large percentage of the barrister's time is devoted to paper work. Before an action comes to court, much thought and ink may be devoted to the opening phases of the battle. After the writ stage, counsel may be briefed and

each gets down to what is known as settling pleadings.

The pleadings are documents which state the legal bases of the claim and defence, and tell each party in general terms what opposition he has to face. The drafting of pleadings may call for great technical skill, and the case is not infrequently won or lost at this stage. Big commercial actions may hang fire for months or even years while the parties fire salvoes and counter salvoes of legal documents.

In a High Court action the plaintiff opens the pleadings with a Statement of Claim, to which the defendant replies with his defence. The plaintiff retaliates with a reply,

which the defendant counters with a rejoinder, to which the appropriate answer is a rebutter, which is, in turn, capped with a surrebutter. Few litigants nowadays care to indulge in this game of legal patball; instead, the opening "shots" are usually confined to the Statement of Claim and defence.

Another fruitful source of paper work is the legal opinion. The chambers of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn are also full of learned men drafting contracts, agreements, wills, mortgage and trust instruments, and a dozen other of those forensic inventions which seem indispensable to the well being of modern society. A high proportion of the incomes of the entire Bar is derived from these sources. Many a lame speaker and poor advocate has found his *métier* and riches in the capacity of paper pleader and draughtsman.

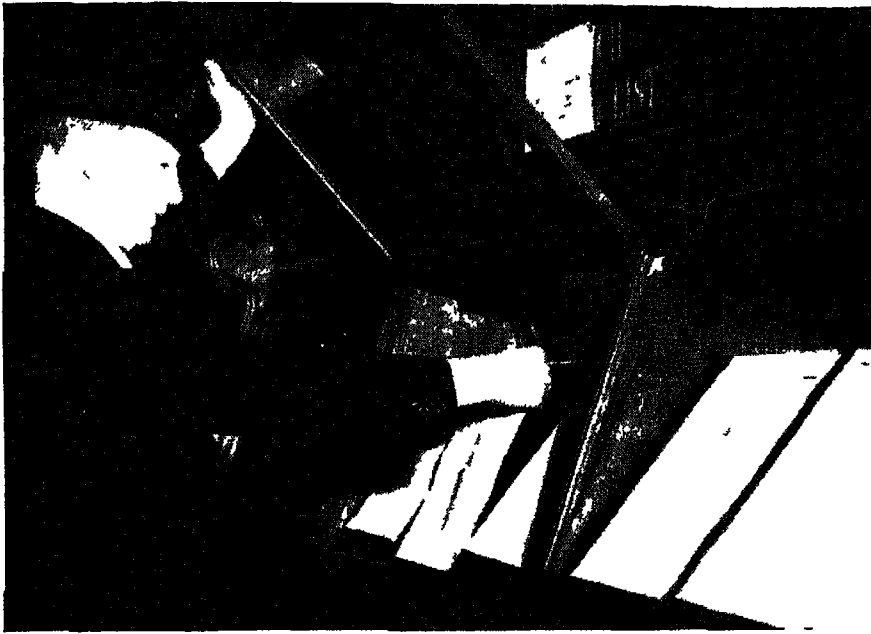
During his hour's respite, the barrister may have settled three simple pleadings at, say, three guineas each. He returns to the Law Courts, and after some further delay his case comes on and gets half an hour's hearing before the luncheon adjournment. The hearing is finished by half-past four and he returns to his chambers. Here he must cover further paper work before going home. On the morrow, he may be due to appear at an Assize town in the Midlands. On the train he begins to read the briefs and, even after reaching his destination, he may

stay up until after midnight reading.

The Bar is a profession of slow beginnings and is as full of hopes and disappointments as is the career of an actor. It is said that the young barrister should allow himself seven years before he can assess his prospects. There are well-known counsel who have waited that time before they had a brief of any importance. The qualifying period is the shortest of any of the learned professions.

The Bar student joins one of the four Inns of Court, which are not unlike colleges of a university with their lecture rooms, libraries and beautiful oak panelled dining-halls. No students live in these Inns, but they must dine (page 180) at one of them on six nights of each six-weeks' term. This is known as "eating dinners." If the student keeps his terms regularly and passes all his examinations, he is eligible at the end of three years for his call to the Bar. One night in each term is set aside as Call Night. The student's gown is put aside for the barrister's robe, and he is called by name to take his place among his qualified brethren (page 181).

From now on his immediate prospects probably depend on the attention or friendship of some solicitor, for he is the man who gives the barrister his work. In England, the professions of barrister and solicitor are distinct. Generally speaking, the barrister has no direct contact with his clients who always



When the High Courts are sitting, a Daily Cause List is prepared and posted in the entrance hall of the courts. It shows the cases that are coming up for hearing, the actual courts in which they will be heard and the Judges to take them.

approach him through a solicitor. The solicitor, who is rather more like the family doctor, looks after the general affairs of his client and advises him on routine legal matters. Where litigation or items requiring a special opinion arise, the barrister, who may be compared with the medical specialist, is called in. Only a barrister may plead a case in the High Court, and though a solicitor may appear for his client in the County Court, it is usual to brief counsel in all but the smaller cases.

Broadly speaking, in matters involving litigation, it is the solicitor who prepares the case and the barrister who presents and argues

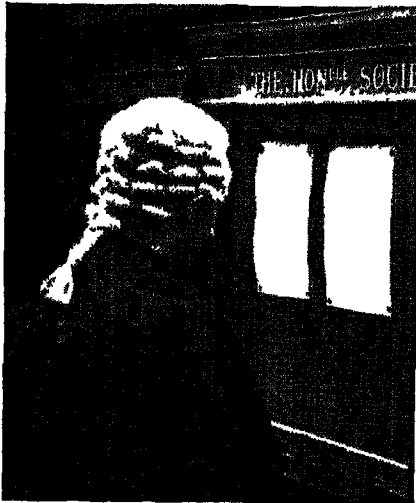
it in court. The solicitor attends to correspondence between the parties, notes the witnesses' statements to counsel under cover of a set of instructions which summarize the facts of the case and the more important parts of the evidence.

It is sometimes supposed that the young barrister sits hopefully in his chambers waiting for briefs. He may wait for briefs, but he is often busy meanwhile doing somebody else's work for nothing. This practice of "devilling" for his senior and more successful brethren is the means by which he learns his profession. The passing of his examinations, and the book-learning of his student

THE BARRISTER



Framed in a dignified legal setting (above) a barrister sitting in the corridor outside the court gives a last glance at his brief before presenting his client's case. (Below) Counsel studies the board outside the Hall of Lincoln's Inn.



days, do not teach him the art of advocacy nor his way through the mazes of the law.

He must learn what books cannot teach him—the *ins* and *outs* of legal procedure. He must learn to weigh the practical value of evidence. He must learn how to cross-examine; and cross-examination is a two-edged weapon, more dangerous to its wielder if unskilfully handled than to his intended victim. The beginner can learn these things only by *working for others and watching them at work*. During this time, he meets and becomes known to solicitors. He picks up a small brief here and there which gradually leads to more regular work of his own. Sometimes, after years, he may step almost overnight into the shoes of the man whose work he has been doing for little or nothing.

In common with the medical profession, members of the Bar may not advertise, and they have no direct contact with the solicitor (who pays them) on money matters. The financial side of the barrister's practice is looked after by his clerk whose personality and ability may have a strong influence upon his master's career. It is often the clerk who, through his acquaintance with the solicitors' clerks, secures the first small briefs for the new barrister. It is the clerk who arranges the question of fees and generally decides when he can ask for an increase in respect of his master's services. The clerk's prospects are closely linked

with those of the man he serves. He usually receives a nominal salary plus half-a-crown for every guinea of the barrister's fees. In this way, as he usually serves more than one barrister, he may earn anything up to three thousand pounds a year.

The barrister's early briefs probably take him to the police court or the coroner's court where his morning's or perhaps day's work may earn him anything from one to four guineas. As he begins to make his mark, his appearances in the police court become rarer and, inversely, more profitable.

More often, his voice is heard in the County Court and occasionally he makes an application before a High Court Judge. After some ten years' practice, his work may be almost entirely confined to the High Court or to the Assize, which is the High Court on tour. He is still a Junior; that is, he has not attained the dignity of King's Counsel. If his practice is a busy one, he now reckons his income in thousands.

Such is life for counsel whose practice is in the realms of the Common Law. His days are spent amid the hurly-burly of litigation, involving cases of civil injury, contracts and perhaps the prosecution and defence of criminal actions. His background contrasts with that of the Chancery barrister in his more austere world of books and papers. Here is a man whose work is removed from the human aspects of the law. He is concerned more with

the dry bones of pure legal theory.

He moves in a world peopled with such things as Cestuique Trusts and Cestuique Uses, Coparceners and Contingent Remainders. He is at home with the custom of the Burrough English, with rights of Piscary and Turbary, and Gavelkind.

You may see him in the Court of Probate speaking perhaps for hours on the construction of a will, or arguing on a point of trust law in the Court of Chancery.

Sooner or later, the successful Junior Counsel must consider the question of "taking silk" which will entitle him to add the magic letters K.C. after his name. When this happens, he is relieved of much of the drudgery of the Bar, for he is usually called in to a case at a stage when the preliminary paper work is finished. He is thus free to concentrate on the conduct of his case. Nevertheless, if he continues to be successful, he must work long hours, and the years may see him wish for a lightening of his labours that would result from an appointment to the bench. As an alternative, the barrister of high legal and political standing may reach the position of Solicitor-General or Attorney-General, or even Lord Chancellor, who is the supreme head of the English Judiciary. There is perhaps no profession which offers more in the way of riches and honour or encounters such a blending of dry learning and human emotions.



Bitter political opponents march together in procession from the House of Commons to St. Margaret's for a Thanksgiving Service. Leading the procession are Mr. Eden, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Herbert Morrison.

THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

THE LAW MAKER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

SAY of a person that he is a doctor, a soldier, a mechanic or a farm labourer, and one can form some picture of the man. But let someone describe him as a Member of Parliament—just how much does that convey? He may come from almost any class of society. His education may range from that of the council school to the highest pinnacles of a university education. He may be a captain of industry, a journalist, a shopkeeper or an artisan.

What, then, has he in common with those other men and women, over six hundred in number, drawn from all corners of the land to the Palace of Westminster? Political ambition perhaps? A desire for public service? There is more to it than this. Each Member of Parliament is in part the guardian of proud traditions and hard-won privileges, whose roots grow deep in English history, whose story is linked with the greatness of Britain.

He and his fellow Members hold in their hands a prize that the centuries have handed down in trust. Law maker, speech maker, reformer he may be, but above all he is the watchdog of those institu-

tions upon which the British base their ability to call themselves a free people.

Watch him upon his way to attend the House, passing among the traffic of Parliament Square. A policeman has recognized him, and holds up the flow. Mounting the steps, he nods to another uniformed figure by the doorway. He passes into the great fretted-stone building from whose tower the stentorian voice of Big Ben recounts the passing of the hours (page 198).

Walking down the length of St. Stephen's Hall, lined by the stone effigies of great commoners of the past, he passes through a swing door into the Central Lobby. To the right along a passage lies the debating chamber of the Lords. To the left is the site of the old Commons' Debating Chamber which was destroyed by a German bomb and which is now being rebuilt. If the House is sitting, the Member may make his way to the Lords' Chamber which the Upper House has handed over to the Commons until their own is rebuilt. In the doorway, he pauses to bow to the Speaker's chair, then takes his place on one of the benches which surround this oblong room,

THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

resplendent in its panelling, plush and red leather.

He leans back in his seat and scans the order paper which indicates the day's business. Many of the older pictures of Parliament in session show rows of languid-looking gentlemen lounging in top hats, but the custom of wearing a hat in the Chamber died out during the present century. The modern Member leaves



An important preliminary to every election is the candidate's personal canvass of all the voters in his own constituency.

his hat behind in a cloakroom on a peg below which there is a mysterious loop of red tape. This is a survival from the robust days when Honourable Members were required to leave their swords before entering the sometimes heated atmosphere of the debating chamber.

The Member may have come to attend a Parliamentary debate, when the House is in full session; or he

may find it in less formal mood, sitting "in committee" quietly discussing the details of some new bill. He may have dropped in upon the more lively atmosphere of Question Time. He may have come to listen, or he may have come to speak.

Now, in making a speech, he must keep track of a number of things besides the subject in hand. The Mother of Parliaments has rules of speech and behaviour which are jealously enforced, even though the reasons for them have long disappeared beneath the dust of centuries. One slip, and he may be called to order by the majestic figure of the Speaker who watches over the conduct of affairs in the chamber, whose word is law, and who may rule him out of order on a number of seemingly trivial points. He may not, for instance, refer to another Member by name. He must speak of him indirectly as "the Hon. Member for so-and-so" or "the Hon. Member who has just spoken." Again, if he starts talking about "the House of Lords," he may find himself in trouble. He *must* be vague. References to "*another* place" or "*the other* House" are understood perfectly by his hearers.

A Member may not speak unless he is called by Mr. Speaker. And first, he must catch the Speaker's eye. This does not mean glaring across the chamber in the hopes that Mr. Speaker will respond. It usually means a word in his ear beforehand. In practice, before a

ELECTION TO THE HOUSE



Before the voters enter the polling booth during a bye-election, all ballot-boxes must be officially sealed (left). Each citizen, having made his X on the voting slip against the name of the candidate of his choice, folds it and drops it into the sealed box (below) under the watchful gaze of the booth officials and an attendant policeman. Note the display of posters warning voters against a variety of corrupt and illegal practices which can render an offender liable to serious penalties. Every precaution is taken under the British electoral system to ensure that the ballot is absolutely secret. Each candidate is strictly limited in the expenses he may incur during the election and bribery can completely invalidate the results.



THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT



This drawing depicts the impressive scene in Parliament when a new Member is sworn in by the Clerk of the House in the presence of his two sponsors. The

TAKING THE OATH



Speaker is enthroned in the background and Treasury Bench and Parliamentary Secretaries are seen on the left, while the Opposition seats are on the right.

THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

debate, each party hands to the Speaker a list of those whom they wish to speak. These names are often selected by ballot. Mr. Speaker then fits them in as best he can, with due regard to their special knowledge of the subject under discussion, and how many turns they have had recently. There are nearly always more Members wishing to speak than time allows. Parliament may be thought of as a talking shop, but for the majority, speech-making has become a strictly rationed commodity!

If the M.P. is an ordinary back bencher, much of his time in the chamber is largely devoted to listening. From time to time he files out with his colleagues to one of the division lobbies, where he records his vote upon any matter upon which a "division" is taken, *i.e.* which is put to the vote. When the House is in session, he has no fixed hours. Dawn may be stealing up over the Thames before the cry of "Who goes home?" is taken up from room to room and echoes along the stone corridors. This ancient cry, when the House stands adjourned, dates from the time when the Palace of Westminster was surrounded by open country. Footpads roamed the lonely lanes, and the benighted members were glad to go home in bodies, guided by the link boys with their smoking torches.

There are occasions when a surprisingly small number of people assemble in the chamber. Sometimes,

fewer than fifty Members are present. Where are the other five hundred and fifty odd? Unless there are important reasons for a big muster of Members, quite a number of them are not found in the House at all. Many have private or political business outside. Of those actually down in Westminster, a large percentage may be absent from the Debating Chamber and be engaged in other parts of the building.

What do they find to do? Besides rising to his feet in the Chamber or listening to others, there are quite a number of matters an M.P. has to deal with. In the first place, like other human beings, he must eat. The House does not adjourn for meals, so that a number of those absent Members are probably taking refreshment.

Quite a considerable amount of an M.P.'s time is devoted to letter writing—usually in rooms which are set aside for the purpose. If he is one who attracts public attention, he probably has a large postbag. The Member may employ a whole- or part-time secretary, but if he is obliged to live on his parliamentary salary he may have to be his own scribe.

Perhaps he may be found writing in one of the splendid rooms of the House of Commons library (page 200). He may be making notes for a speech, or he may be seated reading at a table piled with books and papers. Not only does he need to gather facts and figures for his

A WIDE RANGE OF DUTIES

speeches, but he must keep abreast of events and matters under present discussion. These often cover a very much wider field than the average newspaper reader would suspect. If you take a look at Hansard, the official daily report of what goes on in the House, you will be amazed to see what an extraordinary range of topics come up for discussion.

A Member may have had to explain to a Committee of the House the nature of theobromine and its relation to British cocoa imports. He is probably not a chemist and has had to read up his subject. In addition to doing his own delving, the Member, unless he is politically an Independent, can usually draw on the assistance of a research organization run by his own party.

If he is not engaged in letter writing or research, the Member may be serving on one of the dozens of committees which are appointed to go into various matters whose detailed examination would take up too much of Parliament's time. Apart from these official duties, there is the more personal side of his work. The attention of M.P.s is being constantly sought by individuals and business groups who hope that he will use his influence to put forward their points of view or advance their interests.

Discussions and meetings between the M.P. and his constituents usually take place in the great central lobby to which the public are admitted. Here, too, and in the Members'

Lobby, correspondents of newspapers may buttonhole him for gleanings of information or for his view on current matters of public interest.

Much of his time is spent in dealing with the individual grievances of his constituents—rations, pensions, food, clothing: injustices, real and imagined, at the hands of this and that government department. He deals with some of these by means of written or verbal questions (Questions in the House) to the Minister concerned. Then in a dozen different ways he may be called upon to represent the local interests of his constituency. He has to smoothe over difficulties between various members of his local government authorities and the corresponding ministries in Whitehall. These local authorities are always looking to the M.P. to help them in overcoming their difficulties.

Few Members can get through the personal side of their duties without entertaining. Perhaps the M.P. is having a drink with a friend in the Strangers' Bar, or entertaining him to a meal in the Strangers' Dining-room. He may be equally pleasantly employed in a discussion with some of his colleagues in the Members' Smoking-room. Much valuable work is done in the informal atmosphere of this, one of the most cherished of the House's institutions. The heat and the animosities of the Debating Chamber are forgotten. Political opponents meet

THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT



Big Ben, whose chimes are known throughout the world, looks down upon the Houses of Parliament. When the House is sitting the Union Jack is flown from the Victoria Tower by day; at night a light burns in the tower above Big Ben.

on friendly terms. Here, perhaps more than anywhere, the M.P. gets to know his fellows, and form friendships which are proof against the political storms and the cut and thrust of Parliamentary debate.

Whatever he is doing, wherever he may be in the building, he is liable to be summoned by the division bell which means that he is required in the lobbies to record his vote. Although the chamber itself may seem nearly empty when the House "divides," scores of Members suddenly make their appearance on the sounding of the division bell. How does the individual Member, if

he has not been near the Debating Chamber, know what he is voting about or how he is to vote? It is perhaps a matter for criticism of the present system, that he does not necessarily know *what* he is voting about. The question of *how* he is to vote has often been settled in advance. He receives instructions from one of his party Whips, a body of senior Members who look after the smooth running of the party machine. The Whip plays a large part in the lives of most Members, and, in addition to his functions as an organizer of parliamentary and party business, is for the back-bench

DISCIPLINE IN THE HOUSE

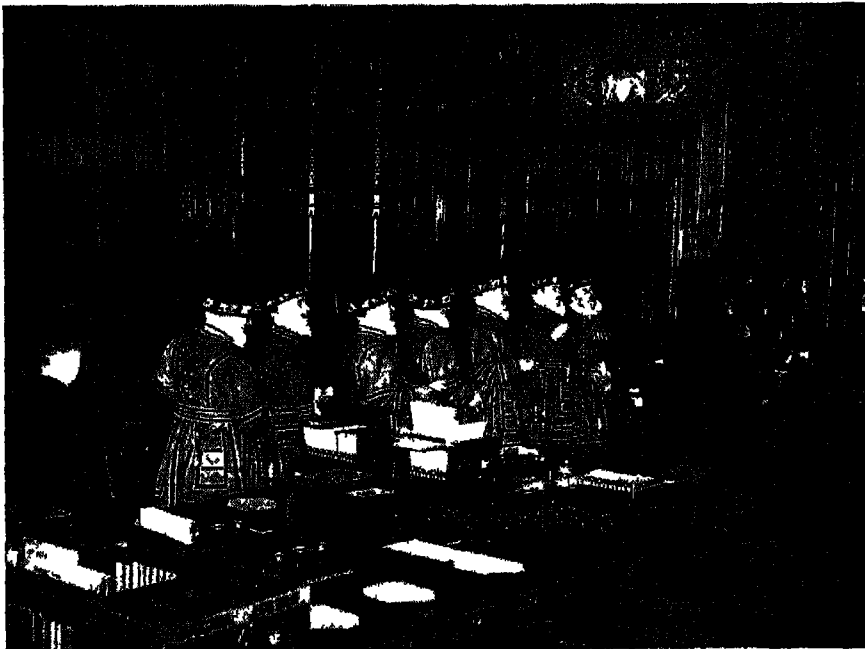
M.P. a guide, philosopher, friend and sometimes schoolmaster.

The Whips' Office keeps its party Members informed of the forthcoming week's business, and indicates by underlining the items their respective importance. One line indicates ordinary business. Two lines show that it is rather more important. Three lines mean that it is of such importance that nothing short of illness should prevent a Member attending the House to cast his vote. Woe betide the Member who without good reason fails to heed the Three-line Whip.

The conscientious Member does,

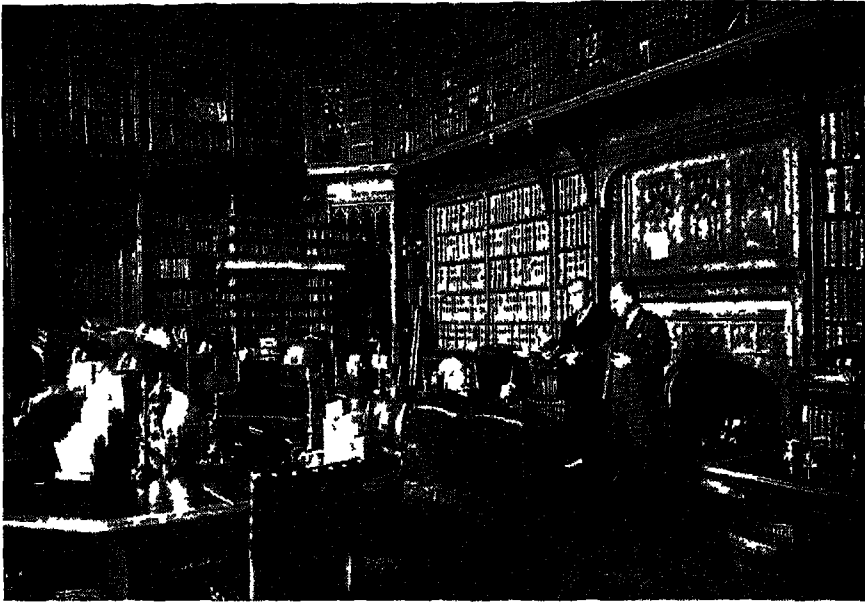
in fact, spend a good deal of his time in the House of Commons. What, then, does this building offer him in the way of amenities? In addition to a peg on which to hang his hat, he has a locker for his papers and books. He has a choice of two places for his meals. The Members' Dining-room provides him with lunch or dinner for three shillings, or if he wants a snack he can have this more cheaply in the Tea Room, which is organized on self-service lines.

If he wishes to entertain guests, there is the Strangers' Dining-room, and Tea Room, and the Strangers'



A picturesque, traditional ceremony, the searching of the House by the Yeomen of the Guard, always precedes the opening of Parliament. The search extends to the vaults where the Gunpowder Plot of Guy Fawkes was discovered in 1605.

THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT



The spacious House of Commons library where Members who may be keen rivals on the Floor of the House often meet on common ground and sink their political differences. Its atmosphere with its book-lined walls is one of dignified grandeur.

Bar, which is privileged to sell drinks at all times when the House is in session. Drinks are also served in the Smoking-room, but this room is strictly reserved for Members, and the only "strangers" permitted to enter are two waiters, who traditionally have become a part of the institution itself. Next door to the Smoking-room is a Chess Room, and down in the basement, a barber's shop—very necessary for the Member who arrives stubbly after a night's journey from some distant part of the country.

It is a busy life for the Member who takes his duties seriously. While Parliament is sitting, his lot may be one of gruelling days and

nights. But even though Parliament has holidays, the M.P. cannot take life easily when the House adjourns for the recess. His constituents want to see the man whom they have sent to represent them. Many an M.P. devotes one week-end a month to such visits when the House is in session.

During the recess, he is usually expected to speak at local meetings (page 203) and functions of all kinds, and take some personal interest in the way of life of his constituents. He should also try to make himself available to meet them individually, to give advice, to hear their grievances. Inevitably his help is sought on a number of matters

THE REWARDS OF SERVICE

which are strictly speaking outside the range of his duties.

On the whole, the M.P. works a good deal harder than most people do. The time which he can devote to earning a living in other directions is becoming more restricted. What recompense, then, does he get besides the honour and glory of representing his division? The present salary of a Member of Parliament is one thousand pounds a year, on which he pays income tax just like other people. At first sight this might appear to be a living wage. But let us look at what it costs him to do that job.

He gets free first-class travel between London and his constituency. But sometimes he finds it necessary to go further afield and must then pay for his ticket. If his post-bag is considerable, he must either ignore his correspondents or hire a secretary. In practice, his postage bills alone mount up to anything from eighty to two hundred pounds a year.

If he comes from the Provinces, there are his living expenses in London. If he lives in London, there are hotel bills when he visits his constituency. He is

expected to contribute to local charities. Friends and constituents come to see him at the House, and it is difficult to refuse them a measure of hospitality. Altogether, these expenses leave him with very little, if any, change out of his taxed income of one thousand pounds. Can an M.P. live on his salary? The answer is that some do, though many of those who have no other source of income are assisted by funds from their Party.

What does it take to make a good



Members of Parliament spend long hours of the day and night at the House, and there is a fine cafeteria where they can get a quick meal even during debates and a Members' Dining-room for full meals.

THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

M.P.? The first essential is a conscientious devotion to the job and the interests of the people whom he represents. A personality which endears him to the general run of his fellow Members, greatly enhances his value in the House. As an effective parliamentary speaker he needs something more than the commonly accepted qualities of an orator. Many good platform speakers, accomplished lecturers and successful barristers lack that something which distinguishes the fine parliamentary speaker.

By tradition, the M.P. is given a quiet hearing at his first or maiden speech. The speech should be short, and delivered with an air of bashfulness as becomes a fledgling to this august assembly. In practice, he scarcely needs to feign bashfulness. Many hardened veterans are nervous, and the circumstances under which a speech in the House is usually delivered do not encourage overconfidence. As he rises to his feet, the new Member knows that his audience is composed of critical experts. He does not face them all. Some, to the side of him, are visible only in the corner of his eye. Quite a number of those he is addressing are sitting behind him. Throughout his speech, Members are constantly coming and going. If he proves dull or given to high-flown oratory he is not forgiven. A loud delivery may be greeted with cries of "speak up," there may be "hear, hear," "no, no," and other interruptions. Should he

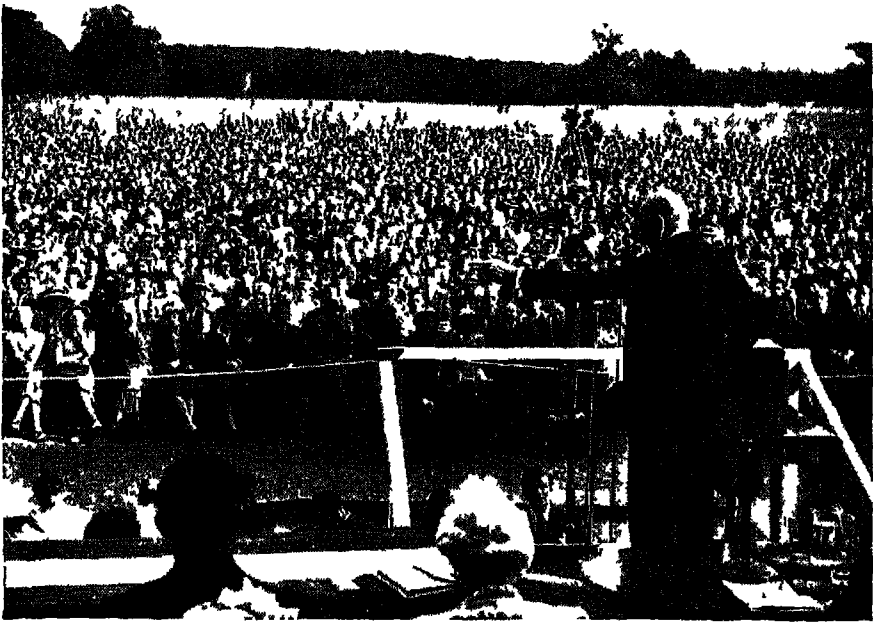
prove to be only a windbag, his audience may find that they have other matters to attend to outside the chamber! Nobody attempts to spare a bore's feelings.

The existence of an M.P. as such is fraught with a good deal of uncertainty. He cannot get the sack, in the ordinary sense of the term, and even if his constituents take a sudden dislike to him there is no certain way of dispensing with him during the life of a Parliament. That life may, of course, end at any time. A sudden crisis may bring about the fall of a government overnight. Parliament is prorogued, and the ex-M.P. together with all the other ex-members of the House from the Prime Minister downwards is faced with the prospect of an election. If he loses, that is the end of his parliamentary career—at any rate for the time being.

For grave offences against the rules of the House, he may be suspended or even be expelled. One thing he cannot do is to resign. Should he wish to give up his seat, he relies on the fact that a Member of Parliament cannot hold an office of profit under the Crown. He, therefore, applies for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, an ancient office which now has nothing more to it than its name. On his application being granted, he ceases to be a Member of Parliament.

There is nothing to prevent a duly elected person who keeps the respect of his constituents from spending

A LIFETIME OF MEMORIES



Even after election prominent Members of Parliament continue to make important political speeches throughout the country. (Above) Mr. Winston Churchill is seen addressing a crowd of 60,000 supporters at his birthplace at Woodstock.

most of his life in Parliament. But whether his career is long or short, the M.P. can look back with affection on many of the House's moments. He can recall the measured dignity of Mr. Speaker in his full-bottomed wig and robes. The splendour of the Sergeant-at-Arms with his silken knee-breeches and sword of office. The closing of the doors against Black Rod, the King's Messenger, who must beat upon them before he is admitted. The searching of the cellars upon the opening of Parliament (page 199)—a tradition which has been followed

ever since the days of Guy Fawkes.

He can recall long hours of debates, punctuated by tense, thrilling moments; friendly arguments in the Smoking-room; hours spent in the Library, hours spent in trains, in committee rooms; speaking on platforms in stuffy little halls. He probably remembers the exhilaration of his first battle at the hustings, his triumph when the ballot was declared in his favour. These are his memories, the mementoes of one who has been privileged to take his place in the "best club in the world"—the British Parliament.



Though a variety of world and domestic problems claim the Prime Minister's attention, he must be prepared to direct his energies into specialized channels. Here Mr. Clement Attlee is seen addressing delegates at a Palestine Conference,

THE CABINET MINISTER

FRAMING THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY

IF you walk between Trafalgar Square and Westminster, you may sometimes find a knot of sightseers grouped about the entrance of a cul-de-sac in Whitehall. There is little to be seen—a policeman or two perhaps and a few cars. But, if you wait long enough, a door in this corner of Downing Street may open. Figures emerge and disappear into the waiting cars. As each drives past, you get a glimpse of a man whose name is known in every house in the land; a man whose existence is bound up with the country's destiny, a Minister of the Crown and a member of one of the most select bodies on earth—the British Cabinet.

For those who court success in public life, a seat in the Cabinet is the summit of attainment. Fame, power and even greater responsibility; these are the destiny of the Cabinet Minister. But considered in terms of a job, his post is relatively one of the worst paid in existence. A salary of five thousand pounds a year may sound large by any standards, but it is little enough beside the weight of care and responsibility for this man who earns it among the grey buildings of that

little world of perpetual activity—Whitehall.

Responsibility—that is the keynote of the Cabinet Minister's existence. Responsibility not only for his own acts, but for those of countless other people, many of whom he neither knows nor sees, and whose activities may extend to the very ends of the earth. In the days when Parliament found difficulty in controlling the King—because in theory he could do no wrong—they eventually got around the problem by making his advisers and Ministers responsible for his acts. Today, a Minister is still responsible to Parliament for the Acts of the Crown, but the Crown has become a massive machine of Government Departments.

The Treasury, the Foreign Office, the Home Office, the Ministry of Food, the Service Departments and other Ministries are all manifestations of the Crown's activities. In his position as head of one of these Departments, a Minister is still responsible to Parliament, and through it to the people of the country at large. One often hears of "passing the baby" in Whitehall; but you cannot pass it farther than the Minister.

THE CABINET MINISTER

The more important of these Ministers are members of the Cabinet which is individually and collectively responsible to Parliament. The Cabinet is also a policy-making machine. It is for the Cabinet to think out the Government's line of action. It is for Parliament to decide whether it shall be adopted and to pass the necessary laws.

Such is the background of the man whom we are privileged to watch at his day's work. The Cabinet does not usually meet at fixed times,



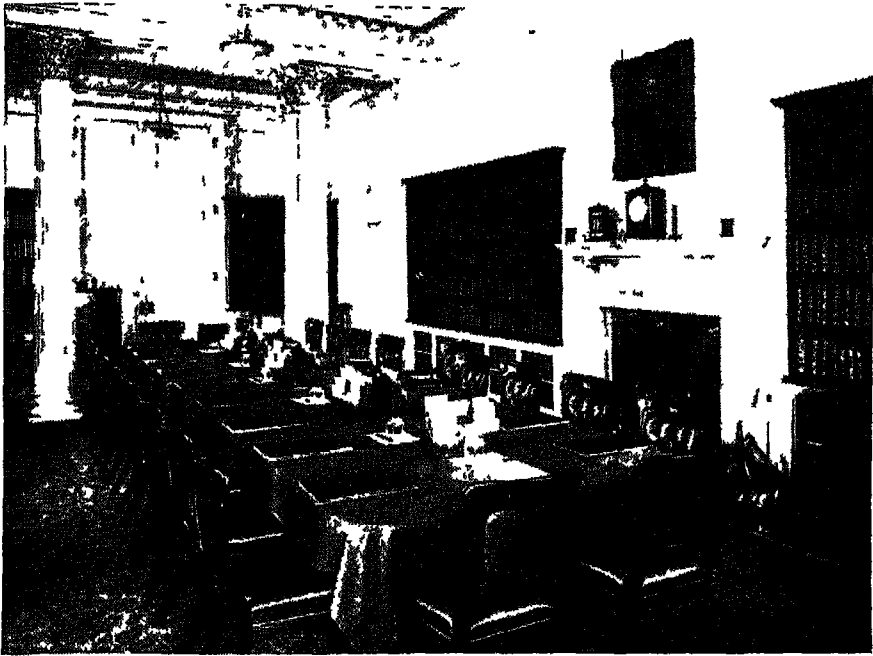
Former Chancellor, Sir John Anderson, setting out for the House with the famous "box of secrets," favours the cameramen with a non-committal smile.

nor necessarily every day. Unless a meeting has been called, a Minister finds plenty to occupy him at his own Ministry. Soon after nine o'clock, a large shiny, black car is waiting at his door. The Minister, unless he happens to be the Prime Minister or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is not given any official accommodation and can live where he pleases. But he does not get free transport, and we shall see later on that he may travel a good deal in the course of his duties.

At the Ministry his personal secretary, usually a young man already high in the ranks of the Civil Service, is waiting for him. Together they go over the more urgent personal correspondence and memoranda that have come in overnight. As the Minister sits at his wide, polished desk in a high, panelled room, he is at the hub of a gigantic organization whose activities may in some respect affect the lives of every man, woman and child in Britain, and possibly throughout the Empire. Each day, thousands upon thousands of letters go out in his name upon a huge range of subjects. His staff may run into several thousands, and many of them are well-versed in an almost unbelievable number of subjects.

You may well ask how a Minister who has not necessarily spent all his life doing this sort of thing can cope with the job at all. As far as his Ministry is concerned, he has an expert guide and right-hand man in

THE GUIDANCE OF EXPERTS



The Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street, historic setting for the nation's governing counsels. No. 10, official residence of the British Prime Minister, was left to the nation by the 18th century Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

the person of his Permanent Under-Secretary of State. This man is a high Civil Servant who has reached the summit of his profession and has probably spent most of his life in the Department.

From the Whitehall angle, the "P.U.S." usually knows all the answers. He may have served several Ministers and be responsible for much of the policy which has been announced under their names. The Minister must steer a course between relying too much on his own knowledge and judgment and blindly following the advice of his P.U.S. When he adopts advice, he must

stand by it. It is a tradition that a Minister does not publicly blame his Department for wrong advice or for a policy that is found to be based on erroneous facts and figures. If he has been let down, he may hand on the kicks with interest, but when mud is thrown, it sticks to *him*. His name and reputation is to some extent always in the hands of the people who serve him.

Of course, some people say, a man in his position has a hand-picked staff. Not a bit of it. Those who work immediately under him are usually experts, but they are not of his choosing. When he comes to a

THE CABINET MINISTER

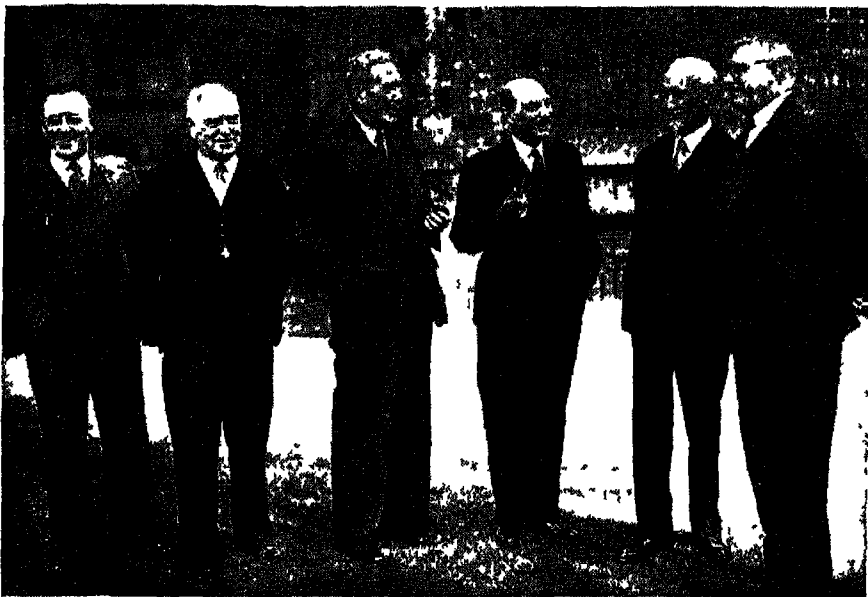
Ministry, he must take what he finds in the way of staff, all of whom are Civil Servants. In other words, the Minister finds himself responsible for the work of a body of people in whose selection he has no say and whom he cannot sack.

In practice, this arrangement usually works surprisingly well. There is a strong tradition in the Civil Service that you do not let your Minister down; and this quite regardless of whether you agree with his politics or not. If the Minister gets a little too frisky, with too many unworkable ideas of his own, departments have been known to swathe him gently in a little red tape. Nothing is more easily and

painlessly applied; and it is very effective!

When the Minister has finished running through papers with his personal secretary, he may settle down to study a few which require some thought. From time to time, he picks up the 'phone, sometimes speaking over the open line and sometimes through a "scrambler," an instrument which makes a telephone conversation unintelligible to any eavesdropper.

There is one day in a Minister's week which he is usually glad to have behind him. That is his day for answering questions in Parliament. The Parliamentary Question is one of the most valuable of our demo-



The garden of No. 10 Downing Street has seen many informal gatherings like this meeting of Dominion Premiers, Deputy Premiers and Cabinet Ministers, who enjoy a joke with the British Prime Minister in a truly "family" atmosphere.

QUESTION TIME

cratic institutions. Because of it, each State Department knows that the bright beam of inquiry may at any moment be directed upon its inner workings. The "P.Q." is a remorseless weapon against departmental slackness or inefficiency. Through its agency, many hundreds of private and public grievances are investigated every year.

A Minister has two days' notice of a question which is to be asked him in the House. The questions, and there may be more than a dozen of them at a time, are numbered and reach him in printed form, and are rapidly circulated by his secretary to the appropriate people in the Ministry with a request that they will furnish details for a reply.

The questions may call for a verbal or a written reply. The appearance of the green-jacketed file with its P.Q. is a signal for a considerable activity. Other work takes second place while the staff dig out the answers. Back goes the file to the secretary, perhaps with a complete answer, perhaps with a suggested interim reply designed to stave off the inquiry until the full facts are available.

A question may involve the preparation of elaborate statistics, which cannot be produced at two days' notice. Or it may concern events which are taking place on the other side of the world, say, in Malaya or Hong Kong.

Question time usually starts off the session of the House which be-

gins at 2.30 p.m., except on Fridays, when the House meets at 11 a.m. and there is no "Question Time." When his particular day comes round, the Minister is there on the front bench armed with his list of answers, which he reads out as the number of each question is called by Mr. Speaker. This may sound simple, but there is a catch. The Member asking the question has a right to add on the spot a supplementary question arising out of the Minister's answer. Now this "supplementary" comes out of the blue, and may catch the Minister off his guard, particularly if his first answer is not a very happy one.

In drafting the answers beforehand, the Minister's staff endeavour to anticipate a supplementary and supply some ammunition for a rejoinder. This does not always come off. The Minister may find himself besieged with angry shouts of "Answer," so that he either has to think quickly or retire behind a plea that the supplementary raises a fresh issue and that he must have notice of the question.

What happens if a Minister is not there to answer? He may be on a mission abroad, he may be ill, he may be at a Cabinet Meeting. For such occasions, he has his personal understudy. On the parliamentary side, he has also another helper in his Parliamentary Private Secretary who is a fellow M.P. The P.P.S.'s job is unpaid and is usually regarded as the first rung in the ladder which

THE CABINET MINISTER

leads from the back bench to ministerial rank.

What a contrast there is between the noisy and sometimes aggressive atmosphere of the House, and the still, deliberate air of the Cabinet room in No. 10 Downing Street. This room (see page 207) with its polished long table, its high-backed chairs, its glass-fronted book-cases, has perhaps seen more moments charged with fate than any other in the world. Through those windows, the troubled eyes of generations of statesmen have gazed out upon the garden beyond (see page 208) while they pondered questions upon which hung the destiny of empires. To the outsider, a meeting of the Cabinet might appear surprisingly informal. The items are tackled in conversational tones over pipes and cigarettes. Everybody calls each other by their Christian names.

Unless the Prime Minister has called a meeting at a very short notice, the discussions usually take place over what is known as a Cabinet Paper. If, for instance, an important matter of foreign policy crops up, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs supplies the Ministers with a Cabinet Paper which has been prepared by his Department. This paper sets out the problem, and contains the Minister's recommendations.

Before a Cabinet meeting, the document, which is printed on pale blue paper, is circulated to the other Ministers who ask their own De-

partments to comment upon it, and make recommendations. These recommendations together with all relevant facts are embodied in a "brief" which the Minister takes with him to the meeting. Skilful briefing can do much to lighten his labours, while a badly prepared brief can make his life a nightmare. A Minister on the other hand who habitually ignores his brief, and wanders off on a line of his own, may soon find himself in trouble. Most people are familiar with the spectacle of a Minister having to eat his words!

The work of the Cabinet, the myriad duties and problems that crop up in his own Department, the constant answering of questions: these in themselves would be enough to keep most men fully employed. But they do not end the list of the Minister's duties. He may be called upon to play a big part in parliamentary debates. This means that he may have to give much time and careful thought to the preparation of his speeches. Then there are a host of important problems which have to be thrashed out round a table before they ever come before the Cabinet. They are dealt with by a series of committees, each one of which is headed by a Minister. In addition, he usually puts in at least one afternoon a week sitting with his Ministerial Committee.

Apart from the many people, such as M.P.s, public bodies, journalists and members of the public who

A SUMMONS TO THE PALACE

want to know what a Minister is doing, there is one very important person who likes to keep in touch with his work. Every so often, a telephone message passes between the respective private secretaries: His Majesty would like to see the Minister. Remember, after all, that he is the King's Minister. So off he goes to Buckingham Palace where he finds an exceptionally well-informed Sovereign who is anxious to keep his own information up-to-date by frequent consultation with his Ministers.

In addition to a quick brain, an endless capacity for work, and the constitution of an ox, the Minister

should also have a liking for travel. It depends, of course, on what position he holds, but in several Cabinet posts, there are occasions when he must leave his Ministry and his parliamentary duties in the hands of his political deputy, and get into an aeroplane for urgent conferences, or investigations overseas.

He may travel by commercial airline, but the Air Ministry keeps a pool of aircraft ready for such occasions, and as often as not, he needs a private plane for himself and his staff. For many people an air journey is part of a holiday. They can relax and watch the landscape or the clouds roll beneath them and



Tact, firmness, tolerance, patience are among the qualities demanded of a Cabinet Minister. That he must also be able to unbend is evidenced by this happy picture of Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin at a meeting of the Security Council of UNO.

THE CABINET MINISTER

think of the careless hours ahead. The Minister is faced with strenuous hours of conferences, followed by social and diplomatic activities. He cannot relax.

In the course of his ordinary work, a Minister sees a good deal of social activity. He rarely has lunch alone. A portion of his evenings may be spent at political and diplomatic functions. His presence is sought at some time or other by a large variety of political, commercial, trade union and even charitable organizations.

Has a Cabinet Minister any time that he can call his own? He is away from home all day, and his work often keeps him at the Ministry until eight o'clock in the evening. If there is an important debate in the House which calls for his presence, he may be out until very late. There are many evenings that he can call his own, and unless he has an urgent speech to prepare for the morrow, he does not usually take work with him. Unless there is a certain crisis in the air, most Ministers can rely on getting their week-ends to themselves, and many of them are glad to get out of London.

Like other people, Ministers need, and get, holidays. Apart from a few days free here and there, their vacation is taken during the Parliamentary summer recess, when the hurly-burly of debates, parliamentary questions, opposition motions and the like can be forgotten. The Minister's holiday is always

liable to be disrupted for a day or two by an urgent summons from Downing Street. But, for that matter, there is hardly a moment, day or night, throughout his term of office where he is not "on tap." Cabinet meetings or at any rate a personal conference with the Prime Minister are liable to arise at any time, and it is not unknown for a Minister to be summoned from his bed in the middle of the night.

Ministers are sometimes unpopular figures, but it is a tribute to the sane political outlook of the British people that a Cabinet Minister is not given police protection as a matter of course. He can always have it should he wish, and there are occasions when Cabinet members like the Foreign Minister, the Secretary of State for the Colonies or even the Home Secretary, may need a police guard.

There are times, too, when a Minister, although he is not in any physical danger, may have to face hostile demonstrations and noisy interruptions when appearing in public. One of his political duties entails the visiting of constituencies to speak for party candidates during bye-elections and if he is particularly energetic and politically minded he may pay regular week-end visits to his own constituency.

Throughout his term of office, his ear and personal attention is sought by numerous bodies and individuals. Deputations often wait upon him. It requires a nice sense of judgment

QUALITIES OF STATESMANSHIP



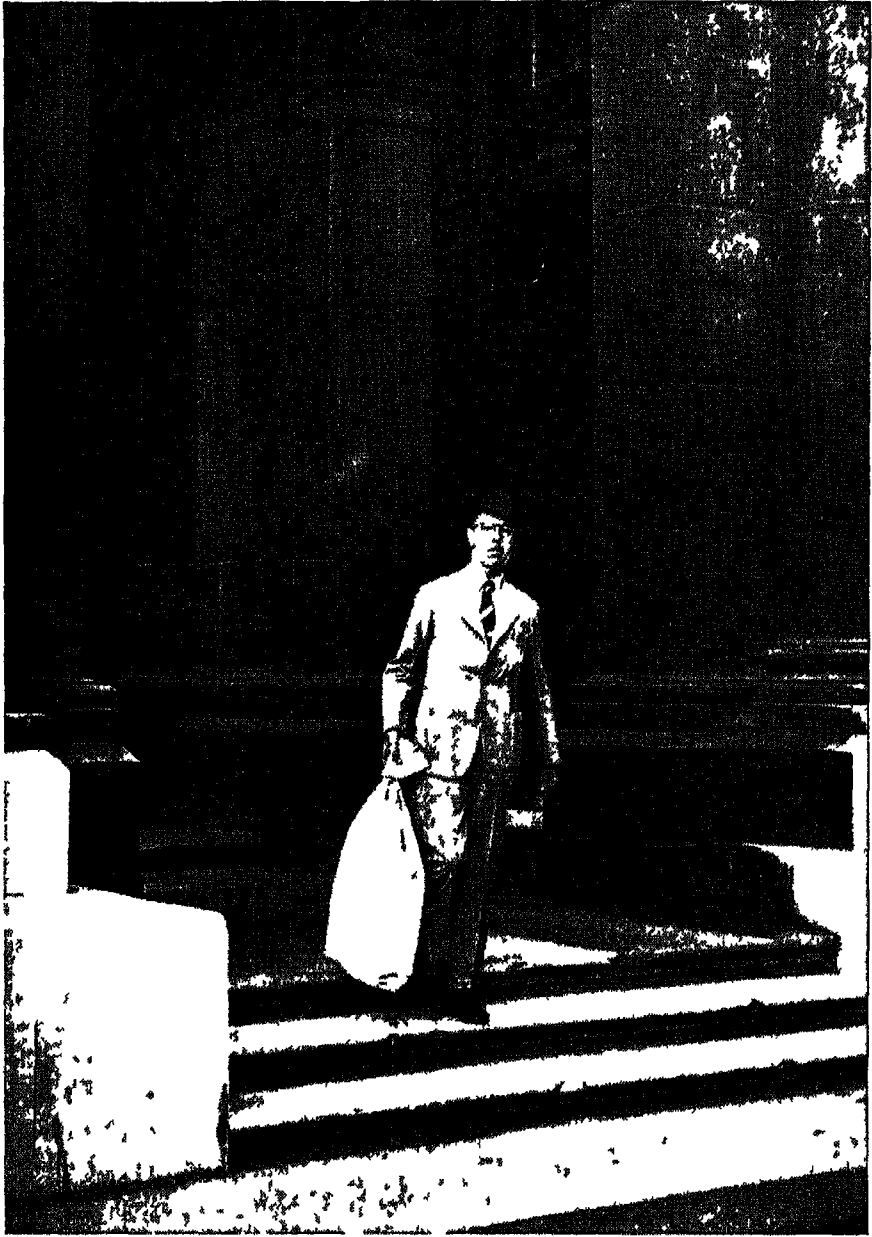
A Cabinet Minister's work is not confined to the Cabinet Room and his desk at his Ministry. Mr. Herbert Morrison, as Minister of Home Security, is seen inspecting a contingent of the National Fire Service at a parade in Hyde Park.

to decide which of them he should see, and which he should put off with polite regrets. His callers and his correspondents vary from respected individuals and public and private bodies down to trouble-makers, eccentrics and unabashed lunatics.

His reactions decide the quality of his statesmanship. He is no statesman if he ignores public opinion or chooses to regard all criticism as political manoeuvre. On the other hand, his policy must be founded on a much deeper knowledge of the situation than the public can hope to have. He often needs great moral courage to stick by his decisions in

the face of public clamour. If he aspires to greatness, he must possess bulldog tenacity and yet know when to give way. And on top of this unearthly perfection, he needs above all the human touch!

Are we asking too much of our Minister? What do we look for in the back seat, as his car moves out of Downing Street—man or archangel? His post is one of high honour and public service to which few are called. We expect much—and rightly so, for his qualities and the exercise of his high office may influence, in no small measure, the yet unwritten pages of Britain's unfolding history.



A King's Messenger leaving Whitehall with a sealed bag of special mail for some Embassy abroad. He has been chosen for this responsible duty for his probity and experience, usually after some active years in one of the armed forces.

THE KING'S MESSENGER

DELIVERING CONFIDENTIAL DOCUMENTS ABROAD

AS THE Orient Express pulls out of Paris, a man sinks back into the cushioned luxury of a *wagon-lit* and surveys his surroundings. For a moment, his eyes rest upon the sealed bags which seem to occupy most of his locked compartment. A shaft of sunlight catches the silver greyhound badge on his coat lapel. A passing shadow causes him to glance swiftly at the corridor. A pretty woman has paused before the glass panel of his door, and their eyes meet. . . .

Such are the circumstances in which the King's Messenger of fiction commonly begins a journey. Foreign agents dog his tracks. Women of fatal beauty cross his path in the hopes of laying their exquisitely manicured hands upon his secret dispatches. Only by the exercise of unimaginable vigilance and resource does he win through with his precious charge.

Few professions have proved a richer mine of romance for the writer: and not without reason. And few—one is sorry to say—have been more effectively shorn of their highlights by the progress of civilization. Yet, even today, there are many who would gladly exchange their own

humdrum lot with the Silver Greyhound, who lives in the fascinating world of international diplomacy.

Summer and winter, he flits between the capitals of Europe, and in between whiles his work brings him in touch with the undercurrents of international affairs. He knows a good deal more than most people of what is happening in the world.

Surprisingly few persons are entitled to style themselves King's Messenger. During recent times, the select band of men who comprise the Corps of King's Foreign Service Messengers has been limited to six, though they are assisted by a pool of Acting King's Messengers. Many so-called King's Messengers have no right to the title at all.

A number of minor and often temporary diplomatic and service couriers have "borrowed" it from time to time, and the corps is commonly confused with the King's Home Service Messengers who are an entirely separate body of men. No, the genuine King's Messenger with the romantic badge of office, from which his own unofficial name is taken, is a rare bird; and he is necessarily possessed of unusual qualities.

Incidentally, if you were to meet

THE KING'S MESSENGER



The Silver Greyhound badge is worn by the King's Messenger when he dons the blue and gold of official court dress.

him on one of his journeys, you would not find him wearing his badge—the famous Silver Greyhound. It is probably reposing in its plush-lined box, packed away in one of his suit-cases, where it remains until its owner dons court dress.

To look at him, you would probably see a man of military appearance; he has almost certainly seen some active years in one of the three services. And what of his duties? Officially, they are described as carrying of confidential dispatches to His Majesty's representatives abroad. He is, in fact, a special courier between Whitehall and the various British Embassies in Europe.

His duties seldom take him out-

side Europe, as the captains of ships and long-range aircraft are eligible to carry dispatches upon more distant missions. The King's Messengers undertake their journeys in rotation, and in between whiles they work in the Communications Department of the Foreign Office.

Here we find the Greyhound, as he is commonly known, probably doing cipher work at a desk in a room with several of his colleagues. The sequence of events which send him racing through space to some foreign capital usually begins with a summons from the Head of the Communications Department.

The Head instructs the Greyhound to proceed early tomorrow morning to, say, Ankara. He tells him that, in addition to the special dispatches which he is to carry, there are a certain amount of confidential and routine communications which he must take with him.

Very early next morning the Greyhound is in the vestibule of the Foreign Office glancing over two rows of bags which are to accompany him and which he checks with his way-bill, a document on which all the bags are entered.

One row bears labels with black crosses on them. These "crossed" bags contain the confidential and secret dispatches. They accompany him and they are rarely out of his sight. The remainder go with his registered luggage through to his destination.

It is a proud record of the Corps

THE SILVER GREYHOUNDS

that a member has never lost a bag; a remarkable achievement considering the generations of Silver Greyhounds who have traversed Europe in all weathers, in all types of transport, and frequently through hostile or bandit-ridden territory.

The Corps' motto is easier to live up to today. As the Greyhound watches the grey and green pattern of airfield disappear beneath him, he may reflect that he is in the most literal sense living up to it—"The shortest way in the shortest time." That is, of course, if he is not forced to stand kicking his heels at some intermediate airport, grounded by the weather.

Unforeseen delays in the past have called for some amazing feats of resourcefulness of Greyhounds. It is only about a century ago that one of these men accomplished an almost incredible journey in the depths of a Balkan winter. Night and day he rode through snow, rain and mud; over boulder-strewn mountain passes whipped by icy gales, covering eight hundred and twenty miles in five and a half days. Over much the same journey more than fifty years later another Greyhound was to experience the chilly ordeal of nine days in a coach of the snow-bound Ankara express. Such hardships and hazards seem far removed from the Greyhound in his aerial Pullman seat as he watches the panorama of cloud and landscape rolling swiftly beneath him.

In between bouts of reading and

slumber he may have nothing to admire beyond a continuous field of cloud. He is usually well pleased when the 'plane begins to circle over his destination.

From the moment that he reaches the end of his journey, the Greyhound comes under the orders of the British Ambassador or Minister on the spot. He may be required to wait two or three days before he returns in charge of further dispatches; this time, for the Foreign Office.

In the meanwhile, if he is a social individual, he can be sure of a welcome. His mission temporarily completed, he can relax and have a good time. Into the little isolated world of the Embassy he brings a breath of air from home. He has all the latest gossip from Whitehall and undoubtedly he collects some of the local product for consumption on his return.

Since he knows a good deal of what is afoot at the London end, everybody from the Ambassador downwards tries to pump him for information. He needs to exercise a nice blend of discretion and diplomacy.

In the course of his duties at the Foreign Office he sees most of the cable traffic that flows in from British Embassies all over the world. During his journeys, he receives many confidences. Altogether, his capacity for keeping his own counsel must be something out of the ordinary.

At the same time, no Greyhound

THE KING'S MESSENGER

goes about looking like a tight-lipped repository of state secrets. They are expected to be human and sociable—though not too human.

These men are very carefully chosen for their qualities and at the time of entry must be between the ages of thirty and forty. Each must pass an examination which includes some proficiency in languages, after which they undergo a searching interview by a selection board before they are appointed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Greyhound's return from Ankara, although still by air, may be somewhat more leisurely. As his plane lands at each of three capitals *en route*, he is hailed by the Embassy Messenger who gives the homeward-bound dispatches into his charge.

As the journey proceeds, he accumulates a growing volume of crossed and uncrossed bags. He has usually amassed a car load by the time he takes off on the last lap.

Like other travellers, King's Messengers need passports. They are usually well known to the officials of continental airports, and seldom need to display the special red-bound passport with its legend "King's Messenger" and the royal coat of arms embossed in gold. If the journey is being undertaken by an Acting King's Messenger, he carries his own personal passport.

The Greyhound has diplomatic immunity from customs abroad, but he must pass through the customs

on his return to Britain. In practice this is a smooth and swift affair, although he does not escape the inevitable question "Have you anything to declare?" Very strict rules exist against the carrying of dutiable articles by diplomatic bag.

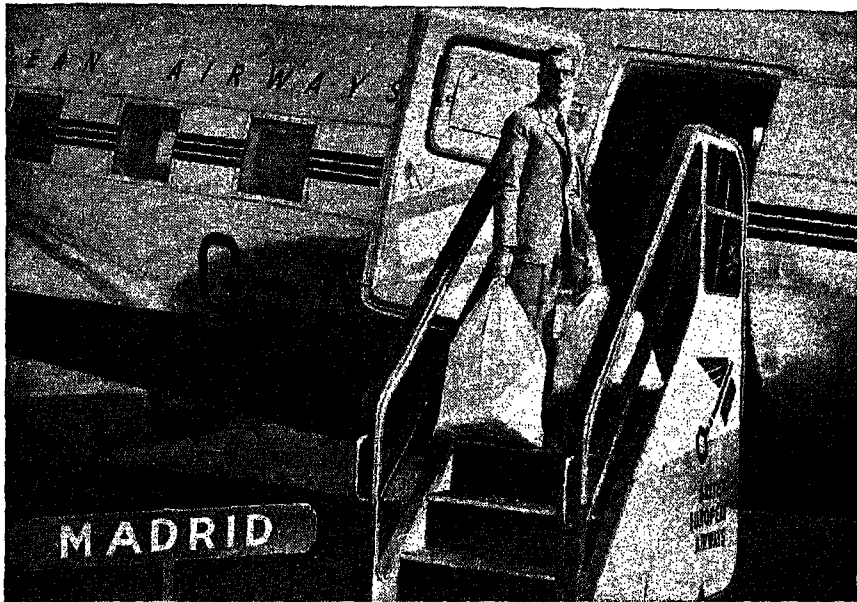
What about his fellow travellers? Does he ever have company or does he sit in forlorn state in the course of his wanderings? Officially he travels alone, but sometimes he has the company of an Embassy official returning to Britain.

He is occasionally called upon to escort some member of an Ambassador's family, possibly even a child. Sometimes he gets requests to bring personal belongings. A Minister has forgotten to take his binoculars with him. Could the next Messenger bring them?

On the return journey, he may arrive with a pair of antlers or some other trophy of the chase which an Ambassador would like to have set up to adorn the walls of his ancestral home. Greyhounds have not always found this unofficial baggage to their liking. On one occasion in the past, an unhappy Messenger found himself booked for several weeks of travel in company with a cage of eight canaries.

Though few have cause to regret the choice of this career it is one that must be taken up for its own sake. It is not a stepping-stone to anything else. No Greyhound can ever hope to become a rich man on his emoluments, which are in the region

"THE SHORTEST WAY IN THE SHORTEST TIME"



A King's Messenger boards a plane for Madrid, bearing two sealed bags of diplomatic mail. Most King's Messengers fly nowadays, for there is usually some urgency about their missions, and hours saved in travelling are always vital.

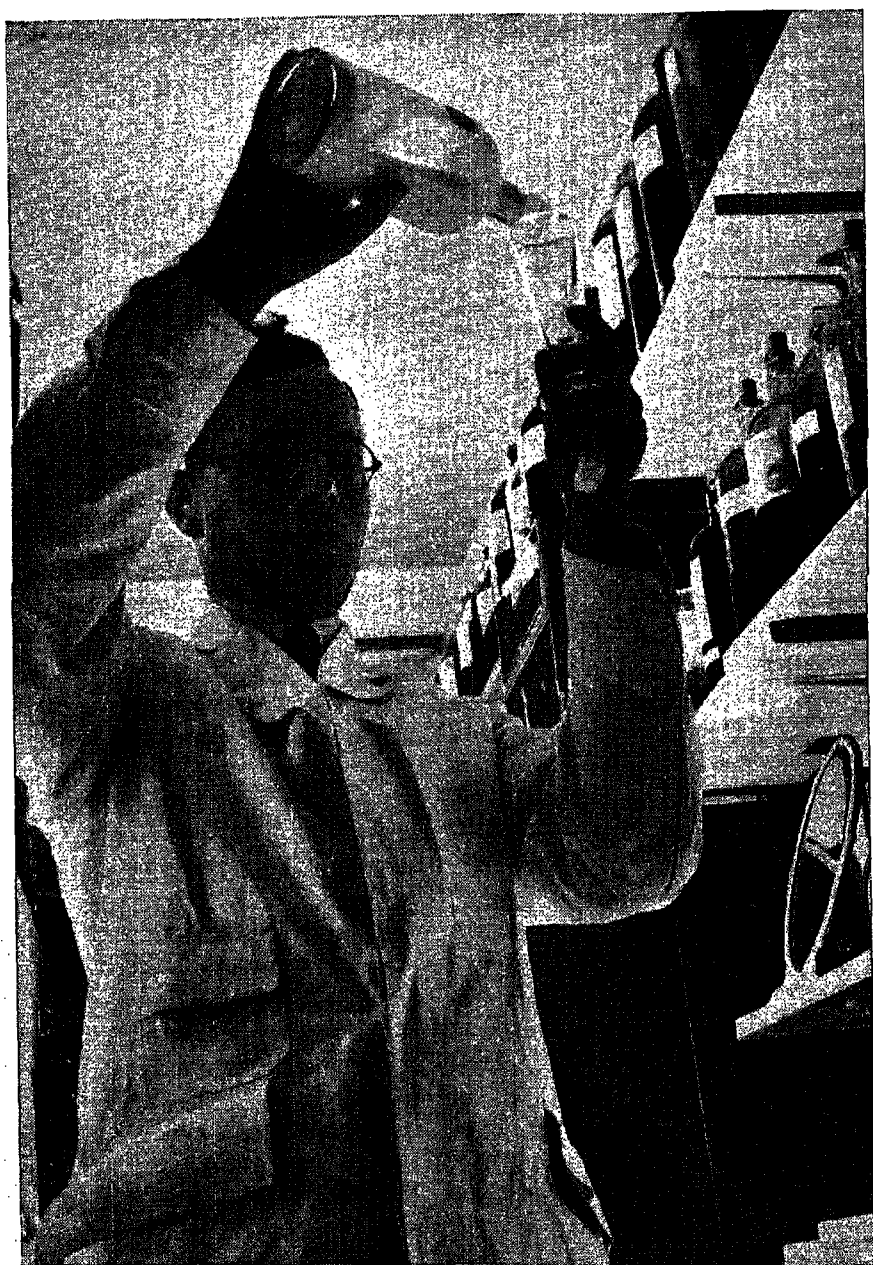
of a thousand pounds a year; though he can look forward to a pension.

Although, in the course of a year, he may average over a thousand miles a week, the King's Messenger spends much of his time "chairborne" in the Foreign Office. His department, the Communications Department, is a sort of glorified signals-cum-post-office, and through it hundreds of messages, secret and otherwise, pass in and out daily to and from the ends of the earth.

Such is the busy world of the Greyhound when he is not moving between the great capitals. His desk-work is a tiring, though not always particularly exciting task, and per-

haps he heaves a sigh of relief at the summons which means that the next forty-eight hours will see him at the other end of Europe.

Like the public who read of his doings, the King's Messenger has heard all about the mysterious figures who are supposed to shadow his footsteps. For a time, perhaps, he may nourish a secret hope that he will one day meet the beautiful spy. He will not be the first Greyhound to wonder when she will appear to brighten the tedium of his journey. And even though she is now faced with the problem of boarding a private aircraft undetected, she may yet rise superior to the occasion.



Many successful doctors still prefer to have their medicines dispensed on the premises. They know that many patients have more faith in "a bottle of something" to take with them than in an indecipherable prescription for the chemist.

THE GENERAL PHYSICIAN

RESTORING THE SICK AND INJURED TO HEALTH

“**H**E who is only a doctor is no doctor at all,” is an aphorism seemingly self-contradictory but is, in fact, only an exaggerated embodiment of the profound truth. This applies particularly to the family doctor (nowadays called the general practitioner) who looks after a large country district. He is not only the medical adviser to his patients but also their friend and confidant when personal problems arise. He is at their beck and call for twenty-four hours of every day and this may mean that often he has only a few hours’ sleep at night. Apart from medical affairs, he is expected by reason of his position to take an active part in local functions, give references of good character, examine students in First Aid, and in certain cases attend coroners’ inquests.

His normal working day may begin at 8.30, when he attends to his morning mail. Shortly before nine o’clock he enters his surgery, and checks his instruments and apparatus. He sees that his instruments and syringes are in the electric sterilizer, boiling and ready for immediate use, and that he has all the drugs and dressings that are likely to be needed

during the morning. His desk is tidy, and there is a clean sheet or rug on the examination couch, so he is ready to call in his first patient of the day.

The waiting-room fills up rapidly, and the doctor arranges with his secretary-dispenser that no more patients are to be admitted after 10 a.m. From the moment of starting he works at high pressure, and the cases dealt with are as varied as they are numerous. Within the first half hour he may have made an antenatal examination, immunized a baby against diphtheria and treated a housewife who has had her thumb crushed (page 225).

Then the doctor may have to attend to a workman who gashed his finger severely ten days ago. If the wound has healed sufficiently for the stitches to be removed, the doctor first soaks off the dressing with warm saline, then, working deftly with sterile scissors and forceps, performs the operation quickly and painlessly. He re-dresses the finger and, if necessary, writes a certificate for the man to give to his employer. The doctor also gives him another certificate to enable him to draw National Insurance benefits.

The doctor’s next patient may be

THE GENERAL PHYSICIAN

a woman suffering from diabetes, who is paying one of her regular visits to replenish her supply of insulin with which she has been taught to inject herself. Every three to six months, though, the doctor has to take a specimen of her blood for pathological examination. These check-ups enable the doctor to tell to what extent the drug is controlling the amount of sugar in the patient's blood.

The patient chats with the doctor while he rinses a needle taken from a tray of disinfectant and inserts in it a syringe from the sterilizer. When a specimen of blood has been drawn off, with no more inconvenience to the patient than a slight prick, it is carefully transferred to a sterile bottle, which is duly labelled and dated. It is then dispatched to the county laboratories by the doctor's secretary as a matter of routine.

A new patient may appear next, with perhaps a vague lament about having "felt run down for months." In order to make a searching examination, the doctor weighs the patient, examines his throat and takes his temperature. Reflex actions may be tested by scratching the soles of the patient's feet, or by slight taps below each knee with a patella hammer. The patient's blood-pressure is tested, and both the heart and the lungs are sounded with a stethoscope. If the doctor is not quite satisfied with the lungs, for instance, he may decide upon an X-ray to obtain a more accurate "inside

story." He makes a note for his secretary to remind him to arrange an X-ray appointment for the patient at an early date at the county hospital. If, in the meantime, he deems it necessary to order the patient to rest, he fills in a certificate for the man to forward to his employer.

So the work goes on, and though the doctor works with non-stop precision the waiting-room may still be full when the door is finally closed at 10 a.m. Case follows case; some grave; some trivial. A distracted mother brings in her little son who has fallen from a tree and dislocated his shoulder. The child is frightened and in pain, and the doctor arranges for him to be admitted to the local hospital, where an anæsthetic can be given while the shoulder is put back into place, and where an X-ray picture can be taken.

Among the remaining patients of the morning inevitably there is the hypochondriac who persistently imagines herself to be suffering from one ailment after another. The doctor has to exercise both patience and psychology in an attempt to assure the patient that there is nothing seriously wrong with her health. Such patients usually take a lot of convincing, though, and it is often necessary to prescribe a suitable tonic in order to send them away happy.

When morning surgery finally ends, the busiest part of the doctor's day still lies ahead of him, for it is

WORK IN THE SURGERY



The general physician carries out a searching inspection of a small girl's throat in a case of "tonsils." Note how this young patient watched by her mother clings tightly to her doll for comfort while obeying the doctor's request to "Say Ah!"

time to set out on his visits. After checking over his own notes he has a quick conference with the secretary, who revises his visiting list.

Next the doctor checks the contents of his bag (page 226), which generally contains a diagnostic set, instruments, hypodermic injection outfit, bandages, plasters, dressings, ointments and pills. There are also several bottles containing various drugs and lotions, and a pile of prescription forms and certificates.

If his district is a scattered one, a formidable mileage may lie before him. In case he is unable to complete his round in time to get back home

for lunch, his wife cuts some sandwiches for him. One unforeseen emergency is sufficient to throw out his time-table, which he strives to forecast to the minute. He maps out his route from force of habit, basing it on past experience. But he cannot always make his calls in the systematic order he would wish. Naturally, the most serious cases must come first, and they may lie at opposite ends of his area so that valuable time is taken in going over some of the ground twice or even three times.

One of his first calls is usually at the local cottage hospital, where a number of patients eagerly await

THE GENERAL PHYSICIAN

him. They have the benefit of skilled nursing and may be making good progress, but they are still his patients and he relinquishes that responsibility only in cases that are removed to the county hospital for special treatment or a difficult surgical operation.

The doctor relies upon the ward sister to keep him informed of every symptom and aspect of his patients' progress. He writes explicit instructions in the case-sheets so that the nursing staff are in no doubt as to the relative treatments, medicines and drugs which must be given to each patient.

His other visits afford great variety, and the time devoted to

each is dictated by the gravity or mildness of the case involved. There may be lightning visits, concluded within three minutes, others last nearly an hour.

There is often a large number of young patients with the usual children's minor ailments, measles, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, mumps. There is nearly always a number of influenza cases of varying severity, and there is generally a number of patients suffering from bronchitis or tonsilitis. Although many of these patients may not be seriously ill, none can be treated with contempt.

Here is an old patient who has had a stroke; there a child with ear

trouble; farther on a case of asthma. Now and again he encounters something that calls for special action. Perhaps he diagnoses a case of diphtheria, and after taking all preliminary precautions, he has to telephone his secretary and ask her to contact the nearest isolation hospital so that the patient can be admitted.

This done, the round is resumed, and the doctor may find himself hailed by patients as he passes their homes. They are not on the telephone, so, knowing his habits, they have been



Wise mothers always take their babies for immunization against the menace of diphtheria. A simple safeguard, it can be carried out in a matter of seconds.

watching for him. Someone has been taken ill suddenly, and could he *please* look in? Such emergency calls are common and can throw the most carefully arranged time-table into confusion.

From one silent house the doctor emerges with furrowed brows. It is the home of an elderly couple. When he made his previous visit the day before it was to see the husband, who was in bed with bronchitis. Now the wife is also stricken. They are quite alone in the district and can get no help. The doctor has snatched a

few moments to heat a little milk for the invalids, but they cannot be left unattended for long. More of his time has to be devoted to ringing up one or two friends of the old folk until he succeeds in finding someone who can spare an hour or so to slip in and lend a hand. Between calls he munches his sandwiches.

Perhaps as many as fifteen visits remain to be crowded in before tea-time. They must not stretch beyond that, because the evening surgery begins promptly at 6 p.m. So the afternoon becomes an extension of the morning, and the doctor is lucky if he is not late for tea.

This is his first chance for relaxa-



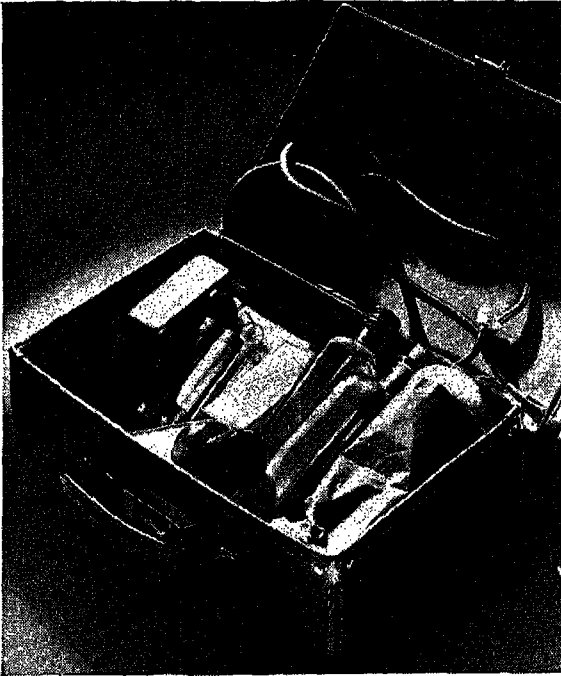
Accidents happen, even in the best regulated homes. A falling window-sash has crushed this housewife's thumb, and it is healing under the skilled treatment of her family doctor, who rebandages the hand.

tion, and it is brief enough. But he is grateful for the opportunity of a little chat with his wife or a few moments in his favourite arm-chair; though even this fleeting respite may be interrupted.

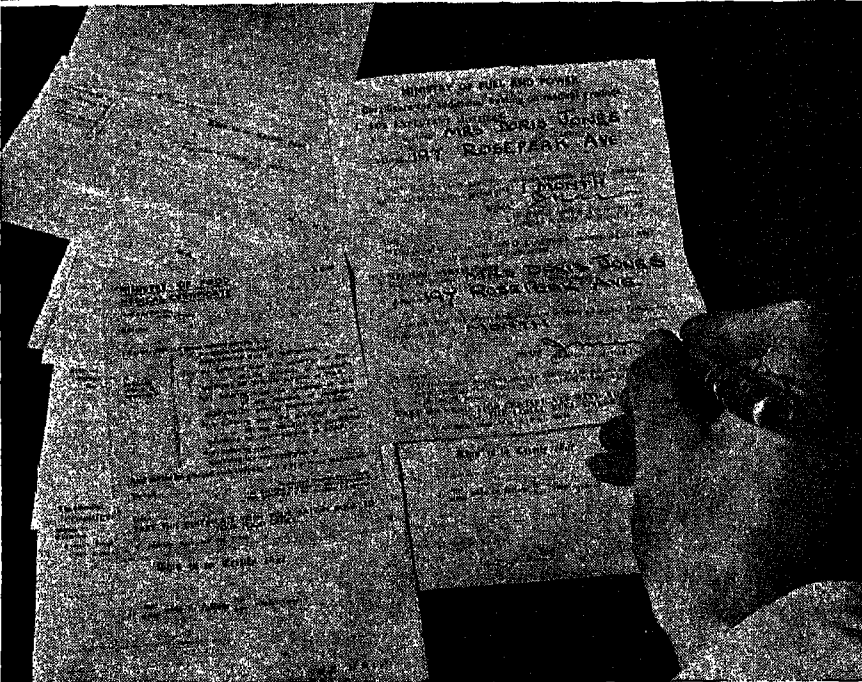
On the stroke of six he is in his consulting-room for evening surgery, which often provides the most persistent rush of the day. The waiting-room fills up immediately.

The relative gravity of the cases may be deduced from the swing of the consulting-room door. Sometimes it seems to keep time with the telephone bell and swing open every few minutes. Or, ominously, it may remain closed for quite a long period,

THE GENERAL PHYSICIAN



By his "little black bag" (left) the doctor is known when he goes out to make his daily round of visits to patients at home. It contains all the essentials he will need for the examination and treatment of the sick, from the familiar stethoscope and hypodermic needle to a variety of drugs and dressings. Nowadays, too, space must be allowed for the forms and certificates which the general practitioner may have to provide in certain specific cases, especially for expectant mothers who are entitled to receive special rations of milk.



HOURS OF PAPER WORK

so that patients in the crowded waiting-room grow restless and keep glancing anxiously at the clock.

Every case, slight or serious, has to be scrupulously considered, and it is this individual attention that makes the successful general physician beloved by his patients. Meanwhile, the doctor's secretary-dispenser is busily handing out various medicines through the tiny pigeon-hole of her office, which opens on to the waiting-room. The scraps of conversation which accompany each transaction indicate the intimate nature of the doctor's practice. "It's for Irene, and could I have dad's tonic at the same time, please?" says one patient. "I've called for Betty's certificate," explains another. They are old patients, for whom the surgery light holds no awe.

Evening surgery may go on until 8.30 or even later. The rule is that it continues until the last patient has been seen. No one is ever turned away. The doctor's evening meal has to be snatched as opportunity allows; but his labours do not end with the consultations. There is endless paper work for him to do. Requests for certificates of all kinds arrive in large numbers. Their individual merits are considered with care, and the preparation of permits takes still more time. The list is an extremely curious one—surgical corsets, glucose, extra soap, concentrated orange juice, elastic stockings and petrol are only a few of the things for which certificates

are requested, and some of the patients put forward lengthy and involved pleas for special indulgence. Then there are various forms and certificates such as those for extra coal, milk, eggs, pensions, and a great many others. On top of all this there are the monthly accounts, and the patients' records which have to be kept up to date.

A lot of this exacting clerical work can be handled by the doctor's capable secretary-dispenser; but all certificates, including pensions forms, forms for confinement benefit—and, of course, all medical prescriptions, must be signed by him (opposite).

A successful general physician strives to keep abreast of medical discovery, or, at the very least, keep himself reasonably up to date. To digest all the voluminous printed matter that is issued in this respect is physically impossible, but a conscientious doctor does his best to steal an hour or so for reading current medical works every night.

For that reason the busy doctor finds it difficult to plan an evening's diversion with any certainty. Even a game of cards with neighbours may be interrupted by a sudden telephone call summoning the doctor to some urgent case—perhaps miles away. But he and his wife get used to this kind of thing—just as they get accustomed to night calls, and irregular mealtimes.

Winter is the doctor's busiest season, for it brings more sickness of every kind. Bad weather also adds

THE GENERAL PHYSICIAN



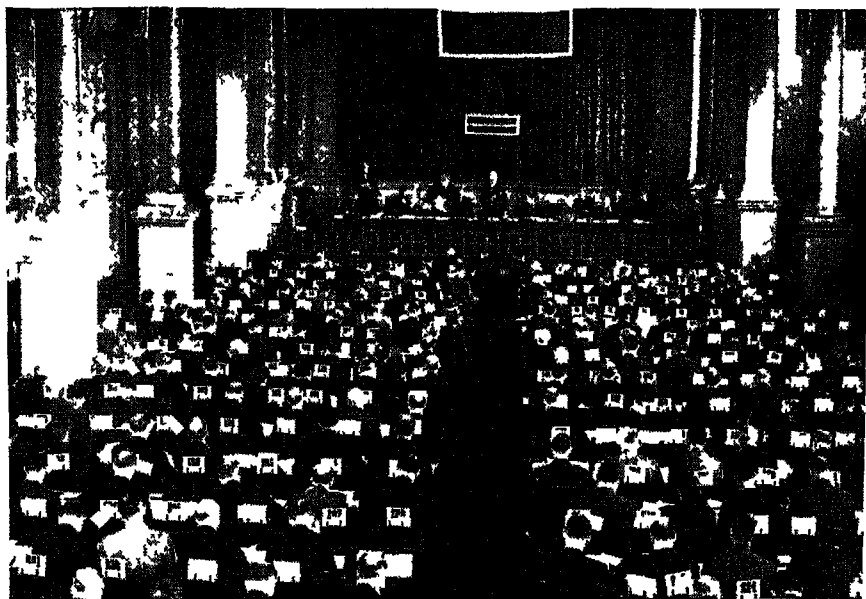
Some general practitioners hold part-time posts as medical officers in industry, where machinery must be adapted so that rehabilitation cases can manipulate it to the best advantage. This operative is recovering from a fractured forearm.

to his trials, because apart from the discomfort of having to turn out at all hours, roads may be dangerous.

A lot of doctors contrive to combine a busy state or private practice with some other part-time appoint-

ment, either with a local hospital or as a deputy industrial medical officer in a big factory. Industrial posts appeal to them especially because they offer a contrast from their normal routine. Their appointment

INDUSTRIAL CONSULTANT



Doctors from all parts of the country listen to their chairman at a meeting of the British Medical Association, convened to discuss the Government's National Health Service scheme, in their conference hall at Tavistock Square, London.

may call for attendance at a factory on one or two afternoons a week, and, apart from the routine side of medical examinations or first-aid treatment for injured workpeople, they have to make themselves familiar with all the manufacturing processes. A man's health may well depend upon the particular job he happens to be doing, and an industrial medical officer is often consulted about fitting the right man to the right task. In the same way, he may be called on to advise on questions of rehabilitation.

Not the least problem facing a busy general practitioner is the question of holidays. He must have them, for his life is a gruelling one,

hard even for the doctor who is young enough and fit enough to stand up to it. It was always difficult for a doctor to drop the threads of his practice for any length of time, even in the days when it was possible to arrange for a locum. Nowadays locums are not always available so what usually happens is that a group of doctors in a given area form their own self-help scheme, whereby they take it in turns to relieve each other and watch their mutual interest as occasion permits.

Nevertheless, with all the ties and with all the responsibilities, the broken nights and scrambled meals, few doctors would care to change their profession.



The nurse assists in administering a blood transfusion. While the doctor regulates the flow, the nurse, watch in hand, checks the patient's pulse rate and watches for changes in appearance or respiration which may denote complications.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE

A LIFE OF SERVICE TO HUMANITY

WOMEN have always featured in nursing the sick, even in the very earliest days of medicine, but it is less than one hundred years ago since they earned the respect and status that we automatically give them today.

Largely due to the report of the Rushcliffe Committee, the modern staff nurse now enjoys a planned day with regular off-duty times. She need not work for more than ninety-six hours in a fortnight and has twenty-eight days' annual paid leave.

In most hospitals she is expected to be on duty at 7 a.m., when she relieves the night nurse. She reads the night report which includes details of any changes in medicine and treatment made by the House doctor during the night. Then she goes from bed to bed enquiring how each patient feels and how they slept. She comforts each with a reassuring remark, the sincerity of which they do not doubt. She is regarded by them as a sort of guardian and a valuable link with the outside healthy world. She is given affectionate nicknames and probably enjoys their interest in the way she spends her hours off duty.

Next, she superintends the dis-

tribution of breakfast, and this means that she must take special care that those who are on special diets get exactly "what the doctor ordered." No fats for the jaundice cases; two-hourly milk feeds for gastric sufferers; a weighed and sugarless diet for the diabetics. Some of her patients are allowed nothing more than a tumblerful of glucose solution. They are the patients who are awaiting immediate operations.

No sooner is breakfast ended than the cleaning begins. The staff nurse realizes that this is where the probationers have to lend a hand, for the shortage of ward maids is acute. She remembers her own days as a probationer as the hardest part of her training, when she underwent the double strain of studying to assimilate theory while working strenuously on practical tasks.

To the staff nurse falls the more pleasant duty of arranging the flowers in the ward and seeing that all beds and lockers are tidy in readiness for the Sister's inspection. Usually, the Matron makes a daily inspection, and the eagle eyes of both look for anything out of place.

Next, the nurse pours out the

THE HOSPITAL NURSE

various medicines in appropriate doses. These are administered by one of the juniors, while her colleagues are taking temperatures, checking patients' pulse-rates, or completing morning treatments. The nurse is responsible for entering all necessary data on the charts which hang, so tantalizingly for the patients, at the foot of the beds. She prepares all documents, X-ray plates and laboratory findings for the doctor's examination and then just has time to change her apron before he appears.

Her arduous work necessitates frequent changes, for, apart from requirements of hygiene, it is essentially a part of hospital discipline that every nurse should always

look fresh and spotless. As she moves about in those last tense moments before the doctor's arrival, she is badgered with questions from patients who want her opinion as to whether they will be allowed to get up today, or whether they will be allowed a little bread and butter or other change of diet.

The doctor's round is a daily education for the staff nurse, who may occasionally be given an opportunity of venturing upon a diagnosis while the doctor demonstrates. It is customary for the Sister to act as liaison between the staff nurse and the doctor, who gives verbal instructions for the treatment of each patient and later enters them in the case-sheet. This is a journal of the



A nurse is taught to appear bright, cheerful and confident at all times, so personal smartness is a first asset. Here a young nurse, about to go on duty, is being helped to don her uniform. This may differ in design, according to her rank, length of service or even her hospital. The making of her cap, as shown here, demands a great deal of ingenuity—for the above creation must be evolved from a starched muslin square with the aid of pins and deft fingers. It is said that the traditional crisp white appearance of a nurse is a tonic to her patients.

THE DOCTOR MAKES HIS ROUNDS

Preparing the tray and laying out all medicines and tablets, as ordered by the doctor for his patients in their case history sheets, is a responsible job for the nurse. There is, however, rarely a mistake made in the dose of the medicine, for all bottles are clearly marked and the nurse is trained to pour away from the front. By this method, the labels do not become soiled and the writing indistinct. There is usually a separate cupboard for storing dangerous drugs and poisons and this is opened only by the Sister, who alone carries the key.



patient's daily progress, and here the doctor notes all his clinical observations, carefully tabulating any treatment, medicine, or drugs required. The case-sheet then becomes a definite guide to aid the staff nurse.

Treatment begins immediately the rounds are over. The staff nurse always deals with the serious cases herself, and instructs the probationers in carrying out the others. In a surgical ward, one probationer is told to act as "dirty" nurse and made responsible for the disposal of old dressings. There is, of course, no personal reflection in the term, for every probationer takes a turn at the duty in rotation, and it serves to distinguish the person concerned from the "clean" nurse, who is

gowned, masked and often gloved, for handling or applying dressings.

The ward nurse is always conscious of the necessity for absolute cleanliness—a necessity which very properly is made an obsession in all hospitals. She sees that all instruments are boiled and that all bowls, dressings and gloves are thoroughly sterilized. If she has to touch an open wound she scrubs her hands in hot water for twenty minutes. Any dressings she uses are passed to her by an assistant with a pair of forceps and both wear masks (page 236). It has been well drilled into her that she cannot take too many precautions to avoid unnecessary complications which may result in further suffering for the patient.

Special days in the week are

THE HOSPITAL NURSE

usually allotted for the performance of operations, and on these days the staff nurse must see that the patients involved are systematically prepared and conveyed to the operating theatre at the appropriate time.

There are a lot of things to be seen to. Routine anæsthetic forms have to be signed. The patients have to be dressed in flannel jackets; and chest protectors, woollen socks, false teeth, and any jewellery they may be wearing must all be taken off.

Towards the lunch hour the operation cases arrive back in the ward. They are placed in beds that have been specially made up without pillows and with a rubber mackintosh beneath the sheet. The nurse places screens round each bed and assigns a junior nurse to keep an "anæsthetic watch." This important job consists of constant checking of the patient's pulse rate to ensure that there is no internal hæmorrhage and removing the "airway," a rubber tube inserted in the mouth to assist breathing under an anæsthetic. When the patient regains consciousness the staff nurse may instruct the watcher to administer sips of water.

By noon, the staff nurse has completed about three-quarters of her day. It has been a long session, and she can hardly be blamed for eagerly awaiting the sound of the luncheon gong. When its welcome note is heard, she leaves the ward to the Sister who presides over the patients' meals, and proceeds to the staff

dining-room. This is usually situated in the nurses' home, a building set apart from the main hospital block. In most hospitals, the dining-rooms are brightly and comfortably furnished and there is invariably a radio and an ample supply of newspapers and periodicals.

If it happens to be her afternoon off duty, the nurse scrambles through her meal in her eagerness to get out.

A ward staff is generally divided into two teams in order that each can enjoy adequate leisure. It may be that the staff nurse is on duty in the afternoon and does not work in the evening. If so, her main duties consist of giving blanket baths and making up the beds.

In this work she attaches great importance to the comfort of her patients, for, when properly administered, a blanket bath is refreshing, especially to those who, by reason of their illness, are unable to take a normal bath. As always, she insists upon uniformity of procedure and details two nurses to screen the bed and place the patient between special blankets. First the face is washed; then the arms; then the back; and, finally, the legs. The nurse then massages the patient with soap, spirit and powder, special attention being paid to such parts as elbows, shoulder-blades, buttocks and heels, where bed sores are most likely to develop.

When all the baths are completed, the beds are made up in a gentle but masterly fashion; for the nurse

ROUTINE IN THE WARD



Accompanied by a young nurse, the Sister makes the round of the ward. While she checks a pulse reading, the nurse waits, ready to give any additional information that the Sister may require after inspecting the patient's case history sheet.

knows that even if a patient cannot be allowed out of bed the bottom sheet must be changed regularly. She and her colleagues are adept at achieving such changes without causing the slightest discomfort or inconvenience to the patients. Some of her patients, who may have been allowed to get up for a short while, sometimes volunteer to make their own beds. But though they take pride and pleasure in thus helping themselves, no amount of painstaking effort can rival the neat, envelope corners produced by the skilful nurse.

Once again, the staff nurse has to measure out the medicines and see that they are properly administered; she also makes a little tour of inspec-

tion to ensure that all lockers are tidy. Meanwhile, the patients settle down to await their visitors.

The nurse does not always share their eagerness. Visitors, though often very generous to her, can also prove something of a nightmare. Some are sure to arrive laden with special delicacies to tempt a patient who may have been expressly forbidden such things by the doctor. Then the staff nurse must be firm and tactful. She must be capable of handling all sorts of visitors according to their nature, whether they plead tearfully for "just a little" relaxation of regulations, or become bullying and defiant.

There are also the thoughtless visitors who sit carelessly upon the

THE HOSPITAL NURSE



Treatment of burns calls for special care and cleanliness. A nurse in gown and mask is here seen passing sterile wool with a forceps to her colleague, who has scrubbed her hands for twenty minutes in hot water before taking it to apply.

clean, smooth beds; and others who, in misguided efforts to "cheer up" their bed-ridden friend or relative, usually succeed in exciting a patient who may have been ordered absolute quiet. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, the nurse knows how eagerly her patients look forward to the visiting hour, and that this can play quite a large part in helping them towards recovery.

During visiting hours, of course, many other duties are claiming her attention. She must supervise the work of the ward generally and give an eye to bandage rolling, dressing cutting, and the preparation of the tea trays. As tea-time usually falls within visiting hours, she extends

the hospitality of a cup of tea to the visitors as well. Most of the visitors bring flowers with them, and sometimes the nurse has some difficulty in keeping track of them all. Naturally, each patient likes to have his or her own flowers adorning the bedside locker, and the task of arranging and distributing them is another of the staff nurse's duties.

Perhaps the job which calls for most tact on her part is that of reminding dilatory visitors that their allotted time has run out and they must take their leave. She is not anxious to foster the outside belief that a staff nurse is a formidable and unbending tyrant; yet she cannot allow visitors to stay on indefinitely,

VISITING DAY

however cajoling they may be. Apart from the very obvious objection that they usually tire the patient unduly, those who overstay their allotted time can cause considerable inconvenience to the nursing staff by holding back the evening routine.

Temperatures have to be taken again, and pulse rates have to be checked, the necessary data being duly entered on the charts. After that, evening treatments have to be given, followed by a general tidying up. The patients are then able to snatch a brief sleep before supper, which many of them are glad to do after the excitement of their afternoon.

If the staff nurse happens to have

been on duty all the afternoon she is usually relieved by one of her colleagues, which means that she is free to go to her own quarters immediately after her evening meal. She enjoys the privilege of a room to herself in the nurses' home. This is furnished with nearly everything she requires, including wash-basin, bed, combined wardrobe and chest of drawers, an easy chair, bedside table and lamp. She is subject to very few restrictions other than those necessary for the general smooth running of the hospital.

On the other hand, should she have been off duty during the afternoon, she must go back to the ward in the evening and she then has a



Two nurses dress a patient's leg wound. One passes sterile instruments from the trolley to the other who is dressing the wound. Note the oxygen taps at the head of the bed, one of many modern fittings found in every well-equipped hospital.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE

rush in order to adhere to the golden rule of leaving everything in perfect order for the night nurse. As she writes an explicit report of each patient's progress, including detailed instructions for the night, the junior nurses are busy refilling the jugs of cordial on the bedside lockers. All the flowers are removed from the ward and the quilts are taken from the beds. Any letters which the patients may have written during the day are collected for the post. This involves a double routine, for the correspondence from patients suffering from infectious diseases has to be collected separately. The regulation is that such letters must be left unsealed so that they can be thoroughly fumigated before being committed to the post.

One of the unofficial jobs which falls occasionally to the staff nurse is that of writing a letter for a patient who is too ill to attempt the task alone. She performs this duty gladly, and if it seems desirable, she allows her sentimental imagination full rein in concocting a letter to a wife or husband whose partner is too shy to dictate it aloud.

After one final check round, which includes a visit to the patients in the private annexes to the ward, she hands over to the night nurse. Her long day is ended.

She herself is expected to take on a spell of night duty about once a year. Then, apart from an occasional night off, she finds herself more or less divorced from the world

for a period which, in some hospitals, may be as long as six months. She lives an odd sort of life, rising in the early evening to eat her breakfast, and retiring in the morning after a hearty supper. She sleeps in a room apart from the day quarters and is usually assigned to work in a ward containing about thirty beds. She is assisted by a junior nurse, for whom, once more, she is personally responsible. Under her guidance, the junior nurse shoulders quite a lot of responsibility and is always ready to tackle the more intimate tasks of ministering to the patients' needs without squeamishness.

The staff nurse, for her part, is subject to the Sister's jurisdiction. Although there is always a Sister on duty, she is only called in cases of emergency, as she often has more than one ward to look after.

Night duty begins for the staff nurse with a perusal of the list of treatments that she will have to administer during the hours for which she is responsible. Having familiarized herself with all the necessary details, she proceeds to make a round of the ward for a chat with her patients. Contact with them, though much more personal than in the case of a day nurse, is very much shorter. After giving them any medicine required and a hot drink, she rearranges their pillows and turns out the lights.

Usually the Sister comes to discuss special cases with the night nurse and, if considered desirable,

ON NIGHT DUTY



(Above) about once a year a nurse is expected to take on a spell of night duty. In some hospitals this may be for a duration as long as six months, during which time she readjusts her life to a topsy-turvy timetable. She rises in the evening and eats her breakfast, lunches at midnight and goes off duty in the morning to eat a hearty dinner! (Right) she adjusts a patient's oxygen mask. The oxygen is run to the mask either from taps in the wall or from cylinders standing on portable trolleys at the bedside. The pressure of the oxygen can be adjusted.



THE HOSPITAL NURSE

authorizes the use of sedatives for certain patients who seem unable to sleep. Sometimes, however, the night nurse is left to use her discretion in this respect. Knowing her patients, she decides whether the provision of hot drinks and hot-water bottles is preferable in some instances as a more successful means of inducing sleep than the resort to drugs.

During the long night hours there are miscellaneous tasks to occupy the nurse's time. She is expected to clean, refill and boil the sterilizer. She also busies herself in cutting dressings and packing drums. But every hour or so she leaves her work to make a quiet round of the ward to satisfy herself that all her patients are comfortable.

At 2 a.m. she has the heartless task of having to rouse those patients who have to be given special treatment or whose temperatures have to be taken. There may be four-hourly administration of sulphonamide tablets or penicillin. The nurse knows that this sort of thing, necessary though it is, usually forms a prelude to a sleepless night for the patient. But if the illness is prolonged and the treatment is persevered with, the waking becomes automatic and is quickly followed by sleep.

Eventually the night nurse gains a comparative respite in which she may sit at her desk or by the ward fire, reading a book or mending linen. Oddly enough, it is then that she feels the burden of her night

ordeal most. Doors creak mysteriously; there is the sound of dripping taps; there are moans and indeterminate sounds from restless patients. Outside, owls may be heard screeching occasionally; or cats are clamorous, and chiming clocks may seem strangely numerous. All this contributes to make the night seem eerie, and sometimes a trifle unnerving. Yet, amid all these many "noises off," the night nurse has an alert ear, strained to catch any tell-tale sound from one of her more seriously ill patients.

A suspicious murmuring comes, perhaps, from the bed of someone who underwent an operation earlier in the preceding day. Her trained ear detects that his respirations are rather rapid. She takes his pulse and her suspicions are confirmed; it is abnormally fast. The thin, pencil-beam of her torch reveals the patient's ghastly pallor, and she signals to the probationer to call the Sister.

The Sister is soon upon the scene, accompanied by the resident medical officer. First the nurse turns on the light, while the probationer places a screen around the patient's bed to shield the light from the rest of the ward. The doctor makes a thorough examination and orders oxygen and an immediate blood transfusion. Immediately the Sister obtains the transfusion apparatus.

Meanwhile, the nurse attaches the tubing of the rubber oxygen mask to the tap of the pipeline which

AFTER AN OPERATION

runs along the walls of the ward, or, in hospitals which are not equipped with this refinement, to the oxygen cylinder standing on its rubber-tired trolley. She adjusts the pressure and tests it herself before placing the mask over the patient's face, telling him softly to breathe easily and to relax.

The Sister arrives with the transfusion apparatus and the doctor immediately inserts a needle in the arm of the patient. The needle is connected by tubing to the container, which, in turn, is elevated upon a stand. The nurse then regulates the number of drips in accordance with the doctor's instructions. The blood drips can be seen through a glass connexion in the tube, so that the nurse can count the flow per minute and adjust it by the tap as may be necessary. The blood may have to run fast or slow according to the patient's condition, and the nurse frequently checks the patient's pulse rate, as well as ensuring that his arm is kept perfectly still.

The Sister hands the nurse a number of stimulating drugs, which may be needed if the blood transfusion and the supply of oxygen fail to give the desired result. However, within an hour, the nurse sees that



Masked, as a precaution against conveying germs to her patient, a nurse notes the correct dosage as she fills the hypodermic syringe before giving an injection.

there is a distinct improvement in the patient's condition. In all probability, the crisis has passed.

By about 4 a.m., unless she happens to be extremely busy, the night nurse begins to feel the strain of her duty. At some time or other in her career the night nurse feels almost sick from lack of sleep. On such an occasion she is more than grateful for the cup of steaming black coffee brought to her by the junior nurse.

At some time in her career she may suffer from "night nurse's paralysis," so that when the Sister arrives she finds she is unable to

THE HOSPITAL NURSE



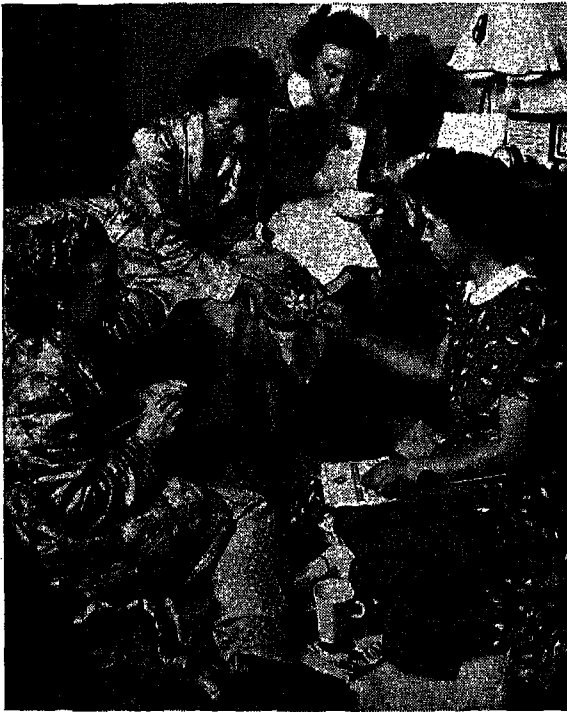
An operation always means a busy and responsible time for the theatre nurses on duty, as this drawing shows. Dozens of instruments and dressings may be required, so that preparations begin long beforehand. While some nurses

WORK IN THE OPERATING THEATRE



scrub out the theatre, others pack dressing drums and lay out instruments. Nurses are also in attendance at the actual operation to hand instruments to the Sister for the surgeon, to collect and count swabs and to assist the anaesthetist.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE



Off duty at last, and back at their quarters, these nurses enjoy a little well-earned relaxation. (Above) they indulge a taste for gardening and are encouraged to do so by their superiors, because fresh air and sun are essential for their good health. In the left-hand picture, a group of nurses are gathered in a colleague's cubicle for a cup of tea and a gossip. Each nurse has her own private cubicle in this hostel, as in many others. Two of the visitors have brought their knitting, while a third, still in uniform, has come straight from a late lecture to join her friends at tea-time.

PROSPECTS OF PROMOTION

move. This, however, is only a passing phase, and when day dawns she is planning the routine for the most strenuous part of her duty.

There is always a certain amount of competition between day and night staffs so that both are keen to complete all their work before going off duty. The night nurse determines the time for waking her patients by the amount of work she has to do. All the beds have to be made. Every patient has to be washed; and in some cases a change of bed linen may be necessary. Specimens of excreta have to be set aside for laboratory examination; and usually, in a medical ward, the night nurse has the added duty of dealing with a fractional test meal. This is a special test for a suspected gastric case, and the nurse has to persuade the patient to swallow a thin tube, followed by some porridge. The digesting porridge is drawn up through the tube by a hypodermic syringe at hourly intervals, each sample being bottled and labelled separately.

In a surgical ward, the night nurse may have an enema to give to a patient due for an operation later in the morning. All these things take up a great deal of time and may easily make it necessary to alter the waking hour from 6 to 5.30. The night nurse soon learns to calculate her time-table on this basis.

All the time, of course, she is coaching the probationer in a number of duties. There is a right

way and a wrong way in which to rouse a heavily sleeping patient, for instance. Firmness, but never impatience, must be shown. Shaking is forbidden, for it may be especially harmful to a nervous patient. The nurse demonstrates to her junior how to press gently behind the ear or on the bridge of the nose until a patient opens his eyes.

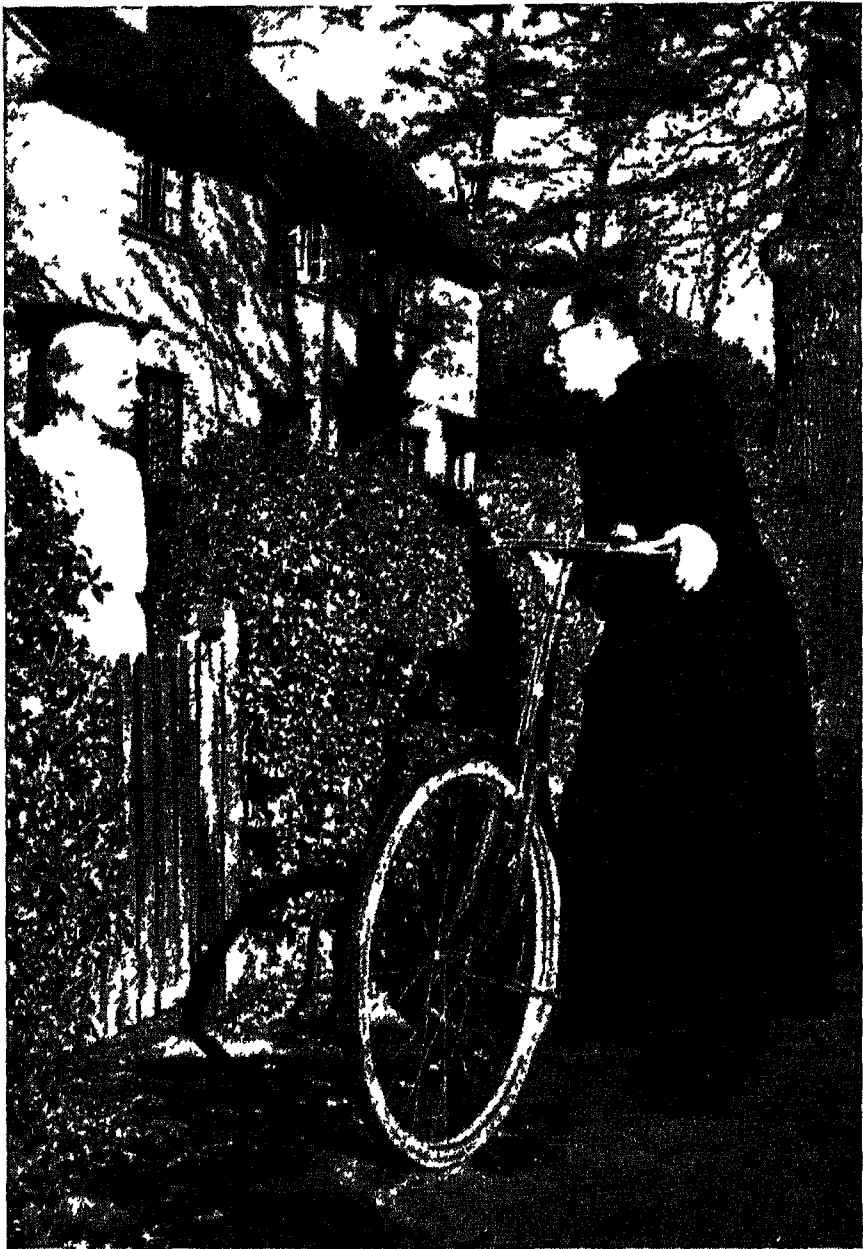
When all her tasks have been satisfactorily completed, and a detailed report on the night's events has been written, the night nurse hands over the ward to the day staff.

And so the cycle continues.

Work in a ward, though, is not the only sphere of hospital service open to a staff nurse. She is often given special training so that she can take her place, if required, in the out-patients department, or in the X-ray or maternity sections or in the operating theatre.

There is also the prospect of promotion. Just as the student nurse works for four years to become a staff nurse, the staff nurse strives to become a Sister, or perhaps a Sister-Tutor. And, having reached the status of Sister, she may be ambitious enough to look forward to the day when she will become a Matron.

But the profession carries other rewards than those of material promotion. Any nurse knows that her greatest reward comes when she sees someone whom she has tended with such painstaking care walk out of the hospital to resume a normal, healthy life in the outside world.



Because he ministers to a widely-scattered flock of parishioners who look upon him as friend and adviser, the average country parson uses a bicycle to keep in touch with them all. Here a cottager has come to her gate for a passing word.

COUNTRY PARSON

MINISTERING TO SPIRITUAL NEEDS

IN many ways the work of a country parson can be very much harder than that of his colleague in the town. To begin with, in a well-organized town parish there is usually a whole army of willing helpers, ready to relieve the parson of many of his burdens. In many a country parish, however, the parson is left to do almost everything himself. He may even have to set to and tackle such things as lighting and stoking the furnace for heating his church, or go round filling the oil lamps. It is certainly not unknown for a country parson to act, on occasion, as his own bell-ringer!

He may be lucky enough to find an ardent layman who is ready to read the Lessons for him, but he has to conduct the rest of the services himself, besides preaching the sermons.

In ordinary circumstances this does not put any unbearable strain upon him, but a slight illness can add to his difficulties very considerably. A town vicar in such circumstances can prudently stay at home and get his assistant or a neighbouring parson to deputize for him. The country cleric, even though running a temperature, often struggles to

keep going rather than close his church and provide no service at all.

Country work is far more exacting in many respects than that in the well-organized town parish, because, as hinted above, the town vicar rarely lacks help. The country parson often has to care for two or more churches single-handed and has little chance of drawing help from the small diocesan "pool" of retired clergy who stand by for emergencies. In the town there is usually one man to each church and there is more assistance from lay readers, district visitors, Sunday school teachers and other helpers.

This does not mean that the modern country parson bewails his lot. Far from it. Most of them are true countrymen at heart, with a real love and understanding of their rural parishioners. It is significant that they often remain in the same village for many years, rendering sterling service to their scattered community, and betraying no wish to leave it for some more "important" position.

These modest, happy, highly efficient country parsons are a real source of strength to the Church they serve. There is another side of

THE COUNTRY PARSON

the picture, it is true, for there are many country parsons who labour under a sense of frustration. Their unhappiness is often due largely to financial worry, and the unending struggle to maintain their wives and children on incomes which, always modest, are now admittedly inadequate in view of increased living costs.

Often, too, they realize that they are not true countrymen, and should not have taken country livings. Their lot is made harder to bear because they see little likelihood of being offered work in an urban parish where they would undoubtedly be happier.

Lately, however, a few town and country parsons have managed to exchange parishes. These exchanges would be more frequent if they did not entail complicated legal procedure, and were comparable financially.

What of the average weekday of a successful country parson? What does he find to do? Many people would be astonished to learn how very full his day can be, or how many different kinds of job he may be called upon to tackle in the course of a normal week.

Naturally, it is only possible to discuss his duties in general terms, because the work of one rural parish is never quite like that of another. Each presents its own crop of individual problems.

A considerable number of village clergy begin the day by saying

Morning Prayer in their church, as indeed the Prayer Book requires them to do. Even if there is no congregation, the chiming of the church bell tells the villages that their parson is remembering them in his prayers.

After an early breakfast the parson is found next, perhaps, at the village school, taking a Scripture class. Then, during the morning, no doubt, he fits in some systematic reading and study.

Such study, of course, helps the country parson very appreciably with his sermons, the preparation of which provides him with another morning task. Experience teaches him that it is a big mistake to suppose that "anything is good enough" for his small rural congregation. Country folk are often far more thoughtful and critical on this score than townspeople who, having an abundance of diversions and distractions, have correspondingly less time for serious reflection. To learn to preach effectively to a rural community calls for understanding, sympathy and much care. The preacher needs to be childishly simple, so that all may understand him; but he must at all times avoid being simply childish.

Nor must it be imagined that a "rural retreat" always means seclusion. The chances are that as the country parson works in his study in the morning, he must suffer endless interruptions from a variety of callers. The more successful he is at his job, the more he is sought after,

SERVICES FOR CHILDREN



Two kinds of children's services are pictured here. (Above) a Sunday School class assembles in a converted chicken-house, adapted with ingenuity in the absence of other premises (Below) country children attend a mid-week service for instruction in Christian worship. Note the hanging oil lamps, still often seen.



THE COUNTRY PARSON

as a friend, to be consulted at any time on all sorts of problems.

He is asked to interpret innumerable Government forms—pension papers and other legal documents. He is called upon to witness signatures. He is asked to mediate between neighbours who are at loggerheads. He is expected to listen to long, rambling stories of misfortune. He is plagued by people who wish to air their secret grievances; to discuss family problems or impart confidences. He may have to interrupt the writing of a sermon to drive straying cattle from the vicarage garden or to reprimand village children who have designs on the fruit in his orchard. A shy couple may arrive to consult him about the publication of their banns of marriage.

The procession is endless and always varied. Frequently, there are strangers who appear with vague requests for information concerning some distant ancestor who is believed to have been buried in the local churchyard. Other requests come in by post from people bent upon completing family trees or otherwise engaged on some form of genealogical research. Would the vicar be so good as to see whether he can trace such and such an entry in the parish registers?

Perhaps the vicar had entertained hopes of attending to some of his personal correspondence that morning, or had intended to write a few items for his parish magazine. Those

hopes may have to be abandoned, or postponed to a less crowded day.

In the afternoon of most weekdays, the country parson tries to get in a round of visits to his parishioners. This he very rightly regards as one of his most worth-while tasks, and he probably remembers the professional adage that a house-going parson makes church-going parishioners. His flock may be comparatively small, but it is likely to be scattered over a very wide area, so that a long walk or even a bicycle ride may be necessary in order to reach some of the outlying farms and cottages.

Naturally, it is the sick and the aged invalids who have first claim upon him. Some of them have grown up under his care, and their lives are linked with his, so that he knows every phase of their family fortunes and is welcomed as a real friend.

The parson's visits are not limited to the sick, nor does he think only of those who are members of his own congregation. Wisdom prompts him to call everywhere and never to be in a hurry if someone seeks to hold him with a long, interminable tale of personal woe. He has a sympathetic ear for all confidences, and often gains more good and exerts more influence in this way than by any number of sermons.

Inevitably, some afternoons have to be devoted to other duties, for he never knows when he may be called upon to conduct a wedding

FRIEND AND ADVISER



A country christening is an important event, especially when it is performed at Harvest Festival time. Often enough the parents themselves have been christened as children by the same parson and have grown up under his spiritual guidance.

ceremony or a burial service. Occasionally he is summoned to a meeting of the Ruridecanal Chapter—which embraces all the clergy from perhaps a dozen or fifteen neighbouring parishes, or he may attend a Ruridecanal Conference, which is composed of the same clergy with the addition of elected lay representatives.

Once a year there is the Diocesan

Conference, a much bigger affair, presided over by the Bishop. In many districts, too, there is a Clerical Club which holds monthly meetings at a member's house. Here, problems are discussed; papers are read; news is exchanged and social events arranged.

It is a real gain for the country parson to have such opportunities of widening the scope of his activities

THE COUNTRY PARSON



Many old customs are observed throughout the country, and the preservation of tradition is one of the tasks which rural parsons tackle with pleasure. This picture shows the ceremony known as "Blessing the Sea" being performed at Hastings.

and meeting people outside his immediate circle of parishioners. Without that resource there might well be times when the loneliness of his calling would weigh upon him.

In the evening he may be found in the Village Institute, perhaps playing a game of billiards, or giving a parishioner a lesson in chess. Other evening pursuits include attendance at choir-practices or meetings of bodies like the Parochial Church Council or School Managers.

He may find time for some sport. Often a young cleric is asked to captain the village cricket team, or have a game of tennis or golf. For other recreation there is always plenty of exercise to be got from working in

his garden; so if it be true that a full life is a happy life, he should certainly not have cause to envy his town colleague.

It is true that his post offers no great worldly prospects, but chances of ultimate promotion are not entirely absent, though conditions generally are not what they were. Fifty years ago, many a country parson could and did live in comfort. There was an air of prosperity about the rectory or vicarage.

More often than not, he enjoyed a freedom from financial worries, for the endowments of his parish provided a fair income, and living costs were not what they are today. His work, too, was less complicated and

FINANCIAL AND OTHER PROBLEMS

more pleasant. His little church was well filled on Sunday mornings and evenings. Except on special occasions, there were no weekday services, unless he provided a few in Lent. In all but the smallest parishes, too, there was a curate.

Today, many country vicarages look uncared-for, with unkempt gardens. The common lament of most country parsons now is that their houses are too large for them to maintain adequately in present conditions.

Too often, the country parson and his wife are never free from financial anxiety. There may be some livings worthy of the name, and steps have been taken lately to increase by some small amount the incomes of the poorest; but the majority of country clergy are still struggling on pitifully small means. Often, on an income of perhaps three hundred pounds they have to keep up a house which no layman would dream of taking unless he had at least one thousand pounds a year.

The country parson of today has to face problems which did not exist for his earlier predecessors. Congregations have thinned. There has been a steady drift to the towns, especially among younger members of rural congregations.

The one occasion which still fills the rural churches is Harvest Festival. On ordinary Sundays many village churches have little more than twenty or thirty people in the pews. It is easy to appreciate how

discouraging this must be for the vicar, and how excusably he may sometimes be tempted to give way to a feeling that it is hardly worth while taking much trouble over sermons—two every Sunday—when, week after week, only a tiny group of people are there to listen to them. Indeed, it needs a man of very exceptional character to preach with zest or vigour under such discouraging conditions.

What of the country parson at the close of his working days? If he has been in the ministry for forty years and has reached the age of seventy he is entitled to a pension of £200. Since he has had to contribute to this year by year this does not seem generous and the Pensions Board, conscious of its inadequacy, is hoping to raise it to £250, exclusive of the supplement under the National Insurance Scheme. This is why you find so many country parsons struggling to carry on long after retiring age. If their living brings them in, say, four or five hundred pounds and a house, they naturally dread exchanging it for £200 and no house.

Nevertheless, there are, happily, many men who, though fully alive to the many drawbacks, embrace the calling with zeal and confidence. It is good to know, therefore, that real efforts are being made to improve their livelihood.

But no country parson, however hard his lot, would change his calling. None chooses it in the belief that it is an easy life.



In the Press Room at New Scotland Yard, where some of the world's most sensational crime stories originate in a brief official statement, the Yard's Chief Press Officer, Mr. H. Fearnley, holds a conference with some Fleet Street reporters.

THE CRIME REPORTER

IN SEARCH OF A NEWS STORY

A CRIME reporter, if he works in London, has to have a sound knowledge of Scotland Yard, for he may be called at any time to write authoritatively about the Yard's various departments. He must understand all about the fingerprint bureau, with its ten million single prints, the Criminal Record Office, the Flying Squad, the anti-fraud department, the famous Special Branch and many others.

Every phase of police routine must be known to him. One day he may have to write on police recruitment and training; the next may find him describing traffic arrangements for some big national event. At other times, the river police come into the news and send him rushing to their headquarters at Wapping. The training and functions of the mounted police are subjects he has at his finger tips, just as he is familiar with the various side-line police jobs, such as the testing of London taxi-drivers.

It all comes in the day's work and may very well be sandwiched between the story of a stolen car containing a consignment of jewellery and one of an unknown man pulled out of the river. It is not sufficient

for the specialist to know a little about a lot. He must know everything about the ramifications of the world of crime. It is, in a sense, his world; and it leaves him little time for anything else.

One of his routine jobs is to attend daily at the Press Bureau, Scotland Yard, a small, rather dingy room, reached through the second faded green door on the Embankment side of the Yard, and almost filled with a long table, usually littered with papers.

Often enough, there is little to glean. A Civil Servant reads out the few occurrences that have been noted since the last press conference. "A quiet time for you gentlemen," he may say, by way of preface. "An unknown man dead on the line; a baby abandoned on the tail-board of a lorry; another night club closed down in the West End."

On the other hand, that unimpressive room is the place where many big stories begin, or where they are confirmed or denied. There the crime reporter telephones from one of three sound-proof boxes his version of smash-and-grab raids, jewel hauls, escapes, important arrests. Sometimes there are only

one or two stories a day; at other times as many as six in a single hour.

In making his reports he must be swift, but sure; colourful, but factual. He must be imaginative enough to seize upon points of dramatic interest, yet responsible enough not to land his editor with an expensive action for libel. His success depends upon the degree of skill, combined with accuracy, with which he clothes the skeleton messages flashed to Scotland Yard for a relay to all stations in the Metropolitan area. Above all, while working at high speed, knowing that a few minutes' delay may result in missing an edition, he has to remember that to slip up in any one particular usually means an awkward "inquest" when he next meets his news editor.

The chance of a slip being published, however, is remote, for most newspapers employ a keen lawyer to check their reporters' stories before they are released to the world. The lawyer is in a position to advise the editor on possible snags and complications, and quite often, to be on the safe side, he may delete a good point, or even advise the holding out of a story altogether.

The English law of libel is strict and has always limited the scope of crime reporting. It is essential, therefore, that the crime reporter should be well versed in the law relating to libel and have a sound knowledge of the way in which it is enforced in the courts. To be forearmed in this way

is one method of keeping out of danger, and often enables the specialist to skate round a difficult point without leaving any loose ends or loopholes.

It is not so easy, though, if one of the opposition—and there may be twenty or thirty men and women on a big story—is prepared to take a chance on thinner ice. Competition is always keen, with each reporter seeking exclusive news and the possibility of a "by-line"—that is, his or her name on the copy when it appears in print.

Until editions are on sale the crime reporter never knows whether he will be patted on the back for producing a superlative story, or reprimanded by his editor who may feel that a rival paper has handled it very much better. Nevertheless, the crime man finds it all good fun, even though he is unable to relax until the last edition has been printed and the fierce rush is over.

He is not, however, expected to wait patiently for possible news to trickle in through official sources. The active crime reporter maintains a wide circle of contacts and taps dozens of channels of information for reliable tips from time to time, without losing touch with current events for too long. His contacts are well chosen and varied and may include postmen, taxi-drivers, café proprietors, hotel porters, hospital officials and scores of others whose friendship he has cultivated and whose confidence has been built up

GETTING A STORY



Speed plus accuracy are essential in successful crime-reporting. Here a group of reporters is seen conducting a joint interview. Each will take a full note, and will strive to secure something important or striking that his colleagues may miss.

over a period of years. He knows he can trust their word; that any information they may give him will be reliable. They, in turn, know that he is a responsible person who does not betray a confidence.

All this means that the crime reporter is, of necessity, a good mixer. He also has a fund of well-nigh inexhaustible energy and is able to keep going for long hours on end, often without proper meals; sometimes without proper rest. He enjoys very little home life, for stories do not "break" at moments to suit his convenience. He is always ready to

get out "on the trail" at an instant's notice at any hour of the day or night.

He is a rapid thinker and a ready improviser, for quite often he has to telephone a column of news from a bar, a café or a call-box with no more than a few pencilled notes.

His actual working conditions vary according to whether he is employed on a morning, evening or weekly paper. The morning-paper crime man has more time, before midnight, at least, for careful preparation, checking and arrangement of facts. He has the advantage

THE CRIME REPORTER



In a corner of a news room reporters gather facts over the telephone, an indispensable ally in all crime investigations when events may happen swiftly while the presses wait for copy. Crime reporters often work as a team in big cases.

of being able to run through the evening papers and thus to compare the various versions of a certain case with his own information. As a rule, therefore, he turns out a more detailed account. Afterwards he looks for "late angles." Often some last-minute fact alters the whole complexion of a case. His telephone bell sometimes keeps ringing long after midnight.

He is never really off duty, for newspaper offices never close. The switch-boards are manned throughout the day and night, and even when a crime reporter is technically "free" his whereabouts are usually known to someone in the office. The commissionaire at one newspaper

had to deal with an unusually persistent caller one winter's evening, after all the staff had gone. He declared that he had a good story, but he insisted on payment first. It so happened that the commissionaire had seen the crime reporter leave in evening dress, bound for a City banquet, so he took the initiative and told the caller where the reporter could be found.

The man arrived just as the soup was being served, so there was no banquet for the reporter that night. The informant proved to be a railway porter, off duty. A child's body, he declared, had just been found in a trunk in the left-luggage office at the station where he worked. So, though

CO-OPERATION WITH THE POLICE

his day was technically ended, and he had been all set to enjoy a little relaxation, the crime reporter had to start again, with a taxi dash through the night, hours of inquiries, followed by a hasty scribbling of notes in a chilly waiting-room and telephoning from a darkened box.

A successful crime reporter never leaves anything to chance. Even when it appears safe to relax, there is always a risk of missing something vital by not exercising a round-the-clock vigilance. For instance, there was once a rumour that a girl, supposedly on holiday at a coast town, had disappeared. Reporters were sent to the scene. The girl was certainly missing, but no substantial facts could be gathered. A police chief called the reporters together late in the evening and assured them that there was no need for them to worry further that night. "There is nothing new," he told them. "You can all go to bed early."

Most of the reporters passed on this message to their offices, but one crime man happened to know the district, having lived there at one time, so he decided to look up a former police acquaintance, just for a chat over old times. "I suppose you're down here on this girl mystery," was the policeman's greeting. "It's a bad job. A clear case of murder. I helped to take the body to the mortuary twenty minutes ago."

Not long afterwards the message was on the tapes in all the London offices. Night news editors tele-

phoned back to their men on the spot, and it was vain for them to explain that they had relied on the integrity of the police chief. Next day, however, they lodged a protest. The Chief Constable upheld them and admitted that they were justified in feeling annoyed. They had been delayed deliberately.

Such occurrences, however, are rare. As a rule the police are most co-operative, and it is much more usual for them to take pressmen into their confidence. Most crime reporters are well known to them, and the value of publicity, especially in a murder hunt, is fully appreciated. When differences of opinion, such as what should and should not be revealed in the early stages of a big case, do arise, there are usually good reasons.

From the moment of embarking upon an inquiry, a crime reporter works on a two-dimensional scale. His first concern, of course, is to secure facts that his paper can publish immediately, but all the time he is also looking ahead and gathering items that he will be able to publish after the criminal has been caught and sent for trial.

Most people can recall the controversy which arose over the Neville Heath case as to whether earlier publication of the wanted man's picture would have secured speedier arrest and perhaps saved the life of his second victim. Knowledge of the murderer's past was common to a number of crime reporters, but they

had to nurse their secret. In each report they made they had to take care to stipulate that Heath was being sought for an interview or for questioning. Nothing could be published that would prejudice a fair trial. Had the picture appeared, Heath would unquestionably have been picked up promptly; but certain vital witnesses would have seen it in the newspapers, and the validity of any subsequent identification parade would, as a result, have been nullified.

To be on the spot as soon as possible after a crime has been committed is half the battle. But how is it done? The experienced reporter develops a sixth sense in these matters. Thus, when a local correspondent telephoned a brief paragraph about a doctor's wife and maid being missing, one shrewd crime man rushed for the first train to Lancaster. More important news of the day had tended to obscure the report for most people, but his sixth sense told him that there was something big here.

His first interview with the local police was not wholly encouraging. They did not appear to be much interested. "Yes," they said casually. "We have the report. We expect them to turn up soon."

That was the beginning of the Ruxton case.

Though it developed into a sensational double-murder case for which Dr. Buck Ruxton was eventually hanged, it did not develop immedi-

ately. But, by being early on the spot and deciding to stay on the spot, the reporter in question was able to secure a very detailed story. When some human remains were discovered in a ravine on the Scottish border, it was he who suggested to the police that there might be some link between this find and the missing women. The police did not think so, but said they would make inquiries. When it was found that dismemberment had been carried out by someone with medical knowledge and with the aid of sharp surgical instruments the link was soon established. What had made the reporter suspicious? Simply that he had made several calls upon Dr. Ruxton and had found him wandering in his conversation and looking wild and haggard as the police continued investigations.

Sometimes a story which refuses to open up at first, suddenly develops if the crime reporter is sufficiently persistent—and most crime men are. A news editor sometimes takes a chance and sends a man out of town on what, on the surface, may appear a story of small importance. Such was the case when a crime reporter was sent to Derbyshire to investigate a country house robbery in which four men had been arrested.

When he arrived on the scene the local policeman was out on his beat. So he went in search of the magistrate who had remanded the men in question. Here he drew another

A FRONT-PAGE "SCOOP"



The sub-editors' table in a big news agency. Telephones facilitate the checking of doubtful points and the reception of additional details which reporters may send from time to time. In this way a crime story may be built up piecemeal.

blank, for the magistrate was away for the week-end. After some inquiry, the reporter found the clerk who had taken the formal evidence; but he declined to help in any way.

It would have been possible, of course, to have got the addresses of the four men from the local reporter, but that would have thrown undue significance upon the story with the risk of it being sent to all newspapers. So the crime man concentrated on finding the policeman. He eventually ran him to earth and got the full story, including the name of the jail in which the prisoners had been lodged. The fact that they had all given Mayfair, London, addresses

transformed this seemingly local affair into one of national importance. Persistence thus gained a front-page "scoop."

The good crime man never gives up. Even the most unpromising inquiries may prove fruitful if painstakingly pursued. That is why every fresh telephone message; every flash on the office tape; every tip-off from a known informant gives the crime reporter a thrill that never seems to diminish. However hardened he may be, experience has taught him that the biggest stories often "break" quietly. What if all today's stories prove stumers? Tomorrow may yield the assignment of his life!



The floor at the London Stock Exchange as it appears from the gallery of the great dome. On this ground forbidden to strangers, stockbrokers and their clerks transact business ranging from a £50 investment to deals running into thousands.

THE STOCKBROKER

DEALING ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

A STOCKBROKER's life is one of sharp contrasts. There are days of feverish excitement, full of bustle and drama; but there are also days of routine office-work, comparative quiet, and even stagnation. But what a stockbroker might call a quiet day would seem noisy to any outsider granted a privileged peep within the precincts of the Stock Exchange. The vast, domed hall where business affecting world-wide interests is transacted, makes a truly impressive setting. It is also a little confusing to the uninitiated.

Thousands of members and their clerks are always coming and going; light signals are constantly twinkling all over the House; there are telephones, speaking tubes and special conveyor tubes through which messages from all parts of the globe are delivered direct from the post office. To listen to the hubbub at times would make a stranger wonder how any business is ever done. But no strangers are allowed. And no women. It is strictly a man's domain.

A stockbroker is not necessarily someone smitten with a thirst for speculation who has entered the profession to "get rich quick." The risks of his calling make him

cautious, especially in giving advice to others, which he is frequently called upon to do. First, he has his duty to his clients, many of whom know little or nothing about the dealings of the stock-market. Some, with money to spare, may wish to indulge in a momentary "flutter"; but the majority are anxious to invest their money wisely. So the stockbroker, besides having business acumen, must be a man of the highest integrity in whom clients can place full confidence.

Second, he has his duty to his colleagues. There are not merely the partners in his own business, but the "jobbers" with whom he negotiates the sale or purchase of stocks and shares in the Stock Exchange. Among them he must establish a reputation for sound judgment; for although there is much rivalry in the House, there is also a very strong *esprit de corps*. In this so-called impersonal profession, personal contacts mean a great deal.

There are three ways by which one can enter the profession. Anyone with ample funds can secure membership fairly easily—though not, as is sometimes assumed, by buying his way in. Riches cannot guarantee

THE STOCKBROKER

success in this arduous career. A stockbroker must be the right type of man for the job and must work long and hard to ensure even moderate success.

At the outset he must buy a Stock Exchange nomination. This can be bought only when a member retires or dies. The price may vary according to the state of business at the time, and it is dealt in like any other stock or share. The supply of available nominations being limited, the price sometimes rises to as much as two thousand pounds, according to the demand; though, if he is lucky, a newcomer may be able to buy one for two hundred or three hundred pounds. Should a retiring member wish to hold out for a better price he may do so, with the proviso that if he has not disposed of his nomination within two years he must then do so at the current rate.

There are veteran members who paid nothing for their election. That is because they joined the Stock Exchange before 1904, the year in which the present system was introduced.

Having secured a nomination, a prospective stockbroker must then arrange for three existing members to act as his "sureties." This means that they each undertake to back him to the extent of £500 should he default in his obligations within a period of four years. After that time has elapsed, he is considered as being able to stand on his own.

In addition, anyone who wishes

to secure membership must disclose details of his past career, supply full details of each directorship which he may hold at the time of application, and submit to a personal examination by a committee appointed by the Stock Exchange Council. He has to secure a three-quarter majority in a vote by the Council and present himself for re-election every year.

So much for the high road of entry. There is a middle road open to employees in stockbroker's offices. There are two grades of stockbroker's clerk—"unauthorized" and "authorized." A young man entering a stockbroker's office, whatever his social position, serves a period as unauthorized clerk, a job that is strenuous and exacting. He is at everyone's beck and call and spends much of his time carrying messages from his employer's office to the Exchange. Upon him, too, falls the task of finding out and checking current prices of stocks and shares throughout the day.

Humdrum as such work may be, it is extremely important. A stockbroker's office must be kept fully and continuously informed of all that is happening at the Stock Exchange. Even the smallest rise or fall in prices must be reported and noted, because such variations, insignificant perhaps to the outside world, are the essence of a stockbroker's business. It is all a question of slight changes—an advance here, a decline there. From these, the stockbroker judges the general trend

ENTERING THE PROFESSION



In the Settling Room at the Stock Exchange where stockbrokers' representatives meet to confirm verbal transactions made by their employers on the preceding day. By custom, the clerks always sit on the tables and use forms as foot-rests!

of the market and so decides where he can best serve his clients' interests by buying, selling or waiting for fresh developments in the market.

In the noisy bustle of the House, the unauthorized clerk makes his inquiries without in any way interfering with the actual transaction of business. As a badge of office he wears a small blue button in the lapel of his coat, and so he and his fellows are familiarly known as the "blue button boys."

When he has spent two gruelling years in this capacity he is usually promoted to a higher grade. This means a big rise in status and salary, so the highest credentials are as

necessary as ability and keenness. He earns the title of "authorized clerk" because his employer gives him authority to transact the firm's business on the "floor of the House." As the Stock Exchange is most particular about the type of person who does business within its precincts, the number of authorized clerks is strictly limited. The prevailing rule is that a stockbroker may employ one authorized clerk for each partner he has in his business.

The next stage is reached after at least four years' hard experience on the floor of the House. It is then that he becomes eligible for full membership of the Stock Exchange,

THE STOCKBROKER

though this is by no means automatic. It calls for certain monetary outlay and the highest references, with the additional backing of colleagues who are themselves members of long standing. There are some concessions, however, although it is still necessary for him to buy a "nomination." Both the entrance fee and the annual subscription are reduced.

There is a third road of entry for clerks with four years' experience, who may have their names put on the Council's special Waiting List and take their turn for the privilege of becoming members without being called upon to buy a nomination. The drawback is that the Waiting List, being long, the candidate may be kept years before gaining admittance.

So much for the conditions under which the stockbroker obtains his footing in one of the most exclusive institutions in the world. Having reached this responsible level, however, it does not follow that he can thereafter sit back in his office and relax. For one thing, the stockbroker's office is not the kind of place in which relaxation is easy. For another, the stockbroker's visits to the House, which must be frequent if he wants to do well, are strenuous in proportion to the amount of business he is doing.

Although the Stock Exchange opens at 9.30 a.m., official dealing in stocks and shares does not as a rule begin before 10 o'clock. As

already explained, the closest liaison is maintained with the House, because clients may at any time of the day be communicating their orders and requests to the office, sometimes by letter, but often by telephone or telegram. These urgent requests to buy and sell are responsible for creating the business of the House. It is they that bring it to life, often in the most tumultuous fashion.

The stockbroker's clients, though originally responsible for all this activity, are not permitted to have anything to do with the actual transaction of business in the Stock Exchange. They are not even allowed within its precincts as visitors or spectators. Nor, with the most rare exceptions, is anyone else. If by chance any stranger should venture deliberately or by accident into this noise-filled sanctuary, his presence would soon be detected, first of all because most members are known to one another by sight, and secondly it would be almost impossible for him not to betray some bewilderment at what was going on around him. And, once his presence was detected, he would find himself being conducted to the door by the "Waiters," as Stock Exchange attendants are known.

The stockbroker's day may begin with the telephone ringing in his office. A clerk answers it and discovers that an old client, living in the country, wishes to sell some shares he holds, say, in a rubber concern. Perhaps he wants to realize the

INSIDE THE HOUSE

money in order to meet a pressing need, or, having read the City Editor's column in a daily newspaper, he has gathered that these particular shares are not as steady as they were. Or, from the same source, he may have heard of a better opportunity for investment. So, whatever his wishes, they are taken down by the clerk and passed to the broker as he leaves for the House.

From his office to the somewhat impressive building situated between Throgmorton Street, Bartholomew Lane and Old Broad Street may be only a few steps. On crossing the threshold, he leaves his hat and coat in the member's cloak-room and then makes his way into a spacious, yet crowded hall. Compared with the exterior, this hall, with its marble columns and great domed roof, some hundreds of feet high, is a most impressive place. The time is now 11 o'clock and business has been under way for about an hour. To judge from the pandemonium, it is good business.

The first thing that the broker must do is to find a jobber with whom he can make a deal. Not any jobber, but one who is a dealer in the particular security that he has for sale or

purchase, for jobbers specialize in certain classes of securities. It may be Kaffirs, Home Industrials or Gilt-Edge (Government) stock.

Fortunately these jobbers are readily identifiable. Installed on special pitches on the floor of the House, they stand or sit for hours at a time, with bargain books in their hands and a vast knowledge of prices in their heads. The brokers have their own pitches, called stands, each distinguished by a number, which can be lit up to attract a broker's attention whenever he is wanted.

The broker moves over in the



Above is a typical scene in a Stock Exchange dealer's box. Price fluctuations are chalked up while the clerks keep in touch with their own offices.

THE STOCKBROKER

direction of the pitch of one of the jobbers he knows. The first task is to make an inquiry about current prices, but though he may state how much stock he wishes to deal in, he does not at this point indicate whether his client wishes to buy or sell.

Asked to name a price, the jobber promptly quotes what he considers to be the prevailing or market price. Actually he quotes two figures, the lower being his buying price and the higher the price at which he is prepared to sell. The difference between these prices may be quite trivial, yet it is nevertheless important. It represents what is called the "jobber's turn"—that is, the profit made by the jobber for his part in the transaction. It must be pointed out that the making of a price does not always result in a profit to the jobber. The broker may not feel satisfied with the first quotation he obtains. He may think that he can do better elsewhere. Or it may be that his client has specified a limit below which he is unwilling to sell or buy a certain stock or share. Should this be so, the broker probably decides to try other jobbers until he obtains a quotation that suits him. He then intimates how much he proposes to sell or buy and when agreement is reached both broker and jobber make an immediate note of the transaction in their bargain books.

A negotiation of this sort may take some time, but even when the

entry is made, the work of the jobber and broker is by no means over. It has, in fact, only just begun. The business which they have agreed upon sets in motion a whole train of Stock Exchange clerical routine transactions, all of which must be carefully supervised. The broker, having done his best for his client, must make haste to report the business. First, he must send the client a contract note giving details of the transaction, including the price obtained (or, in the case of a purchase, the price to be paid), the commission or "brokerage," the transfer fee and the stamp duties.

On the following morning, the jobber's clerk and the broker's clerk must meet in the Settling Room for the purpose of checking the transaction again. So much of the initial bargaining has been done by word of mouth that this precaution is necessary, though it is surprising how few disputes arise between brokers and jobbers over verbal agreements made in the bustle and racket of the House.

It must on no account be thought that a broker's business consists of a series of separate transactions, each one completed and disposed of at a time. Once a bargain is entered into, the security may change hands several times before it is paid for. During a "boom" period (when prices rise rapidly), or when markets are expected to improve, the "bulls" become active. This type of speculator buys shares in the hope he will

be able to sell them at a profit before the Account Day.

A "bear" transaction is the reverse of a "bull." This type of speculator sells "short"; in other words, "sells" shares which he does not possess, in the belief or hope he may be able to buy back his shares at a lower price. If the market goes against him and he is obliged to buy back his shares at a higher price than that at which he sold, then he must pay the difference.

On the second day of settlement, called Ticket Day, jobbers and brokers have the complex business of sorting out the names and addresses of the buyers and sellers of stocks and shares. These particulars have already been recorded on Tickets which may have passed from hand to hand a number of times during the preceding two weeks.

On the third day of settlement, by which time the broker has sent an account to his client, payment of all outstanding accounts is made by cheque, and the securities are delivered to their new holders. This work of checking and settling is done in the basement of the House, and Settlement Day is a "day of reckoning" indeed.

Imagine a great many bargains—some purchases and some sales—having to be made as a result of an incessant stream of letters, telegrams and telephone calls. Imagine the regular study of the Stock Exchange lists of prices: the complex

calculations of Settlement Day: and, finally, the frequent lunches and meetings between members from which so much of the business of the House germinates! Thus some idea will be obtained of the activities which, at times of good business, go to make up a stockbroker's life.

Nor must it be forgotten that, even when work ceases in the House at 3 p.m., dealing often continues on the kerb outside, "closing prices" being followed by "street prices." Moreover, in recent years especially, much business has been done as a result of dealings in new issues of capital. The operators, known as stags, apply for stock or shares in the hope that the market price will rise quickly to a premium and enable them to make a profitable sale of their letter of allotment.

Although the profession of a broker may seem exclusive and in some ways cut off from the world, the Stock Exchange is really a sounding board for everything that happens outside. The fall of a foreign government: the granting of a loan by one country to another: news of the discovery of gold or oil in some remote corner of the earth—all these events exert a direct influence upon the Stock Exchange prices and upon the lives of those who live by profiting from their variations. In short, the stockbroker is a "middleman" who really is at the centre of things: and when he is thriving, that is a good omen for us all: business is healthy.



In the cool of his cellar a country innkeeper fills a tankard for a customer. Beer is best when drawn from the wood, and most landlords pride themselves on the quality of their ale, which must be kept cool to preserve its distinctive flavour.

THE INNKEEPER

CATERING FOR THE WAYFARER

FEW callings present so many opportunities for spreading a neighbourly spirit of fellowship and goodwill as that of inn-keeping. And few callings are more difficult to enter. The dream of "taking a little pub, and settling down somewhere" is one that many men entertain at some time or other; but between the dream and its fulfilment lie the formidable requirements of the Licensing Acts.

The potential innkeeper must be prepared to lay bare his past life. He is required, as a first step, to obtain for the local police a testimonial from each of three householders who have known him not less than five years. The persons should not be in the licensed trade themselves and should not be relatives. Each testimonial should state the number of years the writer has known the applicant for the licence and that the writer considers him to be a fit and proper person to hold an excise licence for the sale of intoxicating liquor. The practice varies within the Metropolitan Police Area, where requirements are even more stringent.

Having taken these preliminary hurdles, the applicant has to present

himself at the local court to ask for a licence authorizing him to sell intoxicating liquor by retail for consumption either on or off the premises. If he survives the searching inquiries into his character and past, his request is granted. Then, and only then, he can begin to follow his chosen calling.

Anyone who imagines that the business of innkeeping presents a pleasant way of making quick money is soon disillusioned. The prices at which inns change hands are usually such that the newcomer is forced to work exceptionally hard for a living. Even a derelict inn can seldom be purchased for its actual turnover value; the price is much more likely to be based upon an estimate of its potential value under skilled management.

There are three kinds of innkeeper. There is the manager, employed by a proprietor or a brewery on a wage and commission basis; there is the tenant of a brewery-tied house, and then there is the proprietor of a Free House. The innkeeper who is employed on a wage and commission basis has few chances of developing his own personality. This also applies to the

THE INNKEEPER

manager who is in residence as the tenant of a brewery-tied house, but his hands are even more tied, for he can sell only that drink which the brewery sends him. However, the landlord and his wife are free to exploit the catering side of the establishment to their advantage. If they are enterprising enough to go to the trouble of providing good food, they can do quite well.

The innkeeper who owns a Free House has the best opportunity for developing his own personality and doing much as he pleases. On the other hand, the would-be proprietor must exercise great care in the selection of a Free House. Agents for inns and hotels are as cheerfully optimistic as house agents. A Free House is one which usually has too much space, is too heavily rated or too costly to maintain to tempt a brewer to buy it. A Free House is one which cannot live by beer alone, though, at least, the owner can get it at a lower price than the tenant-manager does.

Having bought an inn, and having been granted his licence, the new innkeeper takes over. This used to involve a medieval ceremony, with the incomer, his solicitor, valuer and agent sitting down to luncheon with the outgoing innkeeper, his solicitor, valuer and agent. At the conclusion of the meal it was the custom for a hat to be passed round and each guest would put in a pound for the newcomer's wife.

The first revelation which dawns

upon the new innkeeper is that he is subject to an incredible amount of legislation. Some old hands say that nobody really understands the Licensing Laws, but whether this is an overstatement or not, it is certain that an efficient innkeeper needs to acquire an encyclopædic knowledge in order to cope with the problems which arise in his profession. The standard text-book on the subject is *Paterson's Licensing Acts with Forms*, a tome of about 1,600 pages, or five or six times the length of a modern novel!

The do's and dont's are endless. Darts may be played at any time, but billiards is forbidden on Sunday, Christmas Day, Good Friday or other fast day or thanksgiving day. If a customer, however well known, offers to deposit some personal belonging as a pledge for a drink on credit he must be refused. It is illegal. And, when it comes to an election, the innkeeper who has read his *Paterson* would be unhappy to let a room within the curtilage of the licence for the purpose of a committee meeting.

As he employs staff to help run his inn, he must also know the Wages Board Orders and, although his opening hours are restricted and hours of employment for staff are all laid down, he has a round-the-clock job. Also, he has a seven-day week and no bank holidays.

Because he is busiest in the evening, he cannot become a councillor or go to lectures or functions or pre-

EXPERIENCE THAT COUNTS



Though spirits are in short supply, the bulk being earmarked for export, there are connoisseurs who demand the best, when it is obtainable, and a discerning landlord has to study the tastes of his clients. Here whisky is seen being sampled.

side over meetings or clubs. He is nearly always barred from becoming a magistrate, though the patience and understanding he develops in his dealings with his fellow men may be greater than that of the majority of the Bench. This rule was probably laid down to avoid the invidious position of a publican having to adjudicate in the case of an offender who might conceivably have got drunk on his premises.

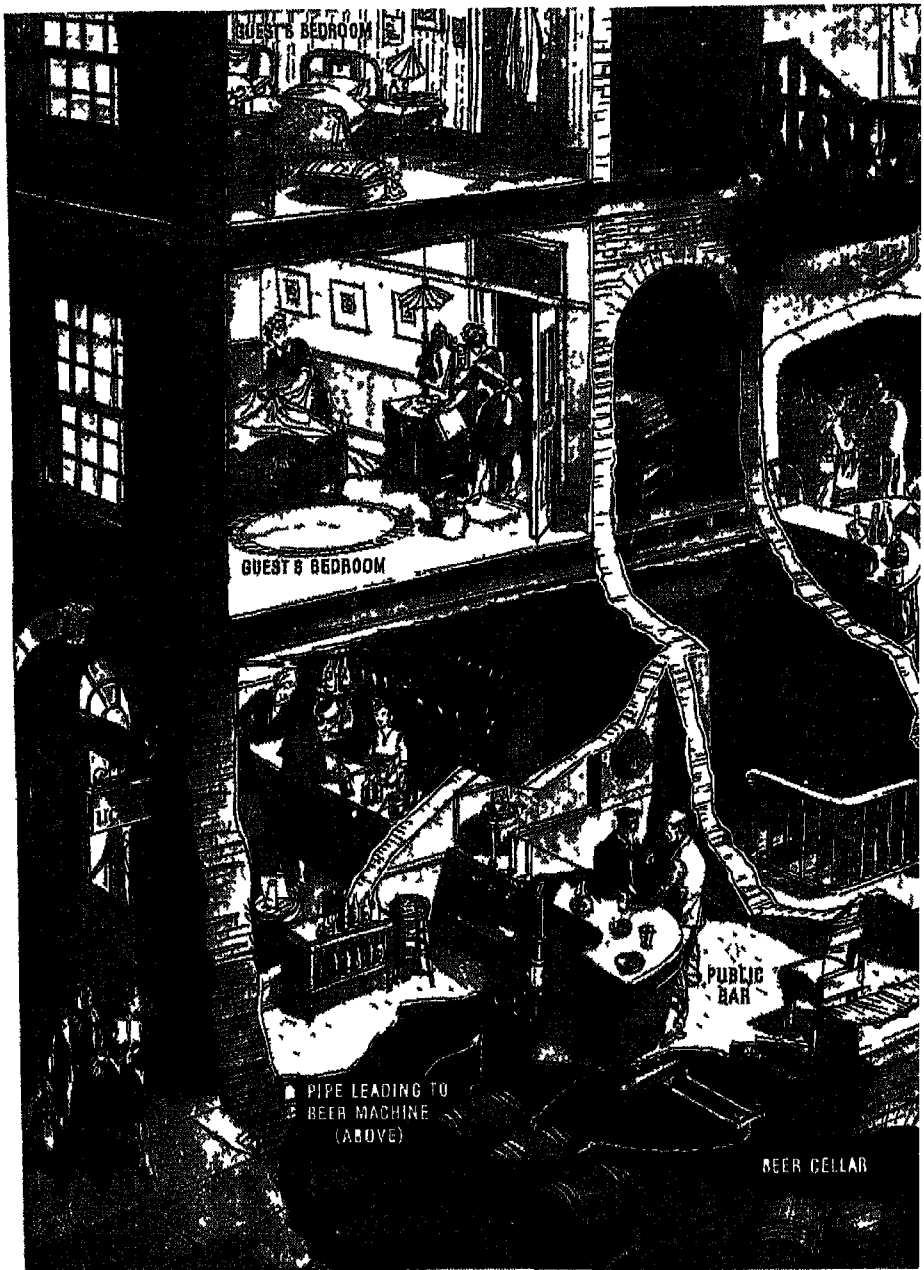
The successful innkeeper needs staying-power, resource and an even temper. As each guest wanders in he has to be attended to, whatever his needs, and the innkeeper can seldom

tell whether the new arrival has come from far or near. Moreover, he never knows how many people he may be called upon to cater for on any one day. Yet it is very necessary that he should estimate potential demands as accurately as possible, or he will soon find himself in difficulties.

Experience alone can help him here, and the conscientious beginner usually goes through a heartbreaking stage where he provides too much food, with consequent wastage.

The good innkeeper is not forgotten by people who have been pleased with his hospitality, but on

THE INNKEEPER



This drawing gives a comprehensive idea of the layout of a busy country hotel. Below ground are separate cellars for beers and wines, while the ground floor

RUNNING A BUSY INN



caters for every class of customer, with an off-licence department, a public bar for locals and a saloon lounge for visitors. Two guests' rooms are shown above.

THE INNKEEPER

return visits they expect him to remember them. He therefore has to cultivate a memory for faces. Sometimes, if he wavers, the visitor proceeds to drop a clue. "Garden?" or "Cupboard?" he says, leaving the landlord to rack his brains in an effort to remember a meeting which may have occurred years before. Instead of betraying irritation or embarrassment in such circumstances, the innkeeper must be genial and give the impression of being flattered by the guest's good intentions, however mystifying they may be.

Since his inn is in the country he needs to be versatile, ready to act at a moment's notice as carpenter or plumber or general utility man. He must be ready, too, to understudy any of the numerous jobs associated with running an inn; to take off his coat and work with the staff in rush moments.

As his guests include all types and all classes, he himself must be adaptable, a good mixer and a diplomat. He must keep his temper and be cheerful, even after a busy day. He must lend an ear, if necessary, to the most boring, casual customer; he must learn to handle difficult guests firmly and politely. The law requires him to serve all comers, and some can be unwelcome, even sober.

This does not mean that an innkeeper's life is a melancholy one; far from it. If the aptitude is there, the innkeeper comes to enjoy the perpetual problems, obstinate questionings, interruptions, queer char-

acters, odd happenings and miscellaneous difficulties which comprise his average day.

His constant aim is to attract the type of guest which most appeals to him, and in course of time most innkeepers succeed in building up a circle of "regulars." From such a circle, then, he draws most of his friends. Through them he derives most of his contact with the outside world, for, being more or less chained to his business, he has little opportunity for travel or for paying social calls.

The staff problem can be acute, especially in busy times when nerves are on edge and things are liable to go wrong. A waiter, cook or barmaid may leave without notice, though all must be kept on through quiet periods. If works or shops are slack they can close down; but an inn must be open always, ready to bring full service into play as required. Here the trade is instant, the customer is sitting at the table and it is customary opening time in the bar. There may be only one customer, but all the amenities must be his to command.

In the innkeeping business the staff's income comes from two sources—wages and tips. If the customers don't tip, the innkeeper has to put up his prices proportionately. The percentage system seems to be the best way of meeting this embarrassing business of tipping. It prevents unfair and sometimes abominable partition of the tips by

SERVING THE "REGULARS"



The beer is in the barrels in the cellar, but it still has to reach the customer in the bar. Common means of achieving this today is (left) the "beer-engine" or pump by which beer is drawn from the barrel through cool and sterilized pipes straight to the bar and delivered with frothing head into the customer's glass. In many country pubs, however, the beer is still drawn straight from the barrel, as shown in this picture of the village inn at Lacock, where the landlord is seen (below) drawing beer "straight from the wood" for a customer.



THE INNKEEPER



During recent years, efforts have been made to introduce a more homely atmosphere into many a country inn, notably by Trust Houses Ltd., whose picture here shows a landlord chatting with a group of his guests in a corner of a hotel lounge.

senior members. Some head waiters may deplore it, but it does make the mean man pay his share. In either case, tipping has a direct bearing upon the popularity of the inn itself. Good service brings good custom. The staff see part of their earnings coming in in cash and know that the better they prove themselves the more custom they will attract, with additional profit to themselves.

An innkeeper's family life is not as private as that of most people, but it does not suffer because of that. Rather the reverse, for it means that family jars, when they occur, cannot be given free rein but are always being obstructed. All develop com-

mendable self-control. If, as some do, they take their annual holiday together, there is a fullness and novelty about it unknown to ordinary families. Where others use a holiday as an opportunity for making new friends, the innkeeper's family seize upon it as a chance to enjoy a little privacy.

The exacting task of innkeeping carries its compensations. A doctor sees humanity chiefly when it is ailing; the lawyer sees it troubled and anxious or perplexed; the confessor sees it penitent. But the innkeeper usually sees people at their best, or willing to be at their best, if given the chance. He sees them re-

laxing; being sociable, generous and charitable. If, occasionally, he sees an exception in a disagreeable person, at least he knows that such a person is without inhibitions. People may affect masks at the grocer's or the post office, in the consulting-room or in church, but not in an inn. There they become plastic and behave according to the spirit of the place.

The experienced innkeeper knows how to handle the troublesome types. One noisy youth, showing off to impress a lady companion, was silenced effectively when the host informed him that because of his bad manners there would be no charge. Shamed before the girl he had hoped to impress with his extravagance, the man who had been truculent a moment before was overcome with an inferiority complex and shame-faced embarrassment.

Of course, the superiority complex is more usual in an inn setting. The wise innkeeper knows how to deal with it, and, in curbing the showy, boastful type of customer, performs a service to his colleagues and to the public as well.

He has to take as philosophically as he can the ingratitude of guests who help themselves to souvenirs, and there is little he can do about a man who, having been told that a favourite antique salt cellar is not for sale, goes off with the article in his pocket. Nor can the grateful innkeeper reward those sensitive people without inhibitions who are almost

embarrassing in their appreciation of everything he does for them.

Occasionally, an innkeeper finds himself faced with a poser in a customer who insists upon paying more than has been asked. In one instance a genial guest, a man of title, said: "I would like three dozen of your sherry, but at a *reasonable* price." He then offered a guinea more than his host had asked! What can an innkeeper do in such circumstances?

Sensitive people, when they strike an inn that is conducted on fair lines, make no attempt to conceal their delight. They feel like embracing the whole place and being embraced by it. It is from these discerning and appreciative guests that the innkeeper reaps full compensation for all the onerous duties, trials and disappointments of his calling. And while he scornfully contemplates the profiteering caterer who, given a sharp knife, gets enough slices from a ham to cover the Derby course; or lacks the satisfaction of some captain of industry with a chain of prospering hotels, he does not sigh. With the smiles of grateful guests to spur him, he awakens each morning to grapple anew with the problems of the day, knowing that if he falls short it is because innkeeping is not an industry but an art and that, as an artist, he must, with unflinching courtesy, prompt and imaginative service, a ready smile and easy conversation, build his own life into the changing social life of his bars.



Training gun dogs is one of the arts in which the ghillie has to be well-versed. Here a black Labrador is being made to sniff some turkey feathers to "get" the scent. They will then be thrown into a copse, and the dog sent to retrieve them.

THE GHILLIE

SERVING THE SPORTSMEN IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE great estates where generations of ghillies have served their lifetime are fast disappearing. Yet even today there are thousands of ghillies in the Highlands whose surroundings still hold something of the old feudal atmosphere. The ghillie, with his cloth or deerstalker cap, thick boots and homespun tweeds, frequents the glens, the hills and the rivers, just as his ancestors did hundreds of years ago. In his genial appearance and build there is usually a distinct trace of the red-headed Celts, who were long-legged men with fair drooping moustaches. He may come of an even older race, one that was characterized by short, dark men who had quick eyes and sinewy frames. A descendant of the wild clansmen is a hardy person, whose wits are sharpened by the endless minor contests which he wages with Man and Nature.

He is the most intelligent of all countrymen, and the best loved of all servants. Kings have been glad to count ghillies among their friends, and there are still people who remember the formidable John Brown, devoted servant of Queen Victoria.

In the minds of many people the

ghillie is associated with fishing, and it is true that he is usually spoken of in this sense. Yet the old Gaelic word has a wide meaning, and at one time the term *ghillie* could have referred to almost any outdoor servant. On large estates a distinction is drawn between the ghillie and the gamekeeper, each having separate duties to perform, but on the small estates the ghillie may have to visit both the river and the hill in the course of his work.

When he combines both jobs, one of his tasks is to assist in preserving game, whether it be fur, feather or fin, and to do this he must be a ruthless destroyer of all things that prey upon it. On and off, his life is one long battle against these forces. He does, therefore, need perseverance, cunning and a phenomenal patience in order to combat these wary enemies, whether they be animals or human beings.

The good ghillie needs a spark of the crusader in his make-up besides devotion to his work which knows no fixed hours. Much of his routine is dull, and his dwelling in some remote glen may cut him off from normal companionship and those relaxations which even the country

THE GHILLIE

worker counts as part of his leisure. Yet there are many who envy him. In the course of his lifetime, he probably gets more sport than half the people who devote many hundreds or even thousands of pounds to this end. Today, he probably lives better than many a worker earning a larger wage, and he certainly tastes more fish and game. In some cases he is free to choose how his work is carried out, and for months on end he may literally run the estate while the owner or tenant is away. There are few occupations of this kind which give more freedom.

In spring or summer, where the estate includes a length of river or a loch, much of the ghillie's time is spent by the waterside. The rivers of the Highlands contain brown trout, sea trout and salmon, the two latter being visitors rather than permanent inhabitants of the rivers. The ghillie knows the week, the day, perhaps the hour when the migratory fish begin to make their way up through the pools of his beat.

As the season opens, eyes are watching each mile of river. The tale is first taken up at the estuary, where the run is heralded by the first catches in the nets. The tale is handed on as the fish are either seen passing up over the weirs and salmon ladders or showing in the pools.

When the season is late, the ghillie may watch the tumble of snow waters without seeing the sign of a

fish. Then one morning when the thin sunlight of spring is on the water, he sees a movement. Throughout the season both salmon and sea trout run steadily up the rivers as inclination moves them, or the height of the water allows. It may be autumn before they reach the spawning beds in the shallow head waters or the small tributary burns. After spawning, they begin their journey back, though many of them die before they reach salt water again.

From this brief sight of the fish, the ghillie knows whether it is one of these exhausted kelts travelling seawards, or a fresh-run spring fish in its silver mail. The very manner in which it has broken the surface may tell him whether it is in a mood to be tempted with a fly.

Like most experienced anglers, the ghillie develops a sort of sixth sense which is very necessary for anyone who sets out to catch the temperamental salmon. He knows that their tastes vary not only with the season and the weather, but with the individual rivers they frequent.

Here, in *this* deep slack water, the salmon often lie, but are never known to take. But, if one shows in *that* run, it is only necessary for the ghillie to put a fly over him. Here is another pool which holds fish that can only be tempted when the water is high. Farther down, where the green surface is broken by the boulders, his best chance is when the river is low.

All these things the ghillie knows

WHEN THE SALMON "RUN"



Landing a salmon from the River Tay. Many a fisherman knows the uncanny skill displayed by the ghillie in locating the best points at which to fish. Indeed, his advice is eagerly sought, for he is steeped in every aspect of local river-lore.

about his beat, including what baits are best at the various seasons, and in the various heights and temperatures of the water and even in the changing lights of the sky. Sun breaking through cloud may call for a change not only in colour but also in the size of the bait that is being used to tempt this most elusive of fish.

This water holds brown trout as well. The ghillie has caught them since he was a boy, and perhaps in his heart has more fondness for them than for the lordly salmon. Here the trout is a lifelong inhabitant, and the catching of him may

call for more artistry even though he is less incalculable than his sea-going cousin.

In his walks along the river bank the ghillie keeps a sharp eye open for the enemies of fish life. In the lower reaches of the big rivers he may have to contend with seals, but his chief animal opponent is likely to be the otter. Apart from those which live inland, large numbers of these animals from the sea beaches make their way up the small rivers to prey on whatever salmon and sea trout they can catch, and perhaps ruin the angler's fishing.

Their long journeys which may

THE GHILLIE

begin in autumn, when their sea food is becoming scarce, are usually made by moonlight. Although the otter is by no means confined to a diet of fish, he may wreak tremendous havoc in this direction, and the ghillie who has had a bad visitation may count a dozen victims, all fine salmon, in one stretch of river.

Sooner or later, he finds the fresh marks of an otter by a moorland burn. His dog is searching the banks, where the scent tells him that the otter has gone up stream. Their quarry cannot be far away, and already the dog is out of sight, and soon his bark can be heard a mile away up the river. The ghillie takes a stand with his gun. There is a long silence. Then, like a shadow beneath the water, the otter appears, moving up along the bottom of the pool. He is too deep for a shot, and makes a poor target as he streaks up over a fall. Soon, man and dog are after him, combing the banks down stream, and before long the snapping otter is cornered and dispatched.

The graceful, grey heron is another of the ghillie's enemies. These long-legged wading birds can account for large quantities of salmon and trout fry in a short time. The large black cormorant may look picturesque perched upon his rock, but he can be a deadly menace to the fish population. Eels are another danger, for they devour the spawn in addition to the fry. In some of the highland lochs, the ghillie may have to contend with pike who eat their

own weight of trout or even their own kind for every week of the year.

Poachers are usually the worst threat to any piece of water. Many an honest angler has poached at some time of his career, but it is not the fisherman in search of free sport who proves a headache for the river watcher. It is the black-market poacher, the fellow who is out to get fish for sale by whatever method will bring him in the largest numbers. Summer nights when the rivers are low, and the salmon lie close packed in the pools, are the times for the poacher who is out to get his fish by the sackful.

These expeditions are carefully organized by poaching gangs who use large nets and come in cars, often from some quite distant town. In these cases, the ghillie needs help, and he usually has an ally in the person of the regular water bailiff whose duty it is to protect his part of the river. If the ghillie meets them on his own, he stands little chance with these big gangs, many of whom are strangers who are not particular as to how they handle him if he crosses their path.

With local poachers it is different. They know that they are marked men, and in any case, away from the water side, they and the ghillie may often have taken many a friendly dram together.

The lone poacher who is after an odd fish or two usually haunts some shallow pool where he may get the opportunity of slipping a gaff into

THE ENEMIES OF GAME

some unsuspecting salmon. Nets, gaffs and triangular hooks have long played their part in the sneaking of fish from forbidden waters. The ghillie understands these methods and he fights them because it is part of his job.

The people that neither he nor any sportsman can forgive are the poachers who use dynamite. Killing the fish by means of an explosive is a wicked method because, in addition to the quarry, it kills everything in the pool; it ruins the fishing for months and sometimes seasons to come, and it often renders the fish useless for eating purposes; a fact that is not discovered until they come to be cooked.

Poachers, particularly those with good local knowledge, are often difficult men to catch. The ghillie's movements are watched wherever he goes, and poachers often post look-outs who make it almost impossible for him to approach unseen. He usually knows the most likely poaching spots and the only way of making sure of a capture is to get there first.

He may choose a chilly evening and, while this is setting in, he and a companion make their way to a shallow pool where the salmon lie thick in a narrow channel beneath a fall. Neither of them can smoke as they take up their position among the bushes. As darkness falls, the wind may bring a thin persistent rain up the valley.

Throughout the night hours, the

two numb and soaking men watch the pool. A grey daylight steals over the hill, and dawn is already well up when the cramped watchers hear a step on the gravel. They get their man, but at the cost of much soaking misery. This is part of the job. Timidity or lack of resolution in a ghillie soon gets known, and then he is finished in so far as his usefulness for river watching is concerned.

The best known role of the ghillie is that of servant, guide and often friend to the angler. Many of his days are spent accompanying the owner or tenant of the beat, either walking with him from pool to pool or managing the boat. The ghillie is an expert with the gaff, and the landing of a big fish, and he is always prepared to help the angler land a lively fish in any circumstances. It makes all the difference to the peace of mind of a fisherman when he knows that the ghillie has a sure hand.

The owner may know a piece of water almost as thoroughly as his ghillie, whose job in such cases may become little more than that of an assistant. Much of the ghillie's time, however, may be occupied with guests who are strangers to the water, and who perhaps know little of the "gentle art." The ghillie occasionally hears people say that any fool can catch a salmon, and there is little doubt that many people who do not know one end of a rod from another have killed many a good fish. But how many of these people

THE GHILLIE

could have succeeded without the help of a ghillie? Who selects the bait for them? Who indicates the exact spot where the unseen salmon are lying? If the ghillie let them make their own choice of flies and water, not one in a hundred of these novices would ever catch a fish.

It may be a sparkling June morning when the ghillie accompanies a visitor to the water. If their luck is in, they have the beat to themselves, the weather is kind and there are some fish up.

The fishing hut stands where the wooded path joins the river. Along one wall, the split cane rods with their varnished surfaces and coloured silk bindings lie in racks ready for use. In one corner, several pairs of waders are hanging, while on a table by the window lie enamelled boxes of salmon flies, some reels of steel trace wire and a bottle of preserved prawns.

The ghillie says that they will try the Manse pool first, because "Jim MacIntyre has seen a good 'fush' there." The Manse pool is wide and deep, with a swift current curving at the far side under a high rock. As the ghillie lays the oars in the rowlocks, something heaves at the edge of the foam.

There is no splash, just the showing of a dark back. The ghillie remarks that "yon" looks like a taking fish, and the angler, in his eagerness, sends the line shooting with a loud smack on to the water. The ghillie is not surprised when the

fish refuses to be tempted. Tactfully he remarks that they are dour things sometimes, even when they make a likely showing.

In spite of the hopeful signs, the Manse pool is fished without result. The angler is using a fly, a small Green Highlander. Perhaps, says the ghillie, they would do better with something a little larger, maybe this Silver Doctor; and from the box he selects a beautiful lure.

The next pool has no boat, and here the angler wades, casting his fly where the ghillie indicates into that fast run over the sunken boulders. As the line swings round, and the fly begins to drag in the current, there is a sharp snatch which sends the angler's heart into his mouth. But the rod springs back at him, he has missed him; evidently the fish has been well pricked, for he does not come again.

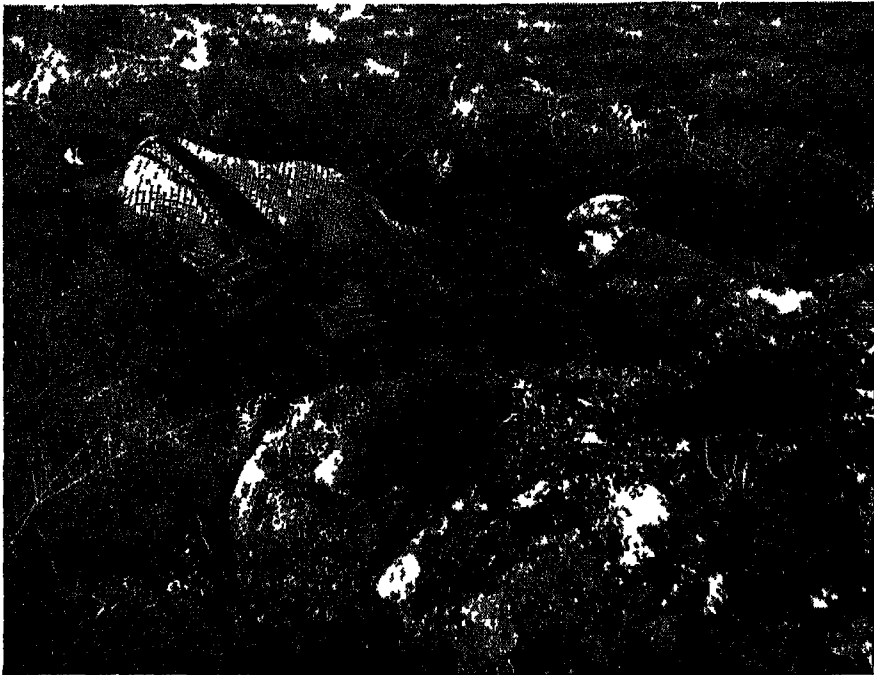
It is nearly midday by the time they reach the third pool, a wide, shallow basin of water, its centre scarred by a rocky channel. The floor of this pool seems visible and deserted, and the ghillie's eyes can only just see the rod top, when suddenly this gives a mighty bend. The reel begins to scream. The angler rises to his feet, and the battle is on.

The ghillie stands back, gripping the gaff, but there is little for him to do at the moment. The salmon streaks up to the head of the pool and then the line begins to go almost vertically down into the rough

THE CRAFT OF THE GHILLIE



Deer-stalking in the Highlands is a task in which all the craft of the skilled hunter is matched against the cunning, fleetness, shyness and wariness of the deer. In Scotland the ghillie supplies the hunter's skill and knowledge of the local forests to less expert hunters (Left) A ghillie is trying to spot a stag. Note how he uses his walking-stick to steady the telescope. (Below) The stag spotted, the "stalk" begins with a cautious crawl through the heather, which may last for hours before the hunters can get close enough to shoot.



THE GHILLIE

water. But the ghillie is confident. He knows that there are no bad snags up there, and if the fish continues to fight against the current he cannot last long.

Suddenly the line goes slack, and the angler reels in for dear life as the invisible salmon sweeps down towards him. Now, he is below them, and cruising out into the main current, which makes him difficult to hold. The angler involuntarily lowers his rod, and there is a warning shout from the ghillie to keep it up. If the fish once gets a straight pull on that rod and tackle the game is finished.

The tail of the pool is strewn with sharp boulders whose presence spells danger if the salmon gets amongst them. They hurry after him to shorten the line. Mercifully, he has gone to sulk on a bed of smooth rock. On the ghillie's advice, the angler manages to get below him once more, and by exerting a steady pull, he sends the fish cruising again up stream.

The salmon has now made for the far bank, and there is a flash of silver as he rolls on the surface. This is a sure sign that he is tiring, but still, he must not be trusted. As



The last tense moments before the kill are depicted here. After a long stalk, the ghillie keeps his telescope trained on the quarry and gives a final word of advice to the hunter who, lying deep in the heather, takes a steady aim before firing.

STALKING THE DEER

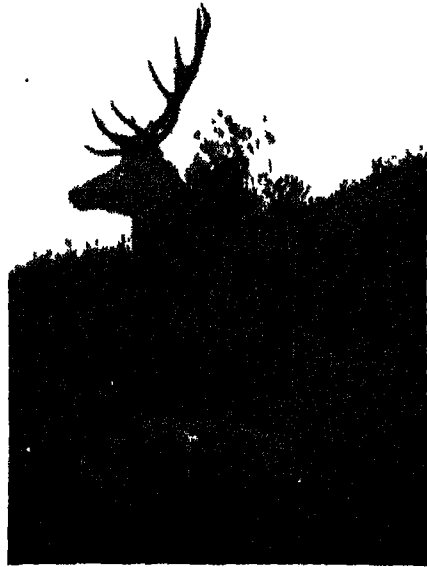
he feels the renewed pressure, he makes a sudden dash and leaps fully three feet into the air. It is an anxious moment, but the tackle holds, and now the salmon has shot his bolt and is drawn threshing feebly on his side into the shallows.

The ghillie crouches with the gaff poised. The salmon cruises slowly past with his back fin showing. There is a flash of metal, the gaff goes home, and with a heave the ghillie lifts him clear of the water and administers the *coup de grâce*.

These can be pleasant days for the ghillie, though a cantankerous fisherman can make his life a burden. On the other hand, the ghillie usually has the whip hand with strangers, and there are occasions when he has been known to send them home fishless. The ghillie, too, can be a tyrant, for he often spends all his days on one river and becomes obsessed with the local angling fashions and prejudices. He develops an attachment for particular patterns of flies, and it is difficult to persuade some old hands that something else is at least worth a trial.

On estates which possess a deer forest much of the ghillie's work may have to do with stalking. The word "forest" is somewhat misleading, for much of the stalk may be spent creeping over wide expanses of open hill country. The common deer of the Highlands is the red deer, but the forest may hold the smaller fallow deer.

Stalking calls for a good eye for



The quarry as seen through the telescope. Deer have a keen sense of smell, and the stalkers keep to windward.

ground and a sound sense of the ways of the deer. The stalker must be a man of infinite patience. A morning's walking and crawling may bring the quarry within range, and then everything is spoiled by a sudden shift of the wind.

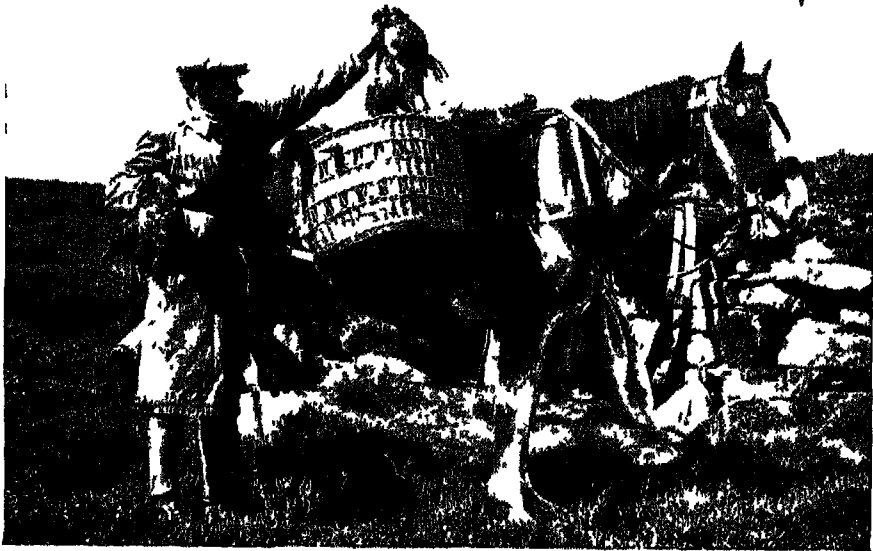
Sometimes after a long, arduous stalk through the heather, the beasts themselves may move for no apparent reason. The stalkers lie low, possibly for an hour or two, in the hope that the animals will shift their position. The last moments of getting within range are often tense ones, so tense in fact that more than one ghillie has been known to lose his self-control.

Summer and early autumn are

THE GHILLIE



(Above) A faithful spaniel looks on while ghillies get to work with fork and spade to prepare a butt for the shooting season. (Below) Birds collected from the butts are loaded into panniers at the end of a successful day's shooting on the moors.



IN THE DEPTHS OF WINTER

the stag-shooting season when the owners or tenants come up on to the big forests to follow this expensive sport. The average cost of each head of stag for anyone who rented a forest used often to work out at twenty-five pounds. It is probably more today. As this is a rich man's pastime, the ghillie is usually well tipped. It would not be uncommon for him to receive from five to ten pounds from one of the gentlemen.

The same is also true of salmon fishing, and a guest on a beat, even if he only had one day, would, if he had been successful, usually give the ghillie a pound. Winter sees the end of the stag shooting and only the hinds are shot during the following months. The ghillie may undertake this on his own as some of the estates are under contract to supply venison throughout the year.

Winter stalking can be an unusually cold business, but the ghillie is extraordinarily indifferent to the elements. This work takes him through baking August days on the moors when he covers miles of rough heather, sometimes carrying more than half a hundredweight of grouse and hares. Although he may carry a mackintosh when the sky looks threatening, he rarely wears an overcoat. At least this is true of most old hands, some of whom boast that not more than a dozen times in their lives have they taken a coat with them to the hill.

Winter brings an end to the fishing activities of the river ghillie. By the

end of October the trout and sea-trout fishing is over and the salmon, now turned a dark coppery hue from their sojourn in the river, have moved up to the head waters. Now is the time when the ghillie needs to be most watchful. By November, the fish are out on the shallow spawning beds, when they become an easy prey to their enemies. In the grey drizzling mornings the little burns are haunted by the ghostly figures of herons. The poacher with his gaff is also on the prowl, seeking the big fish as they lie on the gravel.

As winter deepens, the ghillie and his wife may become caretakers of the big house. Often though his dwelling remains his lonely cottage, perhaps cut off by the snows which have sealed the glen. Blizzards or drifts may keep him at home for days or even weeks on end. This is one reason why some ghillies are better read than many people who claim to have enjoyed a fuller education. Besides books there are other things to occupy the weather-bound hours. His own fishing tackle needs overhauling. There are salmon flies to be tied, for the gentlemen will give him half a crown each for these in the coming season. Some ghillies tie all the flies that are needed locally, and it is a fascinating and delicate pastime.

From a cupboard the ghillie takes down an old leather book between whose parchment leaves are the feathers of mallard, turkey and buzzard interspersed with blue from

THE GHILLIE

the kingfisher, and the black and orange tippets of the golden pheasant. Between other pages there are coloured silks and strips of gold and silver tinsel which are bound about the length of the hook to form the bodies of some patterns of salmon flies.

Then there are nets to be made. The ghillie may even weave a length of cloth upon a home-made hand loom. There is one Highland ghillie who took up the unusual hobby of making violins. He became so proficient that he could not keep pace with the orders that came in for his instruments, many of which were prized by continental experts.

On many estates he may spend much of the winter trapping vermin. His gruesome vermin board shows a wonderful variety. Here are the dried corpses of scores of rats hanging side by side with destructive birds, stoats, weasels, polecats, mountain foxes and badgers. These have been either caught in traps, or hunted by the ghillie with retriever and gun up among the high cairns.

Among the birds upon his board are jays and magpies, little owls, a buzzard and a peregrine falcon. Among the worst of his bird enemies are the hooded crows. The "hoodie" is full of low cunning which must be matched if he is to be laid by the heels in any numbers. In some of the remote glens live wild-cats which can be dangerous to dog and man.

On many estates, there may be tenants for the winter shooting. In

this event, the ghillie may have to prepare suitable butts (see page 290). Later, he is out with the guns among the hills and coverts, sometimes walking up the game, sometimes with the help of beaters driving the coverts towards the guns who are lined up at the farther end.

The woods and even the open bracken country hold pheasants, and that rather elusive bird, the woodcock, who wheels and flits as silently as the bat, and has a nasty habit of flying head high along the line of beaters. Many times the ghillie has heard the charge of some incautious shot whistling past his ears when he was beating a covert. It is ten to one that the target was a woodcock.

By this time the grouse and the blackcock season which began in August will have ended. Grouse shooting which ends on 12th December is usually thought of as a summer occupation, but the ghillie may remember walking up the last birds in a snow storm.

Rarely is the ghillie the only one of his kind on an estate. Often there are several of them under a head ghillie. On some rivers ghillieing may be a seasonal, part-time occupation, and keen fishermen can get some free fishing in repayment for a few days' ghillieing.

Apart from Scotland, the term ghillie is used on many Welsh and English rivers, though a number of these men actually hail from the North. The following is usually

FLUSHING THE GROUSE



In this corner of a gun-room on a large estate a ghillie and his assistant are seen overhauling and cleaning weapons in preparation for the grouse-shooting season. This infinite care and expert attention will ensure good sport for the marksmen.

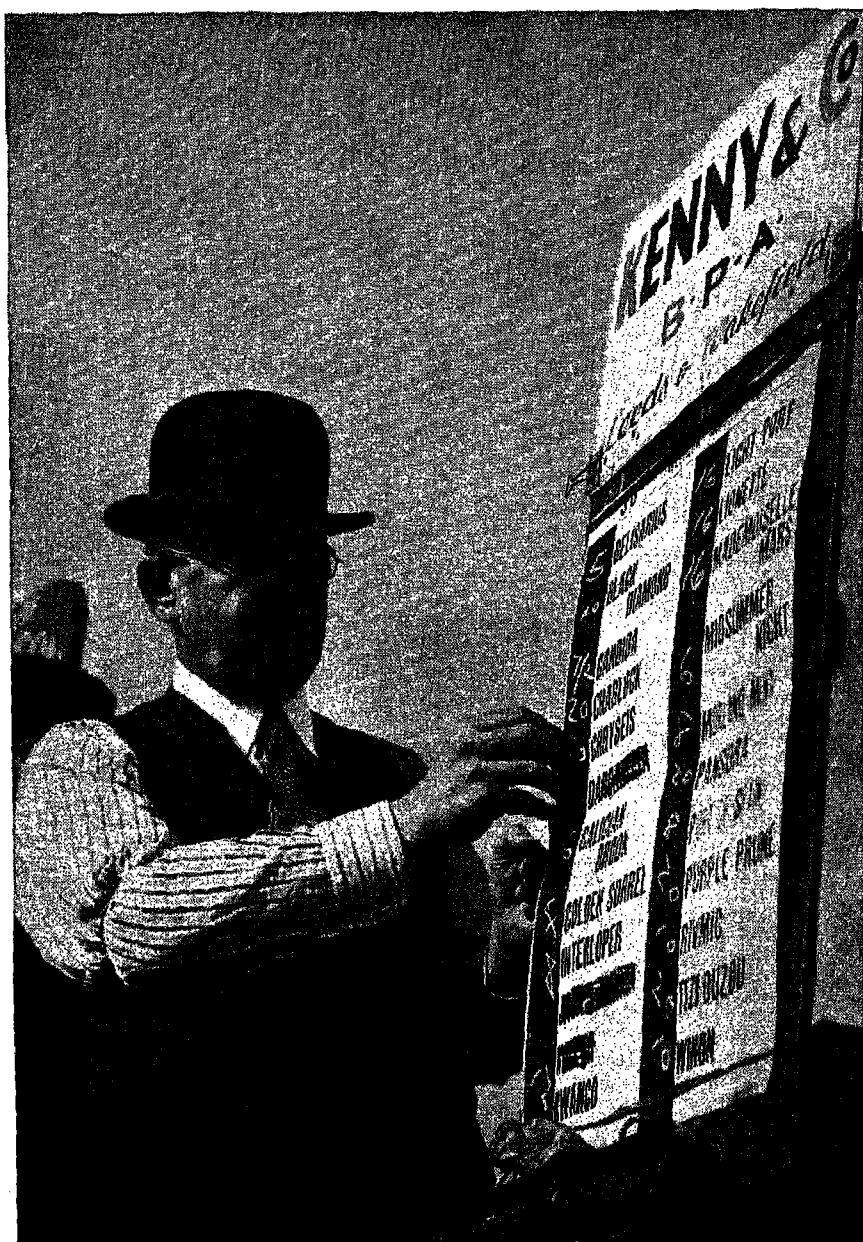
taken up by those who are born and bred to it, and on some of the older estates the job has gone down through generations from father to son.

What is the effect of the secluded life which some of these men live, on the younger generation? Many of them have been brought up in these surroundings since childhood, and would not ask for anything different. Yet changes in the outside world are bound to have their effect, and it is the modern ghillie's wife, with the often hard and dreary domestic round, who feels shut away.

This tendency is likely to have

been increased by the fact that many future wives have served in the forces, where they became accustomed to the bustle of people round them, and outings to the cinema and other entertainments. Education of the children must inevitably prove a problem in some remote places.

If modern reactions are causing a drift away from this following, there are also fewer estates that can afford to keep an establishment of ghillies. While there are salmon and trout to be caught; while there is game to be protected; while there are deer among the hills, we shall see the ghillie in his own familiar landscape,



Working in shirtsleeves and basing his calculations upon latest information signalled to him by tick-tack men, a racecourse bookmaker makes adjustments to his prices before the start of the race, an operation calling for quick thinking.

THE BOOKMAKER

LAYING THE ODDS ON A RACECOURSE

ONE of the most famous bookmakers of the century, and possibly the only one to write of his memories and experiences, confessed that he had to work hard, overcome innumerable difficulties and gradually gain experience and prominence before he could say that he was well-established. In other words, bookmaking is very similar to most commercial ventures, but it is certainly not the "gold-mine" it is generally imagined to be.

No one seems to have discovered just when bookmakers came into being. It is known, however, that they began by accommodating gentlemen who had hitherto made bets with each other, and that bookmakers selected some convenient place (often on a racecourse) to stand and carry on their business. They were then known as "legs" (or "blacklegs") and were treated as very inferior beings. They were relegated to this status until quite recent times.

Since the dawn of this century, however, men of birth, position and education have taken up the profession, both on the racecourse and in offices. The title "bookmaker" has now largely given place to that

of "commission agent." There are two types of these agents, the course bookmaker and the office bookmaker, each doing the same sort of work but in a different way and place and some who combine both.

The course bookmaker travels from one race meeting to another with his staff. This usually includes a clerk, whose duty it is to make an accurate note of every transaction, a "runner," who runs to another bookmaker to lay off some money when necessary, and one or more tick-tack men.

The course bookmaker pays fees for himself and his attendants so that they can enter the cheap ring, the silver ring (so called because its occupants mainly bet in silver), or into Tattersall's enclosure, often described as "the big ring." The choice of a particular ring is usually determined by the extent of his capital, or where he thinks he will find the most customers. He usually has his own pitch or stance, where (to use his own terminology) he "stands up." Here he has to pit his wits against those of his patrons who are just as anxious to win money from him as he is from them.

The course bookmaker is guided

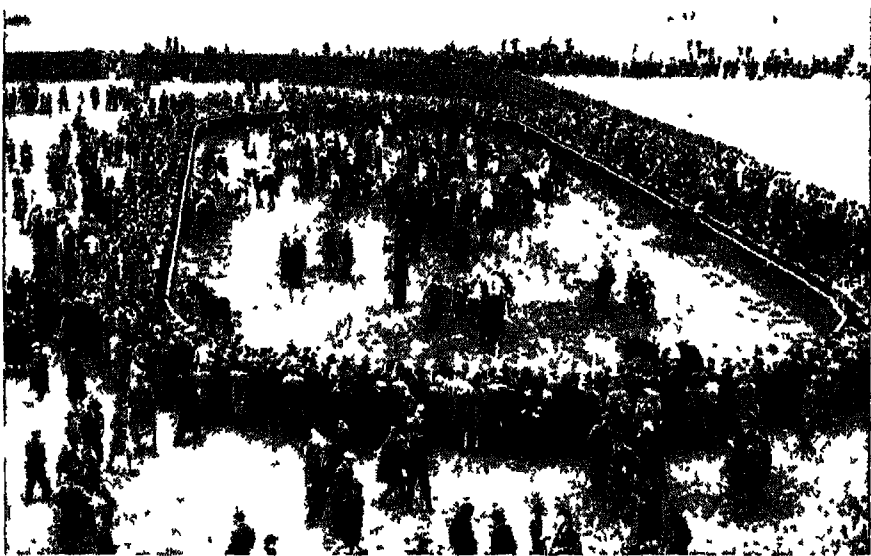
THE BOOKMAKER

by what he has heard, read and previously seen, by what the flow of money tells him before each race, and by the signals he receives from his tick-tack man perched high up on one of the stands. The tick-tack man signals in a frequently changed code (very like semaphore), to keep his employers informed of fluctuations in the betting market. A sudden change of odds in "the big ring" is immediately notified to the bookmaker, who amends his prices accordingly. Were this not done quickly, astute backers could have someone in the cheaper rings, for instance, to snap up long odds against a horse which has suddenly become favourite in Tattersall's.

The other class of bookmaker has

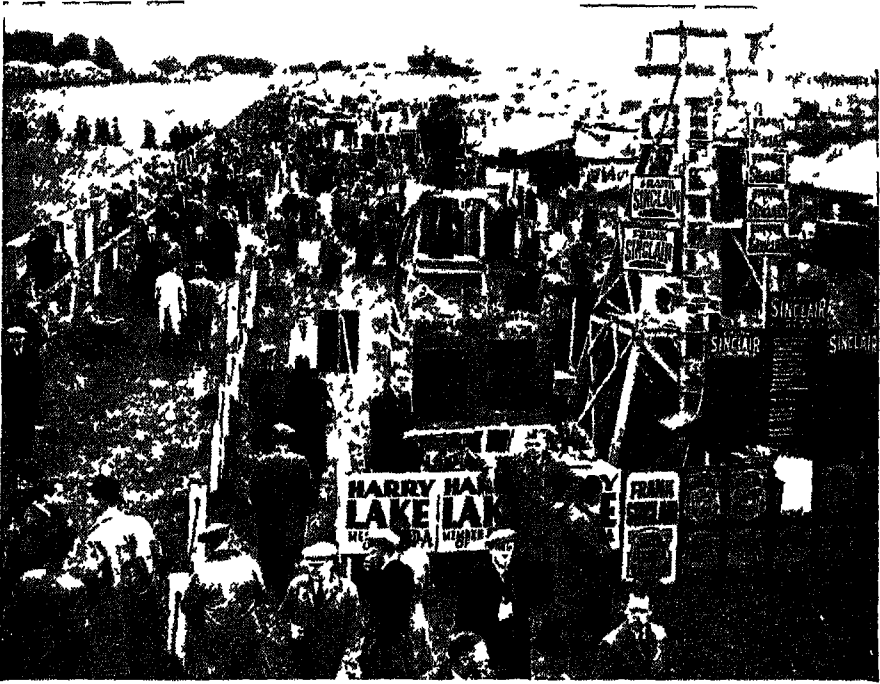
an office in one or more large cities and towns. His staff consists mainly of clerks who are provided with telephones and a tape machine in each office. The tape machine records the information that is transmitted from the tick-tack man on the course. This information consists largely of the names of runners and their jockeys, the betting, the time of the "off," the results of the races, objections and so on. All this information is conveyed to the betting office within a few minutes of its being known on the racecourse.

The bookmaker who conducts his business from one or more offices usually accepts bets at starting prices only. This signifies that he accepts the commissions of approved



Cesarewitch day at Newmarket, with eager crowds thronging to the paddock to take a close look at the entries. Many racegoers defer their bets until they have seen the runners; others make fresh investments if some horse strikes their fancy.

LAYING THE ODDS



A glimpse of the famous Derby course at Epsom, showing some of the stands from which the course bookmakers call the odds and take bets. Note the special raised platforms from which the tick-tack men keep contact with their colleagues.

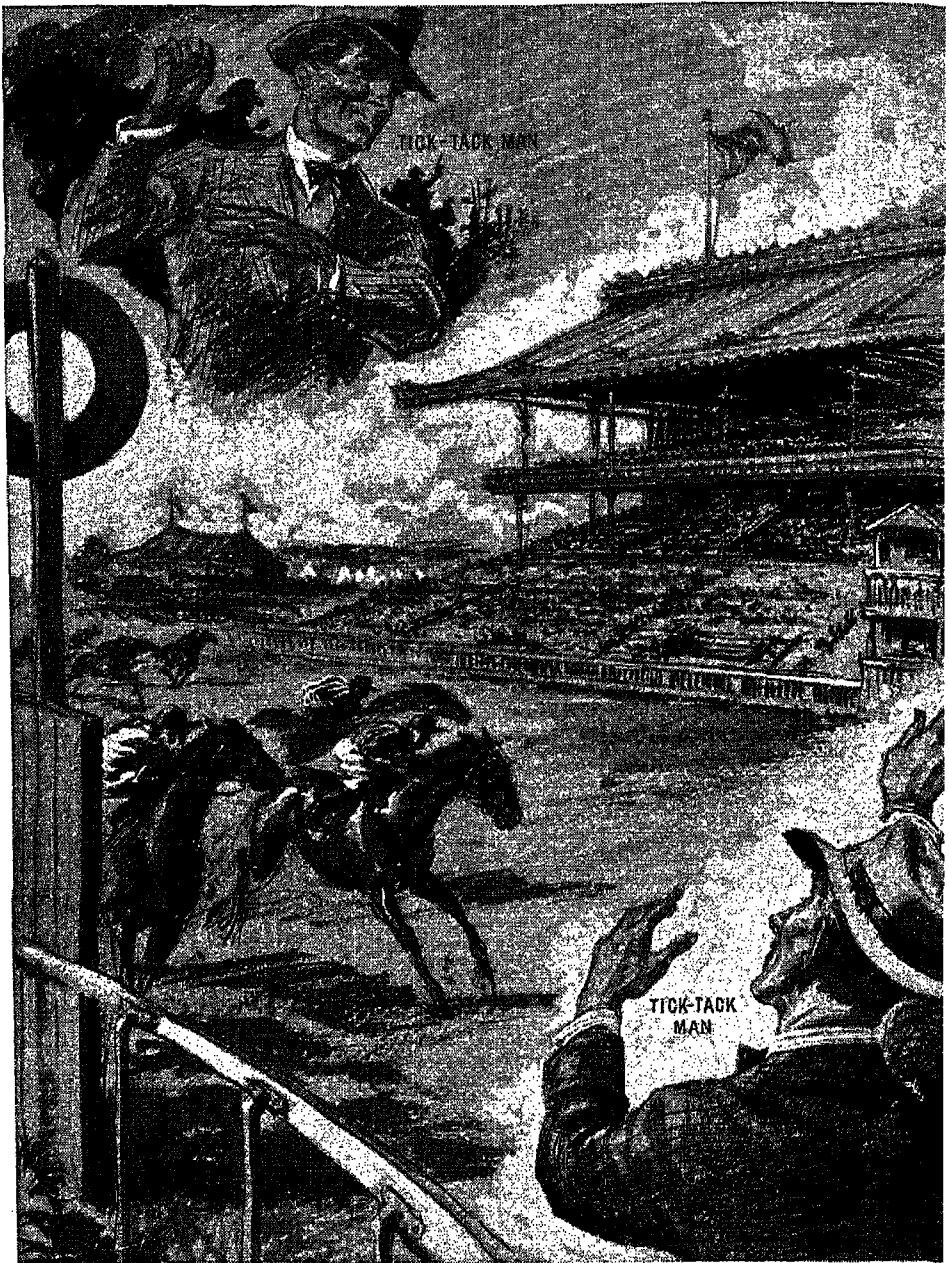
clients, who write, wire or telephone their bets but otherwise have no personal contact with him. If they win they are paid according to the odds which were offered by the principal racecourse bookmakers, or by the totalisator, at the time the horses started for each race. If the starting price man (S.P., as he is called) has more commissions, or more money for particular horses than he cares to take, he may use what is called "The Blower" to transfer some of his liability to the racecourse bookmakers, and thus protect himself.

No doubt all this sounds very complicated. It is! There is no more

complicated profession than that of a bookmaker, but his system, his juggling with figures, and the battle of wits which he is constantly engaged in are worthy of admiration by every one concerned.

The uncertainty of a bookmaker's liabilities in a fluctuating market explodes the popular fallacy that he always wins. Another equally common belief, at least among those who are not regular race-goers, is that if you don't keep your eye on your bookmaker, he may disappear if you have backed the winning horse. At one time, a bookmaker who disappeared when a much-

THE BOOKMAKER



All the thrills of the "Sport of Kings" are indicated above. On the left, tick-tack men are signalling to each other last-minute news of bets made during

ON THE RACECOURSE



a race; on the right, two types of bookmaker are at work—the commission agent following the race on a tape machine and a ready-money course bookie.

THE BOOKMAKER

fancied horse won, was said to have "levanted." Now he is said to have "welshed."

The clerk of the course at Catterick Bridge in Yorkshire, a century ago used to provide a barrel of tar and a supply of feathers to be used on dishonest bookmakers. There are many stories of such men elsewhere being pursued across country, caught, their clothes torn off, then thrown into a river or pond. Apparently there were, at one time, a good many men who took bets but had no intention of paying if they lost. This is now a legal offence, and occasionally there are proceedings against bookmakers who have decamped.

Today, however, the profession of bookmaker has a much higher reputation than in early times. Perhaps this is largely due to the preventative measures which make it difficult for a dishonest man to gain the opportunity of "welshing" more than once. Not only are race meetings well policed, but in addition there are ring inspectors (usually ex-detectives or ex-police officers) who travel from meeting to meeting. They know most of "The Boys," the pick-pockets, and the men who "stand up" to take bets in any of the rings. If they are uncertain of any bookmaker, they inquire into his standing and record. Should any bookmaker default he is not allowed to occupy a "stance" at any other meeting until he has paid.

Any further complaints of his

conduct—refusing to pay, disputing the amount of bets, or the horse backed, or otherwise behaving improperly—result in his being black-listed. This makes it impossible for him to carry on his business on any racecourse under Jockey Club or National Hunt Rules. There have been cases of such bookmakers changing their names, disguising themselves and, for a time, hoodwinking the ring inspectors, but as soon as there is another complaint the identity of the undesirable is discovered.

The ring inspectors are licensed Turf officials, specially employed to protect the public from the malpractices which at one time were rife on racecourses. These malpractices gave the Turf such a bad name that the late Sir Abe Bailey once publicly said, "It is quite a mistaken idea that all those who go to race meetings are rogues and vagabonds; but it does seem to me that all the rogues and vagabonds attend race meetings." Incidentally, the ring inspectors also protect the bookmakers, not merely from the black-mailing gangs of desperadoes but also from those who bet and draw when they win, but fail to pay when they lose.

Quite a number of the heavier wagerers do not actually deposit their stakes with the bookmaker or receive one of his printed and numbered tickets, but have their names or aliases entered by the clerk in his book. They may receive,

TREATMENT OF DEFAULTERS

or pay, at the end of the day, or at the end of the week. If a bookmaker reports a client who has failed to settle his debt of honour, the client is given a chance to appear before a committee. Unless he has some reasonable explanation he is immediately black-listed.

Then not only will the office and course bookmakers decline to do business with him, but he will be debarred from entering any of the rings at a race meeting. Most bookmakers are very patient, long-suffering and lenient. They do not report a man without good cause, and until a considerable period of non-payment has elapsed.

Some bookmakers never report defaulters and consequently are owed thousands of pounds. They believe that a gentleman will eventually pay his debts of honour when he is able to do so. Often their faith is justified and they receive wholly, or in part, what is due. As for bookmakers of repute who are temporarily in financial difficulty, maybe after a number of race meetings at which they have lost consistently, some of their brother professionals in the ring are nearly always ready to help.

A few of the most substantial bookmakers conduct their business on racecourses by the side of the barrier between the club enclosure and what is called "Tattersall's ring," the latter being the ground below the main stands on which bookmakers have their pitches. The members of Race Clubs and people

from the world of sport are usually the most prominent in this locality. They, and the patrons on the adjoining stand overlooking Tattersall's, make bigger wagers than are customary in the other and cheaper enclosures. The bookmakers who have a stance on the dividing rails, by virtue of their special position there, are open to what is called "bet to money." That is to say they lay odds to much bigger sums of money than the rank and file of the bookmakers in the ring.

Although the days are over when men bet in thousands, and went on betting in huge amounts whether winning or losing, the bookmaker on the rails occasionally takes more money for some horse than he cares to stand himself. He glances over the shoulder of his clerk at the book in which he has entered all the bets received for the race about to be run. The bookmaker makes a speedy calculation, and an equally speedy decision. He sends his runner to "lay off" some of the money betted with him on the horse in question.

The runner must act quickly, find another bookmaker who wants to "level up his book," and is thus willing to accept the "lay off." The books of both these men may now be "full" for the particular horse, and when they drop the price (or the "odds") from two to one, or six to four, to even money, the market quotation for that horse may very soon be "odds on." That is to say the backer has to lay odds at the

THE BOOKMAKER

rate of, say, two pounds to win one. The tick-tack men will already have been at work with wild gesticulations. They thus inform the bookmakers in the other rings of the fluctuation of the betting market. A horse which at one time might be four or five to one, may thus start an odds-on favourite. It is on the closing price that the office bookmakers pay their clients who backed the winner, unless there is an agreement that they be paid in accordance with the Totalisator returns.

The Tote has diverted a tremendous amount of money from the betting ring, although most of the professional backers stick to the bookmaker. They enjoy the excitement of the battle of wits, and prefer to know what they will receive, to the unknown quantity of the Tote, which deducts a percentage of all winnings to pay for overhead charges of permanent staff and a body of supernumeraries appointed locally for each meeting. Moreover, the Tote ceases operations when the horses have left the starting post.

Many wagers like to have a bet during the course of a race when they think they see a horse going well. In this circumstance, many bookmakers who pride themselves on their ability to "read" a race—that is, decide which horses are apparently beaten and which have a winning chance—accept bets on the basis of what is known as "laying horses in running."

The Totalisator frequently pays

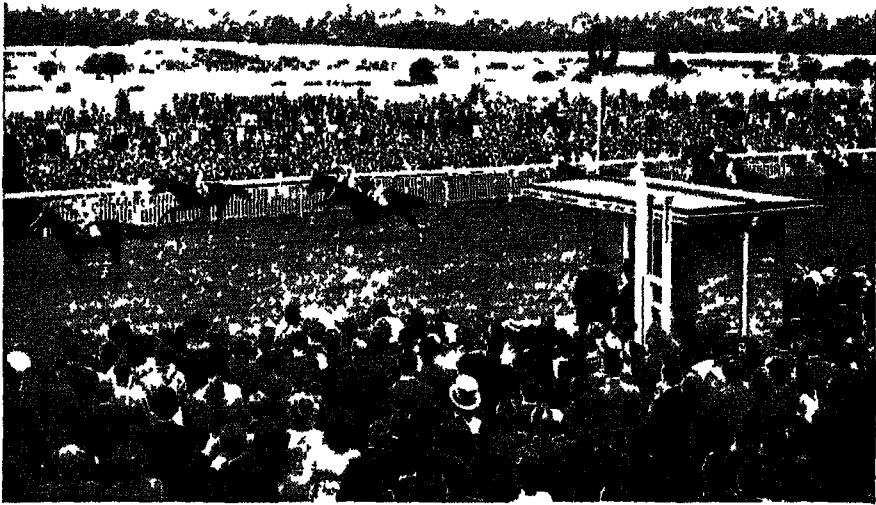
better dividends than the bookmaker. In both cases it is the public, and public money, which makes or alters "the betting market," that is to say, the odds. The numbers chalked on the bookmaker's board are the odds offered by him and they increase or decrease according to the amount wagered on each horse. The more money that is betted on two or three fancied horses in a race, the bigger are the odds the bookmaker offers against the other runners in that race.

In theory an astute bookmaker should be able to make his book so that he cannot lose. This, however, is accomplished only if he can induce a sufficient number of "punters" to back little-fancied, and therefore long-priced, animals. If there is money only for two or three horses, then the cleverest bookmaker cannot "level up" his book, his odds about the winner may be "short," and the Tote dividend also very small.

When the Totalisator was first introduced on the English race-course it was at once popular with ladies and others who enjoyed the thrill of a wager, yet wanted to bet in such small sums that bookmakers, particularly those in Tattersall's, did not always disguise the fact that these little "punters" were a nuisance.

It often happened that a lady could not remember the name of the horse she wanted to put her half-crown or five shillings on, or that she wanted the odds explained to

COMPETING WITH THE TOTE



A close finish for the Gold Cup at Royal Ascot in 1945 with Lord Rosebery's horse, Ocean Swell, drawing away from Teheran. Abbots Fell creeps up against the rails, and as they pass the winning post the crowd is on tiptoes with excitement.

her: "How much shall I get with the odds five to two, if my horse wins?" In the meantime men, who possibly wanted to do business in hundreds of pounds, were kept impatiently waiting, with the result that some, at any rate, moved away to another bookmaker.

The Tote gives just the same civility and attention to the purchaser of a two-shilling ticket as to the investor who wants to wager two hundred pounds. There is no fear of a snub, and no suggestion of a favour being done. The Tote has therefore established itself and diverted money from the bookmaker.

Despite the fact that most substantial bookmakers now have cars

to travel in and less noisy competition to contend with, only men of strong constitution and iron nerve can stand the tenseness and excitement of bookmaking for any length of time.

Those who travel by train have often a fight to get themselves and their equipment in a carriage. They have consistently tiring journeys, irregular meals, are in the open in all weathers, and have very heavy expenses—wages, travel, hotels, payment for entrance to race-tracks for themselves and their staffs. Yet they are generally good-humoured and would not change their precarious position for the security which is attached to many other jobs.



A scene from King Lear, played by the Old Vic Company. An actor himself, Shakespeare was a master of stage-craft. Add the matchless beauty of his language and it is easy to appreciate why his plays are the acid test of an actor.

THE ACTOR

EARNING A LIVING ON THE STAGE OR FILM SET

NO one touches so many facets of life as the actor.

Apart from the many varied roles he may be called upon to play on the stage, his whole career is generally crowded with variety. The minimum weekly salary for an actor is three pounds in the provinces and four pounds in London; but once he has attained stardom he may command five hundred pounds a week, or even more. Between these two extremes may lie years of struggle, hard work and adventure, studded with memories of "flops," dull Sunday journeyings on provincial tours, and still duller theatrical lodgings to offset the tally of triumphs.

Each day in an actor's life is compounded of numerous ingredients which are seldom the same for one day as they are for another. The day may begin, for instance, on the morning after a "first night," with an anxious scrutiny of the theatre notices in the daily press. If the critics have not been kind to the new show the actor may see prospects of a long run fading. He then has little breakfast appetite, for the thought of an impending spell of unemployment for him and his fellow actors overshadows everything. He studies

each line of criticism in a fever of apprehension to discover whether his own part has been commented upon. He may find that his personal performance has been singled out for especially withering scorn by one critic; then, indeed, all is gloom as he thinks of all the hard work he had put into rehearsal, the missed meals, the curtailed leisure.

On the other hand, the critics may have been kind. Discerning, he would call them. His acting may have impressed some of them, a few may even recall past roles; some may venture to forecast future triumphs for "this most able performer." But the slightest hint of praise makes life look good. The actor promptly cuts out those encouraging reviews and pastes them in his book of press notices, where records of past triumphs are treasured.

The following day may begin just as anxiously, when he reads his morning mail. He probably finds a mixture of congratulations leavened with requests from less fortunate colleagues who wonder whether he can help to find a part for them. There may be letters, too, from parents scarcely known to him,

THE ACTOR



This sectional drawing shows a theatre during a performance from the audience in front to the dressing-rooms backstage. A duel is being enacted on the stage; other performers await their cues. Also in the wings, the prompter

IN THE THEATRE



sits at her desk, while the stage manager looks on, and technicians are busy at the lighting control. Though the success of the play depends on the combination of a variety of skills, it is the actor alone who lives his life in the limelight.

THE ACTOR



*These pictures of two types of rehearsal in progress indicate the range which actors may cover in their "many parts." On the left is a scene in a dress rehearsal of *The Taming of the Shrew*, which was played under the supervision of producer Robert Atkins at the Stratford Shakespearean festival, and (below) a preliminary rehearsal for a production of that favourite old pantomime *Cinderella* at the Adelphi Theatre, London. The experienced actor can adapt his technique to every type of play.*



REHEARSING FOR THE PLAY

extolling the talent of daughters he does not remember, and imploring him to use his influence to arrange auditions on their behalf. There is a sprinkling of fan-mail, with the usual requests for photographs or autographs or both. But if there happens to be a note from the theatre, marked "Urgent," everything else is thrust aside. He knows before opening it what it implies. It is from his producer. Something has given the great man a new idea for "pulling the show together," which means pulling it to pieces—perhaps to give a new twist to the final curtain, or to speed up a cer-

tain scene in the first act. Whatever it is, the result is havoc to the actor's day, for it means that a morning rehearsal has been called and he has that to face as well as the matinee and the evening performance.

Any idea he may have entertained of resting in order to be at his brightest for the evening performance has to be abandoned. The actor hurries along to the theatre where the rest of the cast, in varying moods of depression and elation, are assembled to hear the producer's plans.

The producer, pale, harassed and chain-smoking despite current prices,



Fairies off-stage. A dressing-room scene at a North London school, where children are shown preparing for dress rehearsal in readiness for their Christmas pantomime. Much hard work has preceded their final polished stage performance.

THE ACTOR

is a human dynamo. His plans for "pulling the show together" are so numerous that they cascade from his fluent tongue. That scene in Act 1, where the irate father is reading the riot act to his rebellious family, needs to be speeded up considerably, he declares. It went *much* too slowly last night; nearly all the critics said so. So extensive cuts have to be made in the dialogue and the whole tempo of the scene has to be increased. It may be replayed a dozen times before the producer pronounces himself satisfied. Then, again, there is a scene in Act 3, he declares, which seemed to drag somehow, that sharp verbal duel between the blackmailer and his victim. It has got to be made a much more ding-dong affair; much more dramatic.

"The author can help us here," goes on the producer. So on the spot he coaxes the author to sit down and rewrite the scene; and, on the spot, the actor has to *forget* the scene as it was played on the preceding night and commit the new lines to memory as fast as they are written. This might demoralize a novice, but the established actor is accustomed to this sort of thing and thinks nothing of it. A couple of seemingly casual glances at the new dialogue and the lines are photographed upon his mind. Soon he is replaying the scene in its transformed version. Over and over again it is done until the producer is satisfied that it is exactly right and cannot be improved upon.

After an exacting rehearsal of this kind, the actor has little time left in which to relax before his next performance. Yet relaxation is of paramount importance to him, for he must always contrive to arrive at the theatre refreshed, and able to give a first-class performance.

Every time he walks in through the narrow stage-door he is conscious of an inner thrill, and no matter how weary or jaded he may have felt up to that moment he toys with the absorbing speculation of what "they" will be like this evening. For audiences vary enormously, though how or why their moods take on such diversified forms will ever remain a mystery to him. He knows, from past experience, that a scene that has gone splendidly at one performance may fall completely flat at another. It is one of those mysteries that keep an actor always on his toes.

For there is always the unexpected, and he must, indeed, be ready for anything. As an example of the sort of thing that can happen, here is an interruption which occurred during Sir Cedric Hardwicke's great performance as Edward Moulton Barrett in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. As a bigoted Victorian father, forbidding his daughter to see her lover, he had to declaim: "Unless you give me your solemn word that you will neither see nor communicate with this fellow again, you will leave my house as you are, with nothing but the clothes you have

A MAN OF MANY PARTS



The art of the character actor is depicted in these studies of Stephen Murray (left) as himself, (bottom right) as Mr Gladstone and (bottom left) as he appeared in the Master of Bankdam, film version of Thomas Armstrong's famous novel The Crowthers of Bankdam, depicting the rise and fall of a Yorkshire wool-trade family. The illusion of reality has to be created for the audience and clever make-up can greatly assist the actor in depicting the role for which he is cast. Owing to the strong lighting of scenes on the films and the intense magnification of the actor's face in "close-up," film make-up is a special art, but even on the living stage the skilled actor has need to change his whole appearance and personality. See page 314 for pictures of a special technique of film make-up with fish skin.



THE ACTOR

on!" At this dramatic point an elderly man in the stalls was so carried away that he ejaculated with intense feeling: "Hear! Hear!" This ludicrous interruption could have wrecked the scene, but thanks to Hardwicke's masterly command over his audience, the inevitable, if excusable, tittering was stifled.

Every actor must be prepared for the unexpected and be able to carry on, unperturbed, in the face of all distractions, ranging from an epidemic of loud coughing in the circle to the sudden crash of a dropped tea-tray in the stalls. Apart from being ever vigilant against the possibility of "fluffing" or forgetting his own lines he must watch for shortcomings on the part of his colleagues and be ready to help them out in emergency, as one famous actor helped a youngster not long ago when the latter "dried up" suddenly in the middle of an important scene, his mind going completely blank.

This ghastly experience overtakes most actors sooner or later—especially towards the end of a lengthy run. So the experienced actor is never content with merely shining himself; he knows that it pays to understand something of the other characters' parts as well as his own. Thus, if someone playing opposite to him in a scene should happen to "dry up" he can usually save the situation and bridge an embarrassing gap by asking his floundering partner some question to stir his memory and bring back the for-

gotten line. A polished actor can do this sort of thing so swiftly and so smoothly that people in the audience may be quite unaware that any hitch has occurred.

As he makes for his dressing-room on arrival at the theatre the actor does not dwell upon the possibilities of hitches. He is bent upon giving his best, that is all. About him he has gathered little things to stimulate and to inspire him—telegrams from well-wishers, autographed portraits of colleagues and friends in the profession and perhaps some private talisman in the form of some memento of a particularly successful show—the ring he wore as "Sir Alfred . . .," the gloves and cane he carried as "Lord Swaithe. . . ." These things add humanizing influences to an otherwise austere apartment, which boasts few pieces of furniture beyond a small dressing-table, a stool, an easy chair or divan.

Having partly undressed, the actor's first consideration is his make-up. He is always meticulous about this, and if he happens to be playing a leading character role it may involve a considerable amount of work, work which cannot be hurried or scamped. It is work that he prefers to do for himself, and while he busies himself with it his dresser lays out his various clothes, making sure they are properly pressed and ready for wear.

Along the dimly lit corridors the tempo of excitement begins to

THE CURTAIN GOES UP



Character actors in action. Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a scene from Eden Phillpotts' successful comedy, Yellow Sands. Something more than a genius for make-up is required, the polished actor gets right under the skin of the type he portrays.

quicken as the time for the curtain to rise draws near and the call-boy's familiar cry of "Beginners, please!" rings out. The actor knows that he has just a few minutes left in which to put the finishing touches to his make-up before the call-boy raps upon his dressing-room door.

At last he is ready. One final scrutiny by his dresser and he hurries to the wings, to take up his position among a tangle of ropes, props and miscellaneous gear, while silent-footed stage-hands dart backwards and forwards on their various duties. However experienced he may be he is bound to feel some slight uneasiness as he awaits his cue. Indeed, some of our most successful

actors confess that they are still subject to spasms of stage-fright on occasion.

In his absorbing book of memoirs, *Early Stages*, John Gielgud writes feelingly of the nightly "struggles and agonies of the actor" and the loneliness that besets him as he faces each fresh audience.

"No one cares or is aware," says Gielgud, "that he works for many months to correct some physical trick, or fights against his vocal mannerisms, or experiments with pauses, emphasis, timing, processes of thought. No one knows if he is suffering in his heart while he plays an emotional scene, or if

THE ACTOR



A film make-up taking eight hours. (Top left) Darkening the eyebrows. (Top right) Applying fish skin. (Bottom left) Building up new features. (Bottom right) When the process is finished, the face is completely transformed.



Technicians crowd round the cameras while Phyllis Calvert and Robert Hutton prepare to play a scene in Time Out of Mind. Script girls may be seen in the background, where the electrician studies his light-meter before "shooting."

he is merely adding up his household bills, or regretting what he ate for lunch. Last night's audience, which he cursed for its unresponsiveness, may have enjoyed his performance every whit as much as tonight's, with which he feels the most cordial and personal sympathy."

The indecision an actor may feel as he stands waiting in the wings each night vanishes as he takes his cue and steps upon the stage. The glare of the footlights transforms the audience into a dark and almost indistinguishable mass, and the actor,

soon immersed in his role, becomes oblivious to their presence. Of course, he may have several exits and entrances during the course of an act, and some may involve quick changes in the wings. On each occasion his dresser is there to assist him so that the changes are made on time and no cue is missed.

When time permits, or between the acts, the actor returns to his dressing-room, where his first consideration is to restore his make-up, which may have become patchy as a result of the heat from the stage lights. Then there may be an opportunity for light refreshment, a

THE ACTOR

cigarette and a short rest before he receives his next "call."

At the final curtain fall, as the cast make their bow, collectively or singly, the volume of applause serves as a stimulant and a compliment to the actors, as well as being a measure of their success. Tired and hot, the actor returns to his dressing-room, where his dresser is waiting for him—often with invitations from admirers, which signify their approval of the night's performance.

As he sits down at his dressing-table to remove his make-up, friends may call in to congratulate him. If he is extremely fortunate, there may be an occasion when he finds a celebrated film producer or his agent waiting with a proposal for a film contract. If this happens, the actor can look forward to a substantial increase in income and a considerable widening of his still somewhat limited public.

Any actor who contemplates taking up a film career realizes that it is far from being a simple matter of signing his name to a tempting contract. If he is wise there are many factors to take into consideration.

He knows that he is obliged to conform to new standards and to adopt an entirely different style of acting from that to which he has been accustomed. There is not the stimulus of a live audience, and he will be subject to constant exacting direction and will be unable to present his own idea of a character.

Against this, however, the careful

cutting and re-shooting of various scenes has the effect of perfecting an actor's performance to a degree that is difficult to achieve on the stage. He knows, too, that a film success can influence future fortunes on the stage. All these points are carefully weighed before he commits himself to a contract.

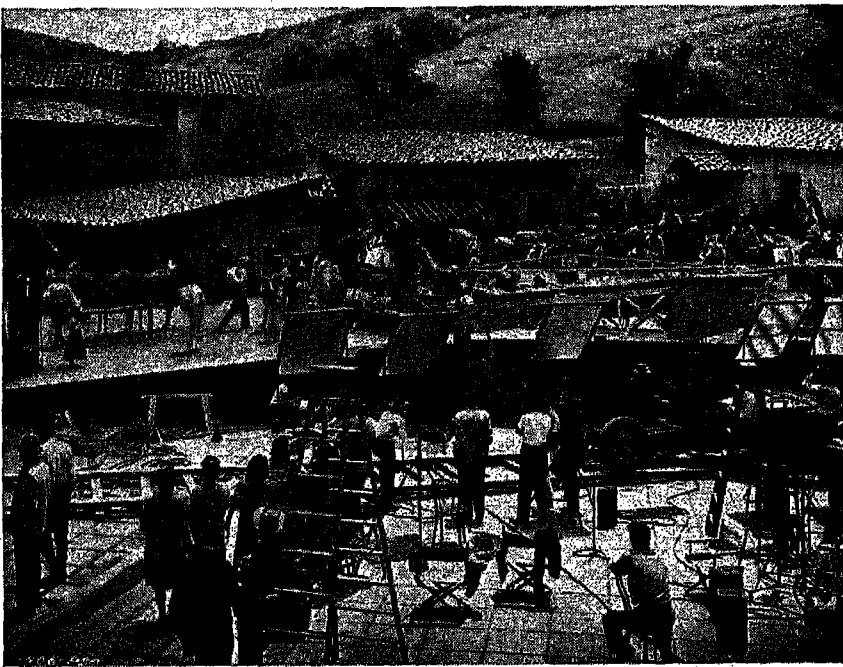
All actors do not take kindly to film work. Many find the interminable delays, such as waiting about on the sets while technicians grapple with *multifarious problems*, or for the sun to appear if outdoor scenes are being filmed, irksome, to say the least. Then, too, there is the daily ordeal of make-up, which becomes a very different proposition where film work is concerned. The actor may be compelled to sit for hours on end while highly-skilled artists employ all the latest devices (see page 314) for giving his features the requisite stamp for his part. This is a tricky business, for a film may take weeks or even months to complete, so as each individual scene is shot it is imperative that the actor's make-up remain identical throughout. Any variation would be clearly perceptible in the finished film, especially in close-ups, so make-up artists usually work with a photograph of their original efforts, thus ensuring complete conformity every time the actor is freshly made up.

Today, however, an actor has to be very flexible and ready to submit to new demands or to acquire new technique, for the radio has opened

A CAREER ON THE FILMS



Thanks to ingenious gadgets like the camera crane (left) it is possible to "shoot" scenes for the films from every conceivable angle. Being mounted on rails, it can sweep backwards and forwards along the entire length of the set, while Charles Lamont "directs" the production from a seat on the crane beside the camera man. (Below) A film set constructed to show Los Angeles as it was in 1840 for the Universal picture *Pirates of Monterey*. Modern Los Angeles is so utterly different, no existing site would do.



THE ACTOR

up possibilities of engagements in broadcast plays or television drama. All this adds colour and variety to his life, which may also be relieved by provincial tours or appearances abroad.

In one way or another all his hard work is rewarded, and as his fame spreads and he gains international renown, and perhaps stardom, he may command a salary a good deal larger than that of a Cabinet Minister. He becomes a welcome guest in the homes of the great, and his name in bright lights outside a theatre is a valuable asset to any management. He may even confidently expect to figure in the next Honours List. In short the public—the final judge, whose verdict is inviolable—has awarded him the glittering prizes reserved for its favourites.

But the favourites are few, and most of them can remember other

days, days of disappointment, frustration and even poverty. "All branches of the theatrical profession are overcrowded," declares the Ministry of Labour, "and competition is very keen. . . . It should be stated that the profession, while it offers great prizes, generally provides an extremely precarious livelihood."

If, therefore, you ask an actor to describe an average day in his life he is likely to tell you that there is no such thing. A run of a few weeks in the West End may be followed by months of unemployment; or the show that has failed lamentably in London may enjoy prolonged success in the Provinces. The average actor's life is one long adventure, a life in which the only certainty is uncertainty, and the prize for the adventurous includes honours and financial rewards, the peculiar satisfaction of acting and the pleasure of giving pleasure.

